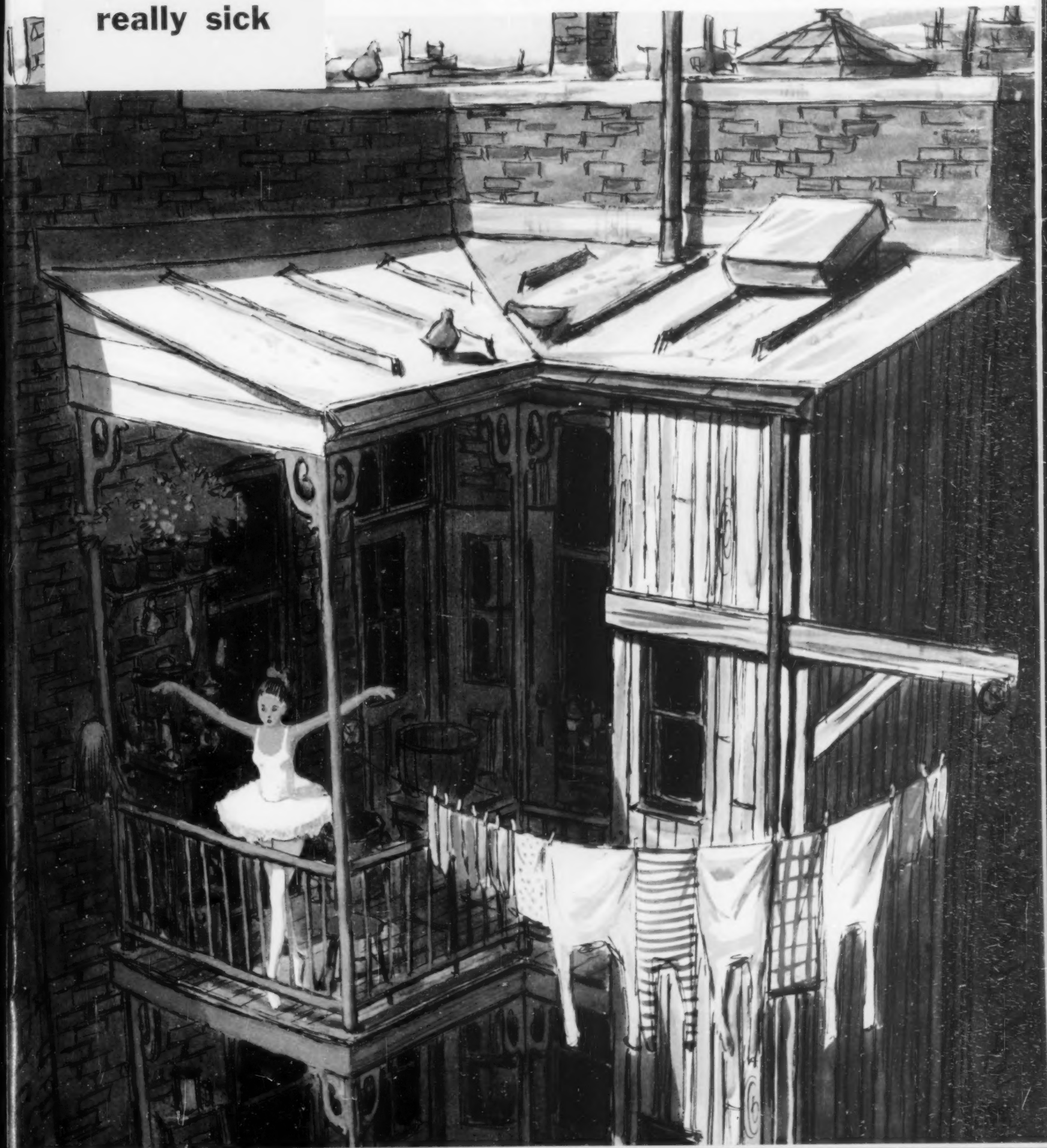


**How the  
doctor tells  
if you're  
really sick**

# MAGLEAN'S

MAY 12 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





## Terylene\* slacks hold a press even when you've been out in the rain


Why is the basset hound so unhappy? Is he envious of 'Terylene', the talented new textile fibre that dries wrinkle-free and holds a trouser crease as tenaciously as a dog holds on to a bone?

It's obvious that these new slacks are something quite different from anything ever presented by any other type of fibre! The special blend of 'Terylene' and wool makes them hang well and keep their shape with only a very occasional pressing. Most spots are quickly removed by rubbing with a damp cloth.

'Terylene' slacks will keep you looking smart with less trouble right through a whole season of golf. Toss them into a weekend bag or sleep in a hammock in them. When ordinary slacks would look bedraggled, 'Terylene' slacks just seem to fall back into shape!

When shopping for slacks, look for the distinctive 'Terylene' trade-mark shown at the right. It identifies an approved fabric for slacks—either 50% 'Terylene'/50% wool or 55% 'Terylene'/45% wool. CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

Lightweight, 100% 'Terylene' Slacks now available at Simpson-Sears and Top Tailors.

keep your eye  on



\*Registered trade-mark polyester fibre

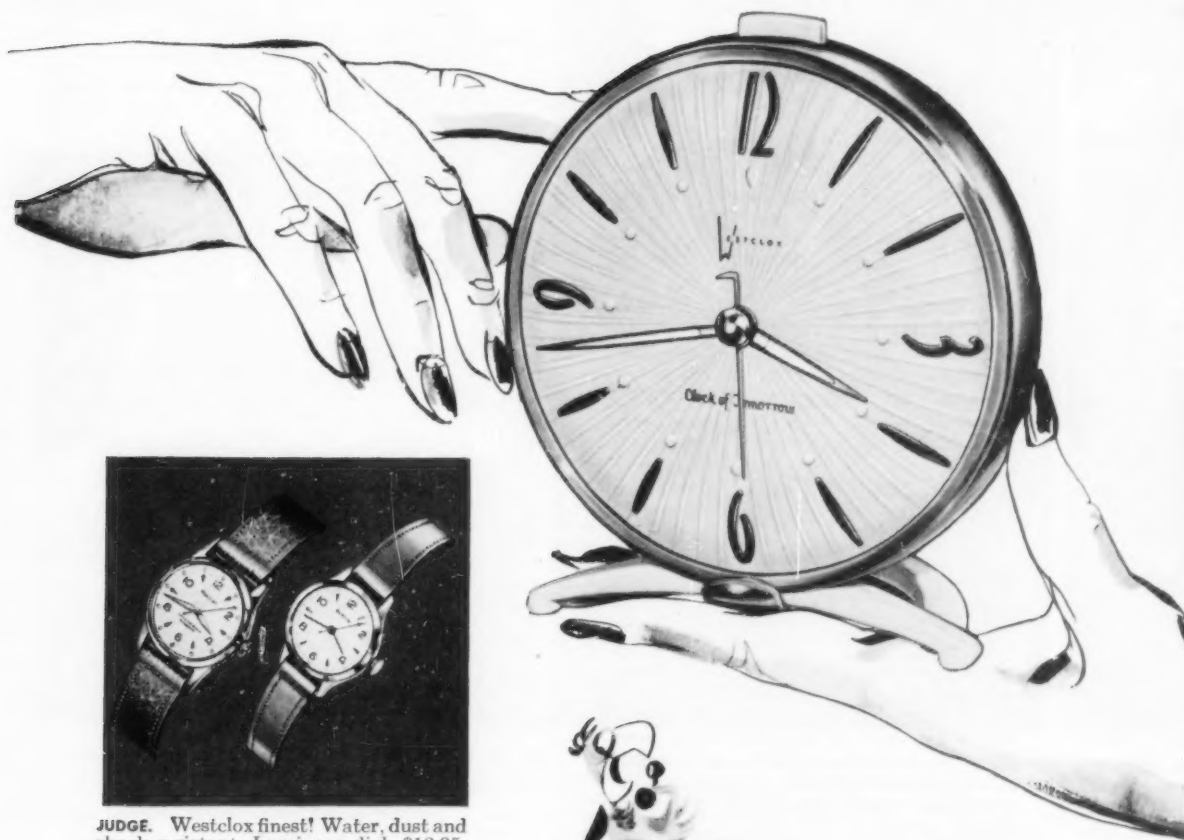


# Here's the last word!

## "CLOCK OF TOMORROW"

by Westclox

An exciting new spring-driven alarm. Proudest achievement of Westclox craftsmen! Ingenious luminous signal tells when alarm is set. Chime alarm. Quiet tick. Luminous dial. In white or black with gold colored numerals and trim. \$14.95. See the "Clock of Tomorrow" today!



**JUDGE.** Westclox finest! Water, dust and shock resistant. Luminous dial, \$12.95. With metal expansion bracelet, \$13.95.  
**TROY.** Small, smart, sturdy. Gold colored case. Non-breakable crystal, \$10.95.



**KIM.** As dependable as it is handsome. Sweep second hand. Non-breakable crystal. \$9.95.  
**ROCKET.** Shock resistant. Stainless steel back, sweep second hand, non-breakable crystal. \$6.95. Luminous dial, \$7.95, with metal expansion bracelet, \$1.00 more.



Here are designs singing with freshness and color, all so attractive you'll hardly know which to choose. One thing sure, any one of these handsome Westclox will add to your joy of living . . . and giving. And, because they're Westclox, you know they're as dependable as they are beautiful.

spring-driven or electric

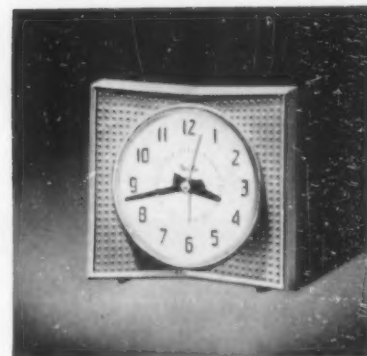
# WESTCLOX\*

From the makers of **BIG BEN**\*

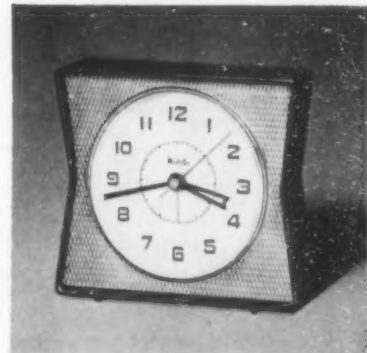
*keeps you on time*

Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario

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**TOWN CRIER.** Electric alarm. High fashion at low price. Beige plastic case. Insistent alarm, non-breakable crystal. \$5.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more. 60 cycle only.



**DASH.** Electric alarm. Dramatic black and gold colored case. Steady alarm. Non-breakable crystal. \$6.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more. 60 cycle only.



**BRANT.** Electric alarm. Elegance in modern gray tone plastic. High styled dial, gold colored trim. With luminous dial, \$7.95. 60 cycle only.

### EDITORIAL

## Let's face our own color problems first

Those of us who have been looking smugly across the border at the festering racial cankers of the U. S. South, or across the seas at the smoldering fuse of South Africa, and who say that "it can't happen here," had better swallow our complacency and admit that it can. If our reputation for racial tolerance is any better than our neighbors' it is simply because we have not generally been faced with the imbalance of color that exists elsewhere.

For when that imbalance does exist, many Canadians, and some of their elected representatives, have shown themselves to be as foolish, intolerant, and occasionally as vicious as those white Alabamians who cried for the blood of Autherine Lucy, or those South Africans who contributed to the language the hideous word *apartheid*.

We do not need to labor the evidence—there has been plenty of it. The Canadian government, with the support of the Canadian public, was quite willing to trample on the rights of native-born citizens when it moved thousands across the Rocky Mountains against their will in 1941-42 because their skins were yellow. And, as Edna Staebler points out in this issue, there are a good many Canadians in Nova Scotia still willing to believe the ancient and moth-eaten myths about those people whose skins happen to be black.

It is in this context that we find ourselves examining the curious remarks of Charles Daley, the Ontario minister of labor, commenting on the racial situation in Dresden. As most of the nation now knows, this is the one town in Canada that has a heavy Negro population. It is interesting and sobering to note that it is also the one town in Canada where there has

been considerable overt discrimination against Negroes. There has recently been some commendable legislation in Ontario to force merchants in general, and the merchants of Dresden in particular, to give everybody—Negroes and whites—equality of service. There has been at least one holdout among the restaurants of Dresden and this has brought about the kind of test cases that are usual in this kind of situation, to find out if the Ontario law really has teeth in it.

Mr. Daley seems to have found all this most annoying and bothersome. The original agitation in Dresden, he has said, was engineered by "Communist-sponsored trouble-makers." And that apparently disposed of that: we could all forget the unpalatable situation in Dresden and sleep peacefully in our beds, our national conscience soothed because whatever was going on "the Communists were behind it."

We have no idea who organized the test cases in Dresden. But if the Communists did, then the rest of us ought to be ashamed that the credit went to them by default. And if it is true one segment of the population has been refused the service to which it is legally entitled, then it doesn't matter a fig under whose auspices the facts were brought to light.

What does matter is the spectacle of a responsible government official acting exactly like government officials elsewhere—in the U. S. South, for instance, or South Africa—shying away from trouble in the hope that trouble will go away, and trying to make the whole nasty business look like a Communist plot.

If the Communists wear clothes, will Mr. Daley go around naked?

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Cover Painting by John Little

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# DOW OF CANADA

CHEMICALS BASIC TO CANADIAN LIVING



MR. GORDON H. WAGNER is Vice President and Service Manager of a well-known Toronto automobile dealership and on the board of directors, Toronto branch of the Garage Operators Association. He says, "Year after year, we have the occasion to compare the effects of varying degrees of cooling system maintenance. There is no doubt that by draining and flushing the cooling system annually, corrosion has little chance to accumulate in the radiator."



BRIGADIER I. H. CUMBERLAND, President of the Canadian Automotive Wholesalers' and Manufacturers' Association and an official of two of Canada's best known automobile services, states, "Because antifreeze additives are lost, and injurious acids accumulate, cooling systems should be drained and flushed each spring. Research shows the best coolant for summer is water with an inhibitor."



MR. BILL GREGG is operator of a large service station on Highway 400 to northern Ontario and was formerly T.B.A. Manager for a major oil company. Bill's words are "I get lots of cooling system repair business when the cars start rolling northward in the summer. The first long summer drive can prove the benefits of proper cooling system maintenance. A spring time radiator drain and flush makes as much sense as a regular oil change."

## AUTOMOTIVE EXPERTS AGREE...

for top summer engine performance  
radiators should be  
drained, cleaned and flushed

Yes, leading automotive authorities agree to the man, that the best way to protect your cooling system is to have it flushed and filled with fresh water. *Get rid of last winter's cooling system residue.* Have the man who regularly services your car carefully check the entire cooling system. This is part of his service. It only takes a few minutes — but means months of carefree summer driving. A clean cooling system means top pep and power all summer long. *Have yours cleaned today!*

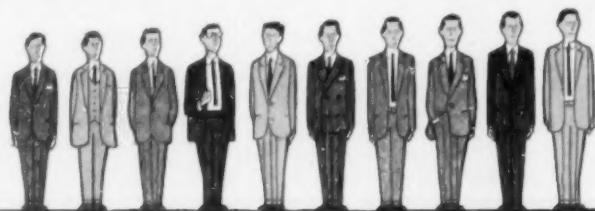


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## Checked your weight lately?

### MEN\*

Fully clothed,  
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HEIGHT	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"	6'
Small Frame	119-128	122-132	126-136	129-139	133-143	136-147	140-151	144-155	148-159	152-164
Medium Frame	127-136	130-140	134-144	137-147	141-151	145-156	149-160	153-164	157-168	161-173
Large Frame	133-144	137-149	141-153	145-157	149-162	153-166	157-170	161-175	165-180	169-185

### WOMEN\*

Fully clothed,  
2 inch heels



HEIGHT	4'11"	5'	5'1"	5'2"	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"
Small Frame	104-111	105-113	107-115	110-118	113-121	116-125	119-128	123-132	126-136	129-139
Medium Frame	110-118	112-120	114-122	117-125	120-128	124-132	127-135	130-140	134-144	137-147
Large Frame	117-127	119-129	121-131	124-135	127-138	131-142	133-145	138-150	142-154	145-158

If you are one of the many Canadians who've gained unneeded pounds, consider these facts:

1. At ages 20 and over, men and women who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate about 50 percent higher than their "trim" contemporaries.

2. High blood pressure occurs more than twice as often in overweight people as in thinner people.

3. Studies show that 85 percent of adult diabetics were overweight at the onset of their disease.

So, it's evident that excessive poundage burdens more than your two feet. In fact, overweight can impair the function of many vital organs and hence is associated with many life-shortening conditions.

On the other hand, if you reduce . . . and keep your weight down . . . you should increase your chances for long life and good health. You will certainly look and feel better . . . and have greater stamina, too.

Yet, some quick-reducing diets may be almost as bad for your health as the constant stress of overweight. All diets, therefore, should be avoided, unless prescribed by your doctor.

So, when you plan to reduce, start with a visit to your doctor. He will determine your desirable weight . . . and,

most important, he will give you a sound, balanced, varied diet that everyone needs whether reducing or not.

If you are overweight and want to reduce surely and safely, these "do's and don't's" may help you:

Do say "no" to all high-calorie foods . . . rich desserts, gravies, sauces and social-hour tidbits.

Do exercise moderately to keep in trim and help burn up unneeded calories.

Don't use "reducing drugs" except on your doctor's recommendation.

Don't give a second thought to second helpings . . . no matter how tempting they may be.

Don't expect immediate good news from the scales. One or two pounds a week is a safe, sensible rate of weight loss. If you want to check on your progress, weigh yourself weekly, rather than day to day. If you stick to your diet, your weekly weighings will eventually show how much you are losing.

Metropolitan's booklet *Overweight and Underweight* gives a number of helpful low-calorie menus, lists calorie values of 200 foods and offers many practical suggestions which you may follow to help you shorten your belt-line and lengthen your lifeline. Mail the coupon below for your free copy.

\* Desirable weights for men and women of ages 25 and over based on numerous Medico-Actuarial studies of hundreds of thousands of men and women.

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# Mailbag

## Who'll help crash victims?

The Seven Who Survived (March 31) will undoubtedly evoke sympathy from your readers. But neither sympathy nor charity can eliminate the hardships suffered by accident victims. As anyone could be in similar circumstances, it might be well to look at Sweden's methods of easing such suffering:

1. Compulsory automobile insurance sufficient to meet an emergency.
2. A national health plan which provides everyone with the best medical care.
3. Social security measures to help all unable to work.
4. A three-month internment for any person found driving after more than one drink.

Tens of thousands will be killed or injured on our roads this year . . . Shall we say, "It won't happen to me," and let each fend for himself? Or shall we show the foresight and generosity expected of a Christian nation?—Harold Wilson, Ottawa.

● Surely in this motorized age comprehensive insurance should be a MUST for every car owner. In Saskatchewan the government provides adequate insurance coverage at low cost and every car owner gets his insurance when he gets his license.—Charles Biesick, Winnipeg.

● The lesson to be learned is not to mix alcohol and driving . . . —Mrs. E. M. Hansen, Sangudo, Alta.

● There seems to be only one answer to the problem of the "lucky ones who escape alive"; that is compulsory auto insurance. If a man demands the right to drive, the state should demand financial responsibility to prevent other persons suffering endless harm.—Philip P. B. Ward, Toronto.

● All who read it should be influenced to drive more carefully . . . —Rev. Kenneth A. Moyer, St. Vital, Man.

● Incontestable proof of the terrible results of a "few beers."—Rev. F. A. Clare, Bassano, Alta.

### Hutchison across Canada

My compliments to Bruce Hutchison for his impartiality in setting down some of the arguments for and against the Grain Exchange grab game (Bruce Hutchison Rediscovers Manitoba, March 31). Let's throw the minority he refers to, not the farmers and their wheat, to the "speed, hunger, thirst, and spacious talk of Winnipeg's upper social set."—J. J. Maxwell, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.

● I have just read Hutchison's Song of Hate against Winnipeg. It is amazing how he could expect to see the true Winnipeg in the Manitoba Club.—T. L. Dickinson, Winnipeg.

● Bruce Hutchison is really wonderful . . . I well remember daily fluctuations on the Grain Exchange, days that made farmers shrink to a shadow. Many were glad to eat wheat out of their seed barns to sustain life while millionaires got

richer . . . Hutchison brings to life the different phases all in their rightful place.—James I. Allan, Regina.

● We protest Hutchison's remarks about Virden. Apparently he was not interested in discovering the kind, good, hospitable people who do not regard oil workers as thirsty nomads or birds of brief passage, but as people who are pioneering a great industry.—Mrs. R. W. Caine, president, Oil Wives of Virden, Man.

● We "birds of brief passage" are raising families here. The increased population has helped business, built new buildings, paved more streets and led to a better community.—L. R. Elston, Virden, Man.

● This smart aleck's judgments of the frontier remind me of the nonsense uttered by Charles Dickens about the United States three generations ago. He must have driven through the cen-



tre of Sudbury, stopped for a drink, talked to the first three or four people and fled. So we have no tree and no blade of grass in Sudbury? I live ten minutes from the centre of town and have nine maple trees and two willow trees at least fifty years old. I have a lawn as good as I had in Toronto.—Rev. E. S. Lautenslager, Sudbury, Ont.

● Some areas not far from Sudbury offer a picture of desolation but there is more beauty within a few miles of the city than in most communities . . . Sudbury has a beautiful crystal-clear lake, dotted with tree-clad islands and surrounded by parks, beaches and cottages. I know of no town with a lovelier spot on a summer day than Bell Park . . . —Stuart M. Moore, North Bay, Ont.

● Hutchison has caught and reproduced a glimmer of the complex nature of Ontario's northland (March 17) . . . But Kirkland Lake as a miners' carousing centre warrants some rebuttal.—Rosemary Burns, Kirkland Lake.

● The description of Cobalt and Kirkland Lake is disheartening, but nevertheless true. An example of two towns stripped of natural resources and yet to be replenished by industries.—Lawrence Hurst, Cobalt, Ont.

● Hutchison says, "Any nation is fortunate indeed to have people who will



live, work and find contentment in the heat of the inferno." Living in Windsor, London, Toronto or Montreal is no more of an endurance test than living in Sudbury . . . —J. R. Cole, Waterloo, Ont.

● The articles by Bruce Hutchison have made me proud to be a Canadian . . . —Arnold Betz, Niagara Falls.

● Hutchison in his critical look at Southern Ontario (March 3) says, "The towers of Detroit soared up before us like a flimsy mirage. That mirage, I thought, had beckoned Canada for nearly two centuries but always faded under our northern sun." . . . "To Detroiters our Canadian sun is a southern sun." —H. A. Thompson, Windsor.

#### A rating on Gilmour

Two movies appeared recently at local theatres, both advertised as specials with excellent casts. We had to decide quickly. So—to our recent issue of Maclean's. Clyde Gilmour gave one a "fair" rating, the other, Picnic, an "excellent" rating. How I enjoyed it! We do not go very often, but Gilmour has saved us from a wasted evening and a waste of money by sorting out the good from the mediocre in movie entertainment.—Mrs. J. F. Arbuthnot, St. Catharines.

#### Canada's role in the world

Your article, Is the Western Alliance Breaking Up? (March 17), is devastatingly true . . . It is high time that, internationally, Canada ceased being the bridge for Britain and the U. S. to meet on. Let us instead help Britain, France and Germany to get together as one country. The rest of Europe could come in too. Surely this is a sublime aim for NATO and Canada.—H. G. Jackson, Winnipeg.

#### Refreshing fiction

Congratulations on your refreshing story, Escape to the City, by Gordon Woodward (March 17). If our teenagers had access to more of such reading instead of the present-day lewd pocketbooks, they would have a much



Woodward, thirty-five, was born in Regina but now lives in Vancouver, where he clerks in a store. But he writes steadily (a thousand words a day, he says) and is in the middle of a novel.

better slant on life. How about a picture of Woodward, and give us more of his stories.—Mrs. A. G. Rehill, Nakusp, B.C.

#### Would an Indian eat beans?

I was interested in How Beans Built Canada (March 31) but surprised to learn of Indians using them. My experience was that they would have nothing to do with them. In 1908 I was on railway construction north of Lake Nipigon and our camp was blessed with 1,200 pounds of beans . . . I used to grubstake the Indians for their hunting trips and would receive, in return, moose meat, venison and fish, but I could never induce them to take beans.

I was also surprised to learn about molasses in the beans. During my experiences in Cape Breton, Quebec and Ontario I stayed at many construction camps and was always served beans without molasses or "shanty beans" as they were called. The flavor of salt pork and beans is lost with molasses.—W. B. Harper, Montreal.

#### Kate's travels help others

Kate Aitken's breezy article, Ten Ways to Enjoy Your Travels (March 31), should benefit anyone who has yet to travel abroad, and is even more enjoyable to those who have. How one person can travel so far and accomplish so much is beyond most of us. Her practical "do's and don'ts" are as sound advice as can be given.—H. Spencer Clark, Scarborough, Ont.

● My plans for a summer trip will be greatly facilitated by her suggestions. —Gertrude E. Kelley, Islington, Ont.

#### Jasper's fine, thanks

We were greatly concerned to read that the Alberta government was having a great many bears shot in its



rabies-control program. Isn't there something you can do? What if Jasper should be shot?—John and Edythe V. McDonald, Milford, Mich.

Jasper and family were among the first to have anti-rabies shots, and stayed indoors during the crisis.

#### What price Toronto's boom?

Herbert Manning's article, The Fastest Growing City in the World (March 17), gives an informative account of fortunes being made by land speculation in and around Toronto. These fortunes have to be paid for by land users: higher prices for goods and lower wages from industrial sites; higher rents, higher down payments and mortgage payments from residential sites . . . If the increasing rental values of land were collected as public income to defray increasing public expenditures, instead of being privately appropriated, land speculation would halt.—A. J. Strong, Lachine, Que.

● No wonder Toronto is the world's fastest growing city: she's grabbing nearly all the Canadian industries . . . Why not bring them west between the Lakehead and Winnipeg, closer to the true Canada? . . . —M. R. Daoust, Pen-ticton, B.C.

● Valmore Gratton, director of Montreal's Economic and Tourist Development Bureau, says: "Montreal will continue to be larger although the gap may narrow in the next ten years." . . . Besides, Montreal has a combination of electric power and stores of vital minerals. The possibility that nuclear energy would displace hydro-electric power is discounted when you consider that Quebec has almost fifty percent of Canada's electric-power production with a huge potential that can still be developed.

Another director of the tourist bureau agrees: "It's idle and uninformed talk that Montreal is losing its place as the ranking city of Canada."—Harold Mozin, Montreal.

The point was not that Toronto is the biggest city, but that it's growing fastest. ★



## ... but the Egyptians knew it ages ago!

POWERS to overcome sickness! Means to escape poverty! Knowledge to bring happiness and peace of mind! Skill and genius to create a civilization which we still copy today! These are only some of the accomplishments of the ancient Egyptians.

Above and beyond these physical achievements was the secret wisdom possessed by the Egyptian mystery schools. In these centers of learning men and women were taught the laws of life and how to master them. With this mastery they were able to shape their destinies as they wished them to be. It takes no greater mental effort to achieve results when you know how. Successful living is the oldest art in the world. It consists of developing initiative, foresight and the ability to combine experiences into new and workable ideas.

These laws operate as unfailingly as the laws which govern the sun, moon and planets. They were discovered centuries ago by certain wise

men of Egypt, and preserved down through the ages by the Rosicrucians.

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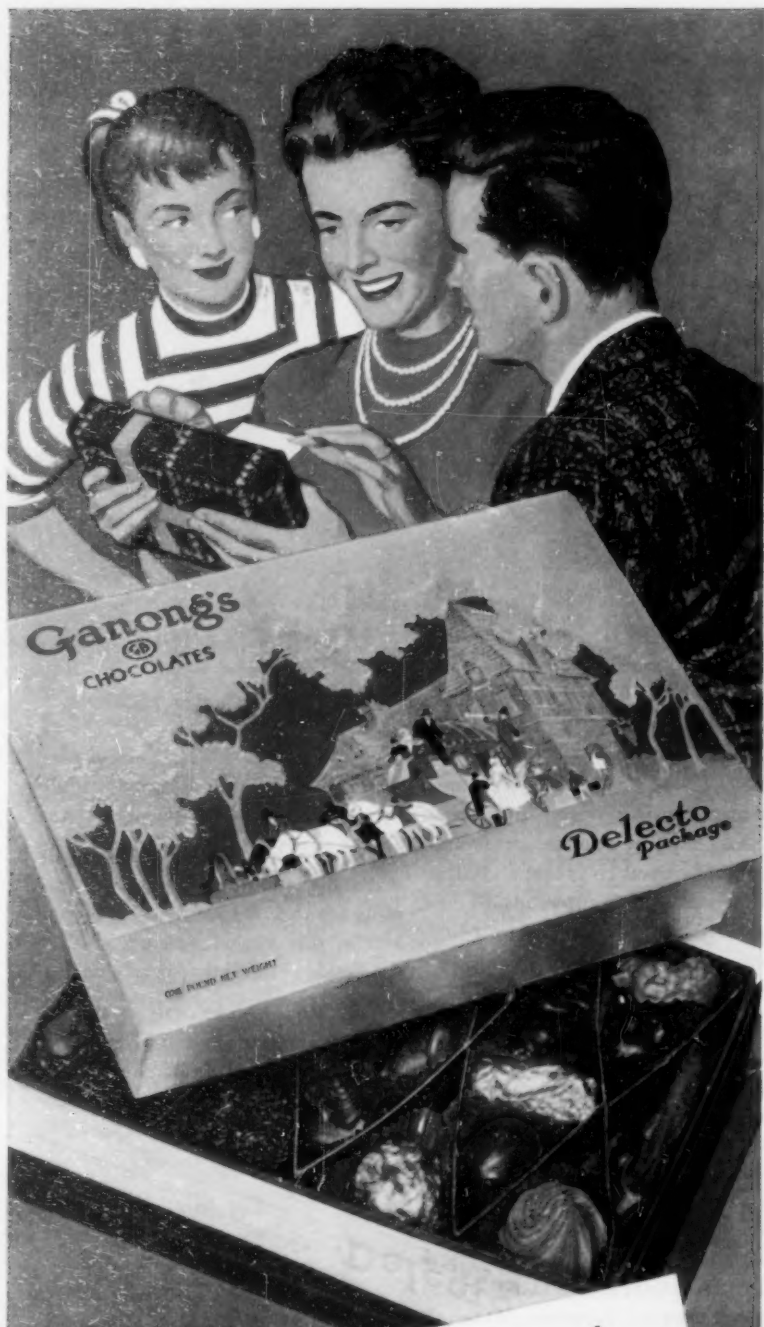
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# FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

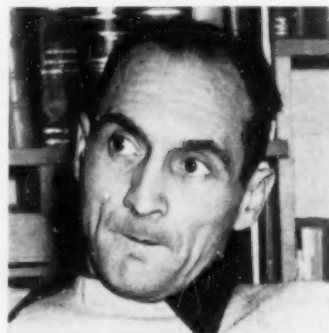
RODERICK HAIG-BROWN ASKS

Why must the pros spoil every sport?

SOME FEW MONTHS ago, in speaking to a meeting of municipal park administrators from across Canada, I made the remark that professionalism ruins every sport it touches. It was not a very major point in what I had to say, nor an especially original remark. But the newspapers took it up and from the haunts of promoters and league presidents and professional coaches and owners of sports coliseums came floods of violent protest—too much, too violent and from the wrong quarters altogether to be of any significance. Much more quietly, through the mails for the most part and from most of the ten provinces, came the comments of ordinary citizens. No one expects a unanimous mail on an apparently controversial issue, but the fact remains that this one was unanimous. Every Canadian who wrote me objected, usually in far more violent terms than mine, to what professionalism is doing to the nature of sport.

It takes only the briefest of reflection to understand why this is so. The proposition is not really controversial at all. Amateurs, not professionals, invented every sport there is; professionals then moved in and turned them to their own use and profit. The original idea was simply to have some fun. Rules were built up to test the man or the team or both, yet keep the fun from becoming mayhem. To win was important; to win within the letter and spirit of the rules was equally so, because the rules made the game; but the pleasure of taking part was paramount.

A professional doesn't play a game for fun, he works at it for a living. He may be a lighthearted individual who likes to enjoy himself; he may be an honorable man who wants to observe every rule faithfully and show the utmost generosity to his opponents. But he



Mr. Haig-Brown is an author of several outdoor books, magistrate at Campbell River, B.C., and juvenile-court judge.

had better not let these considerations interfere too much with the business of winning or he won't be earning a living very long. He is controlled by promoters and coaches, by the press and by the paying public. If his mental attitude remains that of an amateur, he cannot possibly survive his first season.

This is not to disparage the professional. He is a man who does his job and usually does it well—far better, probably, than most of us do our own everyday jobs. Professionals develop a sport to its highest technical form. In doing so they sometimes make a fine spectacle. But they are working at a game apart.

All this would be fair enough if the distinction between amateur and professional sport could be clearly established and understood by press, public and players. It never is, and it is not likely to be, because the professional depends on the amateur. Only from among amateurs can professionals be trained and developed. Only the amateurs, the kids playing *Continued on page 101*

WHAT'S THE IDEA IN SPORT? TO WIN OR HAVE FUN?

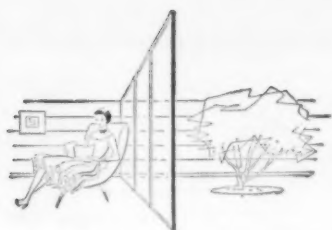


Leo Durocher spoke for pros ... but the author says: "Enjoyment is the whole with "Nice guys don't win" purpose of sport," and winning isn't important.





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M-46



## London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

### They're taxing the theatre out of business

EVERY NOW and then in the political life of a country there emerges an issue that cuts across party loyalties and unites opponents in a common cause. A recent example was the series of debates on the death penalty. But now there has arisen a new struggle in which individual Liberals, Laborites and Tories have formed a common front.

The question we have to put is this: "Is the living theatre worth saving?" If the answer is "Yes," then what does the chancellor of the exchequer intend to do about it?

In Britain we have what is called the Entertainment Tax. The principle of it has a simplicity that would not confuse even a stage detective. Here it is: when a theatregoer buys a ticket at the box office a portion of the sum paid is remitted to the chancellor of the exchequer.

Just to underline the fairness of it, the theatre does not have to pay anything at all to the treasury if no one buys a ticket.

Admittedly, such a tax would have been no great hardship in the early 1920s when, incidentally, I first became interested in the theatre, not only as a form of entertainment but as the custo-

zenith; Galsworthy was feeling his way from the novel to the play; Knoblock was a trustee investment as a dramatist; Arnold Bennett was failing in his attempts to bridge the wide gap between literature and the drama, but even his failures were significant. And there was that cheeky young fellow, Noel Coward, offer-



ELLEN TERRY was goddess of the golden age of British theatre.

ing his witty ribaldry as a protest against Barrie's sentimental whimsicalities.

Ellen Terry, the most loved goddess of the stage, was apt to fluff her lines as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet, but she dwarfed the star-crossed lovers into insignificance even when she tottered onto the balcony. The theatres rang up the curtain at 8.30 p.m. and there were raised eyebrows if any chap in the stalls—which correspond to the North American orchestra seats—wore a dinner jacket instead of tails. In fact, at Covent Garden a man in a dinner jacket could not sit in the stalls.

Therefore we can agree that an entertainment tax, despite its basic unfairness, would have done no harm to the theatre at that period and would have brought a useful revenue to the chancellor of the exchequer.

But today the living theatre is fighting the battle of survival, and it is losing. To paraphrase the famous words of Sir Edward Grey in 1914: "The footlights are going out one by one."

Take for example the case of a recent British musical called The Water Gypsies, which bravely challenged the importation of American musicals which have dominated the British stage ever since the end of the Hitler war. It was a *Continued on page 104*



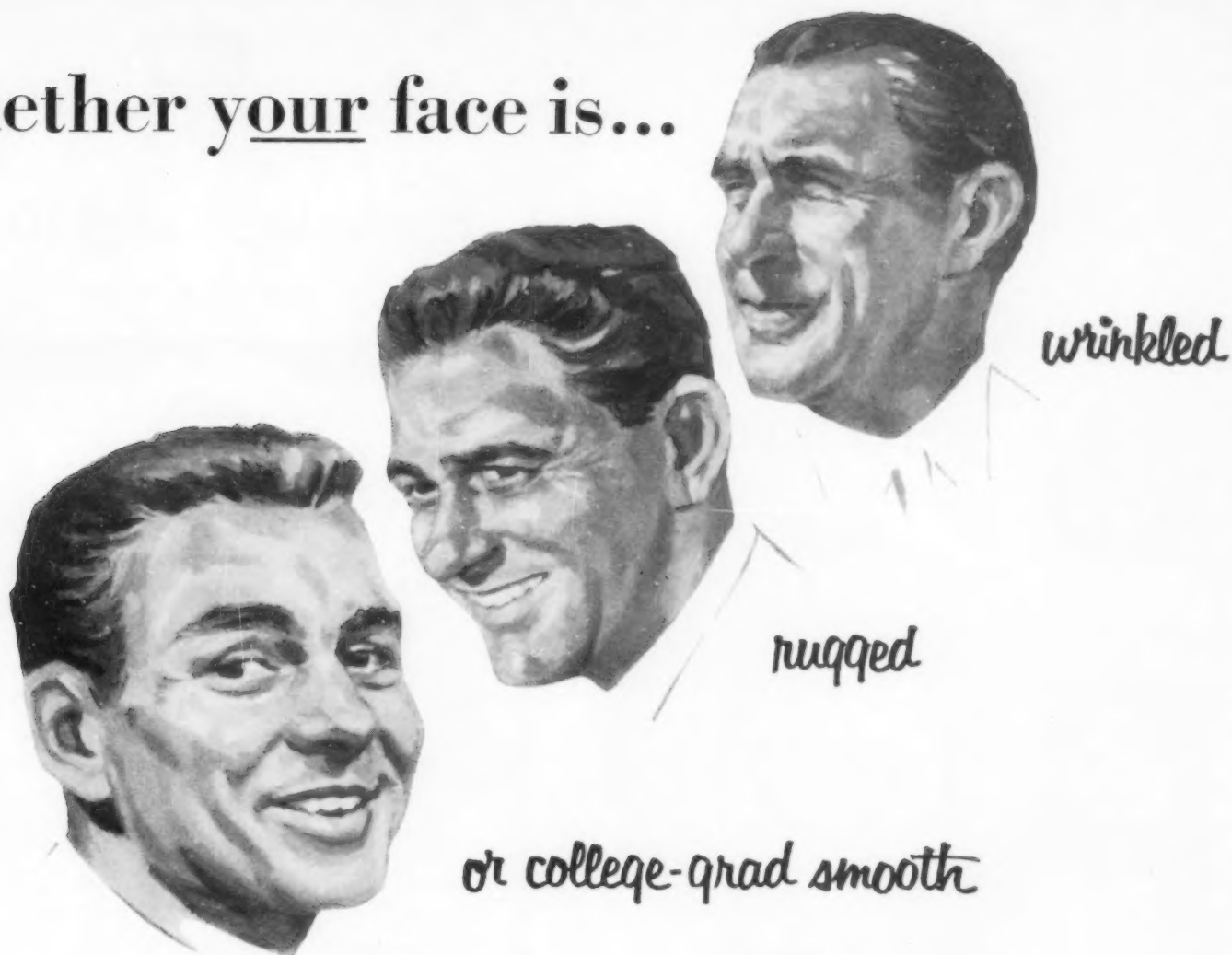
NOEL COWARD'S witty ribaldry flourished unfettered by taxation.

dian of speech and the continuing story of the thoughts and emotions of the British people. In that period television was little more than an idea born in the skull of a Scotsman named Baird. In the cinema there were the silent films, affectionately called "flicks" by the public. The gramophone had made progress and was delighting us with opera and song hits from musical comedies.

It was a golden age in the British theatre. Shaw was at his



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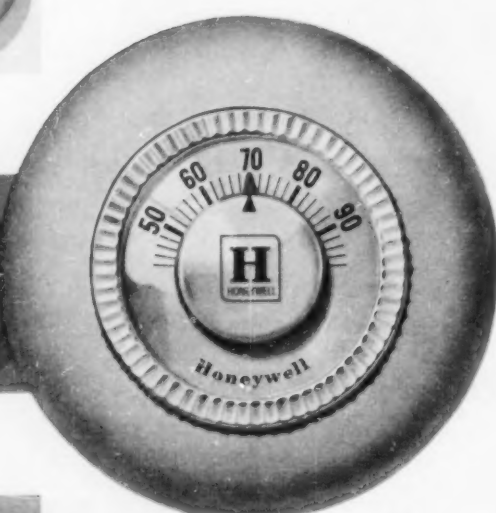
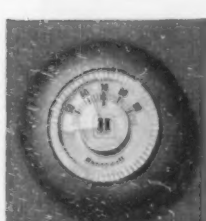
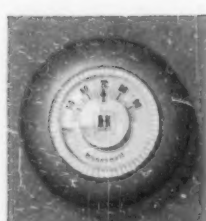
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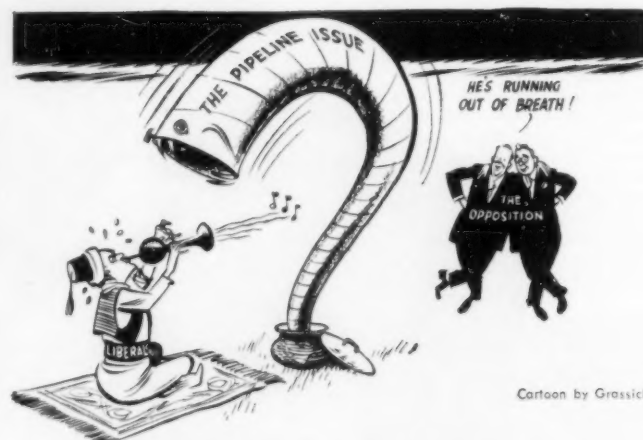
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## Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



"If Howe's policy fails, it will damage the party's prestige."

### Will the Liberals take over the pipeline?

UNLESS WORK BEGINS at once on a pipeline to bring Alberta gas to Winnipeg this year, the Liberal government in Ottawa will suffer a grave setback, to the advantage of the Conservatives and the CCF.

Normally, a gas pipeline wouldn't change many votes—it's hardly the kind of thing to excite the average elector. But the long battle in parliament has made the pipeline a part of several other issues that do appeal to the voters, and the Liberals are on the sticky side of all of them.

One is the old issue of American control over Canadian natural resources and vital Canadian enterprises. Donald Creighton's account of the struggle for the CPR, in his biography of Sir John A. Macdonald, has given the Conservatives a gold mine of stirring analogy. They imply that just as John A. fought American syndicates and their Canadian dupes for an all-Canadian railway, so today his heirs are fighting for an all-Canadian pipeline to bring Canadian fuel to Canadian industry.

Then there is the general issue of the Liberal government's record and competence. From the beginning, many Liberal MPs and even some cabinet ministers have secretly preferred the Opposition's pipeline policy to the one devised for the Liberals by Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe. If Howe's policy fails—and unless work on the pipeline begins this year it will have failed, in the eyes of many a

Liberal—then the damage to the party's morale will be even greater than the damage to the government's prestige.

Unluckily for the Grits, the pipeline issue is extremely complex and difficult for defenders of the government's policy. Without the tangible evidence of work actually begun, they despair of making it clear to campaign audiences. For its opponents, on the other hand, it is delightfully simple and can be reduced to ringing patriotic slogans like, "Canada for Canadians," and, "Let's develop our own resources." In fact, of course, there's more to it than that.

All parties favor an "all-Canadian pipeline," but the phrase has a double meaning. It can mean "a pipeline owned and controlled by Canadians"; it can mean "a pipeline wholly in Canadian territory." Opposition parties talk as if the phrase meant both these things. In fact it doesn't—not yet, anyway—and this is the root of the government's embarrassment.

A Canadian company was willing to build a pipeline, but not all the way east; its plan was to turn south at Winnipeg and find its main market in the United States. Another company was willing to build a pipeline within Canada, all the way to Montreal, but this company was eighty per cent American. It was headed by a Texas millionaire named Clint Murchison.

Two years ago, at C. D. Howe's command, these two groups merged. Continued on page 113





## The men who came to dinner

And most unusual men they were. Unlike the man who came to dinner, they didn't outlast their welcome. In fact, they were the most welcome visitors the farmer ever had.

First of all, they brought their own food—cold roasts, freshly-baked pies, gallon-sized thermoses of milk. As if that wasn't enough, they brought their wives to prepare the meal.

One of the men hitched his Ferguson tractor to a wagon and hauled over a load of lumber. Some brought kegs of nails, others

a few bags of cement; everybody contributed. Then they built the farmer a new barn to replace the one that had burned down.

Whatever way you look at it, the barn-raising, like the quilting bee and the husking bee, is one of the finest traditions of the farming community. It represents the spirit of voluntary co-operation in its highest form. Today, because of the production miracles of modern farm machinery, farmers have more time than ever to help one another when help is needed. More time, too, to enjoy the results of their work.

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"We knew it would be hard. We forded rivers, slept in jungles, faced death. We weren't sorry." The Orrs, on the road, from left: Mary, Trudy, Rev. Jim, Terry, Dottie, Jean, Bob, Jim, Joey.

## We drove the kids from Brazil to Alberta

With their seven children in a jeep, this Canadian couple toured 12,000 miles through jungle and desert and across the frightening Andes. Here are their incredible experiences

By Mrs. Mary Orr with Robert Collins

NOW THAT THE TRIP is over I'll admit it was a wild fantastic scheme, as almost everyone else insisted from the beginning. It's hard to believe that last year my husband, Jim, our seven children and I had the audacity to squeeze into a seven-passenger Land Rover, the English equivalent of a jeep, and drive twelve thousand miles from Brazil, where we were evangelical missionaries, to my mother's home in Champion, Alberta. In that seven-month journey we had enough excitement to last us a lifetime. Well, until the next time, anyway.

From June until December we forded rivers, crept over narrow mountain trails, ploughed through deserts and sweltered in jungles in thirteen countries. We drove through war scares in Peru, dodged floods in Costa Rica, were nearly trampled by a herd of long-horned cattle in Brazil and were held two days by Ecuadorian police after a motor accident.

We shivered on top of the Andes and bathed in the warm Pacific. We slept on railway flat-cars, in schoolhouses, small native churches, a gymnasium and hotels with bamboo walls, straw walls and basket-weave roofs. Often we camped under the stars, although our youngest child, Dottie, was then only two years old. Jim, who is fifty-three, did all the driving, although his back has been partly crippled from polio since childhood.

We started with only nine hundred dollars, although the trip ultimately cost two thousand. But we trusted God to supply what was lacking and He did. We reached Alberta with fifteen dollars left and not a single regret.

But I don't suggest the trip for tourists.

People often ask, "Why did you do it?" and "How did you all get into that jeep?" The first

Continued over page



For eight years the Orrs lived with the roar of giant Iguazu Falls in southern Brazil. At right, their perilous route home to Canada.





We drove the kids from Brazil to Alberta continued

**"We sweltered in jungles, ploughed through deserts, slept under the stars." The Orrs' snapshots illustrate their odyssey . . .**

question is easiest to answer. We love to travel. Our oldest children are in their teens, so it was the family's last chance to travel together. After eight years' missionary work in Brazil we were due for a one-year furlough. We wanted to preach the gospel in other South American countries on the way home. We knew it would be a hard trip but we're used to plain quarters, plain food and South America's incredibly bad roads.

Jim was born in England, raised in Alberta, graduated from Toronto Bible College and went to Brazil in 1937 to work under the New Testament Missionary Union, a fellowship of missionary evangelists with headquarters in Argentina. I was born near Travers, Alberta, graduated from the Three Hills, Alta., Prairie Bible Institute and went to South America in 1939. Late that year Jim and I were married in Argentina. Bobby, who's fifteen, Jean, fourteen, Esther (we call her Terry), twelve, and Trudy, ten, were born there. Jimmy, eight, was born during furlough in Canada. Joe, who's six, and Dottie, now three, were born in Brazil.

Until 1950 we covered our mission on horseback or bicycle. Then, with help from Jim's church, High Park Baptist in Toronto—he joined while attending Toronto Bible College, and I also joined in 1947—with this help plus a small legacy from Ireland and some gifts from western Canada, we bought a Land Rover. It cost us seventy *contos* (about twenty-three hundred dollars then). Jim, a former commercial artist, printed *O Mensageiro* (Portuguese for The Messenger) under the windshield and a Biblical text on each door.

Although we call it simply "the jeep" we think the Rover is an extraordinary jeep-type vehicle. Its four-wheel drive, eight forward speeds and two reverse speeds pulled us through many bad spots, before and during the trip. During Brazil's torrential rains the single dirt road between Foz do Iguaçu and Laranjeiras do Sul, where we lived alternately, turns to knee-deep water and cement-like mud. Ordinary cars are stranded on the road for weeks. When we began planning our trip in 1954 we knew *O Mensageiro* would get us through if any car could.

We had another advantage over the average traveler: we speak Portuguese, Brazil's language, and Spanish, the language of all other countries on the route. If you don't speak the languages the back-country natives consider you fair game and charge fabulous prices for food and service.

We wrote motor associations and touring services for maps, guidebooks and information on the wet and dry seasons on our route. For example, wet seasons north of the equator come several weeks later than in Brazil and Bolivia. We couldn't dodge rains everywhere but we planned to be on the best roads during the worst weather. We wrote to the Esso touring service in New York, outlining our plans and asking for advice. The people there recommended towropes, dust masks, several South American travel books—including *How to Drive and Stay Alive* and *How to Travel Without Being Rich*—and added prophetically, "This is not a pleasure trip by usual tourist

standards but with careful planning it can be a great adventure."

Next we practiced packing the jeep to see what would go in. Loading up was a ritual that never failed to draw a crowd during the trip. Once in Bolivia an English traveler begged, "Do you mind if I watch you get in? I still can't understand it!" Others didn't ask permission; they just poked their heads in the windows and stared. The Rover is designed to seat three people in front and two on each of two lengthwise back seats. We put four in front and five in the back, with the fifth sitting on a trunk. A tent, hammocks, aluminum camp cots and kit bags of clothing (which once fell through on our heads) went on a roof luggage rack. Utensils, a pressure cooker and a Primus stove went into a box on the front bumper. We stacked trunks and suitcases on the tailgate. The rear springs flattened out but, somehow, didn't break.

We had written friends in Canada about our plans and they replied with volleys of warnings.

"Please back out!" one of them urged us in a letter. "Better to lose face than lose your lives!"

But, although no other family to our knowledge had ever made the trip—and certainly none the size of ours—we weren't concerned. On the maps, the Pan-American Highway, which stretches down the whole west coast of South America and branches across the continent through Argentina in several places—principally in the direction of Buenos Aires—looked smooth and wide. All we had to do, it appeared, was cross the continent, slide up the

coast to Panama, join up there with the Inter-American Highway, and point straight for Alberta.

We learned later that it's not that simple. From where we started, at spectacular Iguaçu Falls on the Brazil-Argentine border—a falls wider and more breath-taking than Niagara—we had to travel north on hopelessly inadequate roads before starting our westward trip across the continent. Even then we could go only part of the way by road. We ran into jungle and had to put our jeep aboard a train and travel seven hundred miles through a wilderness to hook up with the Pan-American Highway.

Even then, the highway was not the kind of highway we all know in North America. There were great gaps in Ecuador, Colombia, Costa Rica and in other places where we had to use dirt or sand roads or travel across undeveloped country to make our way. About half of the South American countries support the Pan-American Highway Congress, which for the past twenty-five years has been threading the continent with roads, but the work has been slow. Only the Inter-American part of the system—above Panama leading to the U. S., and financed almost wholly by the American government—can be considered in the slightest way complete.

We knew little of this when, on June 3, 1955, we left Iguaçu Falls, an area where we had lived for eight years, and looked back somewhat wistfully at the brick house that had been both a home and a mission to us. We jounced over a dirt trail, rough as any rural Canadian side road, through

Continued on page 107



"We rolled our jeep on a grimy Brazilian flatcar. We kept one eye on the underbrush beside the rails where savages sometimes prowled. They had attacked one train and killed passengers."





"In torrential rains Brazil's roads turned to knee-deep mud. Cars stalled but our jeep got through."



"In the Brazilian jungle a gaucho shouted: 'Quick! Move!' There was no time to start the jeep or find the children. A sea of horns surged around us."



"At every border there was endless red tape. Our maps were confiscated, all our luggage searched."

"Loading our jeep always attracted crowds of people. Some poked their heads in the windows and stared at the nine of us with our belongings."



"In the Andes Jim said, 'This old jeep's done. We'll never make Canada.' But it was only the altitude."



"We all enjoyed the exotic South American dishes, but in the back country you pay fabulous prices for food."

"We wallowed through shifting sand or shallow rivers in lowest gear. Sometimes wet sparkplugs stalled us in midstream."



"High up in the Andes we drove the jeep onto a sailboat to cross Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake."

Nothing went right for **Chris Plummer**.

The Stratford Festival spurned him;

he was hungry and broke.

Then one performance changed every-

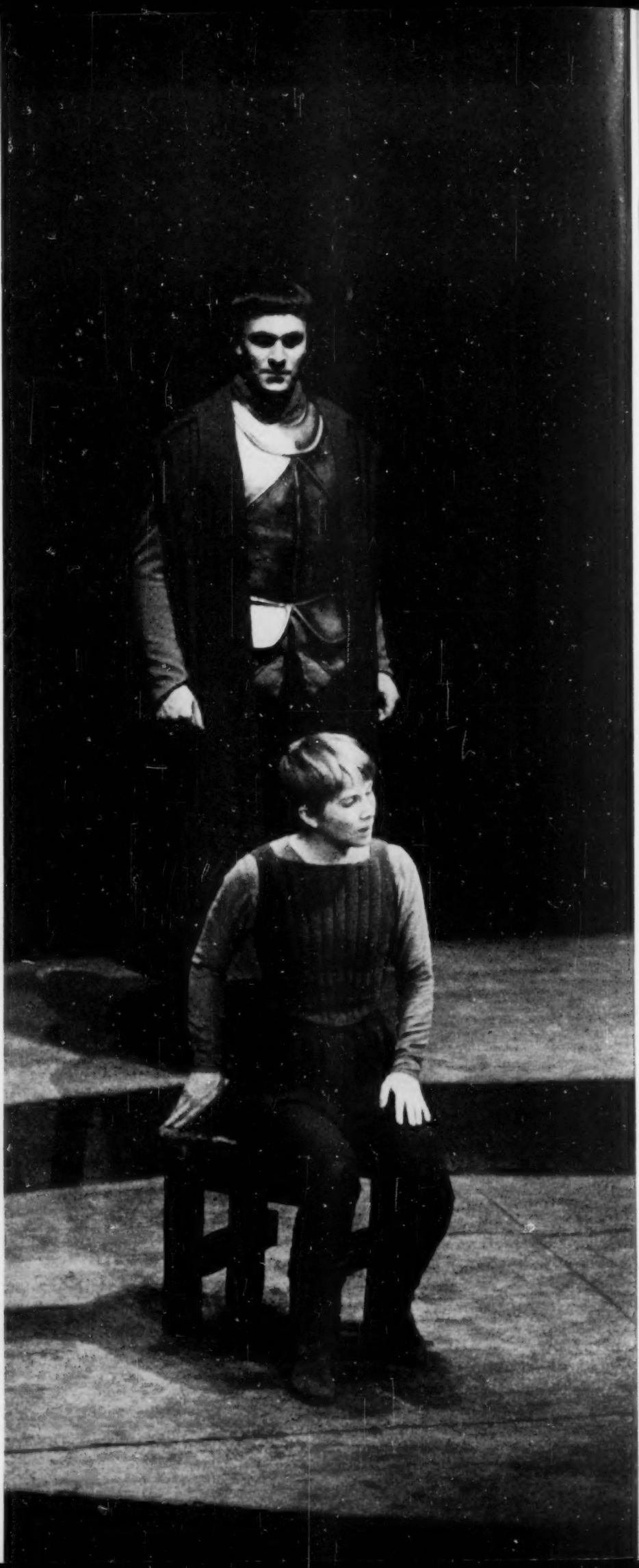
thing. Hollywood beckoned.

Canada asked for him back.

Here's the story of

# The exile who'll star at Stratford

**AS WARWICK** in *The Lark*, Plummer played opposite Julie Harris on Broadway. A few months earlier he was broke, couldn't get a job.





BY ALICE GRIFFIN

JUST BEFORE CURTAIN time at the Museum Theatre in Toronto one bitterly cold night in January of 1953, word reached backstage that delegates from the Stratford Shakespearean Festival were "out front" scouting actors for their inaugural Ontario season. The play was Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning*, and by that last Saturday evening of the run the police had been called to control overflow crowds.

The theatre was not ideal, the auditorium was too long and narrow, the stage absurdly small, but the actors played as they never had before. The performance was electric. After the show, three were invited to appear at Stratford; two others joined subsequently.

A dynamic young actor from Montreal was playing the lead. His opening-night notices had been good and the rest of the cast felt he was at the pinnacle of his form that Saturday evening, but Stratford turned him down. His name was Christopher Plummer.

Three years and eight productions later the same festival company dispatched a telegram to New York asking the same Mr. Plummer if he would consider playing the lead in their 1956 production of Shakespeare's *Henry V*. Both Plummer and Stratford have come a long way since that cold evening in 1953.

The Stratford players will journey to the Edinburgh Festival late this summer to present *Henry V* in a cultural feast to which only the greatest theatrical companies are invited. Plummer hasn't been standing still either. He has played on Broadway opposite some of America's greatest actresses—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Julie Harris. From the stage of the venerable Sarah Bernhardt Theatre in Paris he has been cheered by audiences considered the most knowing in the world. The critics hailed him as the best actor at the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn. (topping such name stars as Raymond Massey and Jack Palance).

When he left New York in May to start rehearsals for *Henry V* he was the most sought-after young performer on Broadway. *Variety*, the tough spokesman for the theatrical trade, had commended his "potential star material." Hollywood had beckoned. He lived at the quietly expensive Algonquin Hotel and he moved in the inner circles of show business and society. And he's still only twenty-six.

Plummer is a paradox to friends and an enigma to strangers because he has a two-way personality—he is both a romanticist and a realist. The basic necessities of life do not concern him. For him money has no value—except to

spend. He never provides for the future because he trusts that the future will provide for him. With women he displays a gallantry outmoded since cavalier days.

But when it comes to his profession he is as hardheaded as any businessman. He combines shrewdness and understanding, is tough, exacting and self-critical. Although in public his appearance is in no way flamboyant, there is about Plummer the unmistakable air of a man who is "somebody."

He came to New York soon after *The Lady's Not For Burning* closed in Toronto. It was a discouraging year before he got into a Broadway show. He was out of work much of the time and often hungry. During those days another Canadian actor, Lorne Greene of Toronto, was called to Broadway to play the romantic lead opposite Katharine Cornell in *The Prescott Proposals*. On opening night Greene threw a lavish party at the theatrical restaurant, Sardi's, which Plummer attended as much for the meal as for the festivities. He kept his overcoat on because his only shirt was in the laundry, but he spent his last dollar seeing his date home in a cab.

Unconcerned about material values, he is disturbed when he finds that others are. A few months before returning to Canada and the Stratford Festival, when he was playing *Warwick* on Broadway in *The Lark*, an indigent actor friend met him at the stage door one pay day with a hard-luck story. Into the less-fortunate actor's hands Plummer pressed his entire pay envelope, said farewell, walked over to his own hotel, and there was presented with his bill. Hurt at what he considered a breach of faith, Plummer flounced out, never to return, and left behind to be appropriated by the management belongings worth far more than the amount of the bill.

Heedless of his own welfare, he is solicitous of others'. He once played opposite Edward Everett Horton in *Springtime For Henry*, a perennial of the summer circuit. Plummer and the other young blades were accustomed to whiling away the nights in wassail until the small hours. But Horton retired early so he could spring out of bed at 7.30 for a workout on the tennis courts. When he asked if there was anyone for tennis only Plummer volunteered, even though it meant only three hours of sleep a night for himself. It was the first indication his friends had that he was an expert tennis player, for he is reticent about his accomplishments.

While his everyday life is singularly lacking in organization and foresight, he has in his stage career moved toward his goal with

*Continued on page 92*



AS MARK ANTONY he showed a rich talent for Shakespeare. At the Stratford Festival he'll play *Henry V*.

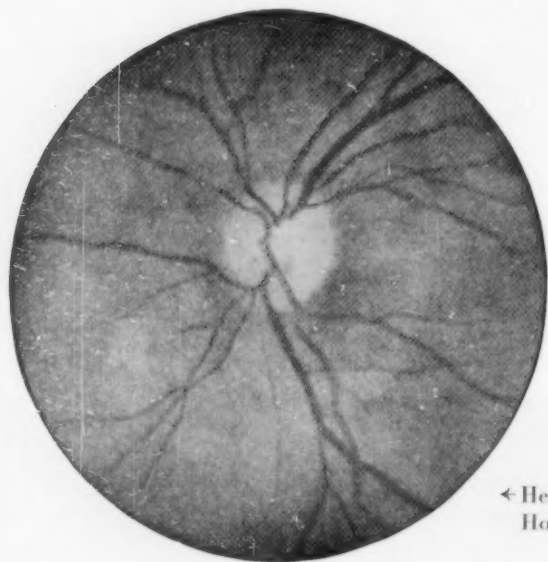


AS PLUMMER he's a gay young man-about-Broadway. His companion here is Canadian Madeleine Sherwood.



AS JOHN BARRYMORE (centre) in *The Jest* he shows a profile that fellow actors think resembles Barrymore's.

## WHEN YOU HAVE A MEDICAL CHECKUP



# What's the doctor looking for?

← Here's what the inside of your eye looks like as seen through the ophthalmoscope at right. How it looks may tell the doctor whether you have diabetes, leukemia or Bright's disease.

By Janice Tyrwhitt

A MONTREAL WOMAN recently made an appointment with a doctor because her granddaughter had teased her about a slip of the tongue. "I'm perfectly well," she told him, "but if I'm getting absent-minded I'd better have a checkup." Knowing the slip might be the first warning of a serious disability, the doctor gave her a general examination which saved her life: it revealed a brain tumor in time for successful operation.

Except for its dramatic result, this woman's examination was similar to the one your doctor gives you when you ask for a physical check because you want a life-insurance policy, because you work for a company that insists on regular medical checkups for its employees, or because you think it's wise to see a doctor occasionally even if you're apparently healthy.

The periodic examination is a screening process in which the doctor tests each function of your body. Your own examination may vary according to his findings—he sometimes checks a doubtful point with a supplementary test not ordinarily included in his routine—but it will follow a definite pattern. Perhaps you've wondered what the doctor expects to see when he looks into your eye with a lighted instrument or taps your knee with a rubber hammer. From each test he learns a specific fact about you; by correlating several facts he makes his report on your condition.

Like a detective, the doctor begins his examination by asking questions. They sound casual, but he's really systematically discovering everything about your past and present activities that may bear on his assessment of

your health. One Toronto diagnostician says, "History is the most important single factor in diagnosis. One of my examinations usually takes about an hour and a half, and I spend an hour of this on the patient's history. The art of medicine lies in sizing him up and sifting out significant facts that don't seem important to him, worries that he won't admit, circumstantial pressures that may be literally making him sick. We rarely find anything abnormal that we don't already suspect from his history."

Don't lie when the doctor asks your age, for your age may provide him with his first clue if you're sick; certain illnesses are characteristic of certain periods of your life. If you're over forty-five, he'll watch for degenerative diseases caused by the breakdown of such organs as the heart, liver or pancreas.

Next he'll ask if any of your close relatives have ever had tuberculosis, diabetes, high blood pressure or other conditions that tend to run in families, and question you in close detail about your own past illnesses. He'll want to know if you suffer from arthritis, neuritis, sinus trouble, indigestion, coughs or skin rashes. He'll ask if you've ever had pleurisy, rheumatic fever or a nervous breakdown, and he'll actually want to hear about your operation.

He'll also ask about your living habits. How much exercise do you get? How much do you smoke and drink? How often do you see a dentist? What do you do on holidays? How much sleep do you get? Are you worried about your family, your job or your bank balance?

All the time he's talking to you, the doctor is trying to figure out what sort of person you are. "You've got to remember you're treating humans, not diseases," one doctor points out. "The biggest factor in their health is how adequate they are as people." The kind of work

you've done, the amount you've accomplished, the satisfaction you get out of life, the way you get along with yourself and other people—all this is reflected in your body. Most doctors agree that physical health and mental health are so interdependent that it's impossible to separate them entirely.

Even the places you have lived may provide a clue to your present condition. Before iodine was added to salt, anyone who grew up around the Great Lakes was likely to develop goiter. Patients who have lived abroad may be suffering from the aftereffects of a tropical disease such as malaria. A Toronto doctor, examining a patient with mysterious symptoms, was able to put his finger on the trouble when questioning revealed that the man had once gone through a dust storm in western Texas, where an unusual combination of climate and geology fosters a rare lung disease.

Any changes in the way you feel are revealing to the doctor. If you tire easily, you may be anemic or just bored. A sudden loss of weight warns the doctor to look for diabetes, severe anemia or stomach trouble. While most illnesses show up in other ways as well, a drop in weight may be the only readily noticeable symptom of cancer. If you get hungry faster than usual, you may be developing an ulcer. "You can diagnose an ulcer over the telephone, but you can't find it by examining the patient," one doctor comments. "And there are plenty of other conditions that can be detected only by questioning."

For the physical part of the examination, the doctor sends you into another room to remove most of your clothes. Within the first minute he'll size up your posture and structural development, take your weight and assess your nutrition.

*Continued on page 114*



What does he see  
when he peers  
into your eyes?  
Why does  
he tap your knee  
with a hammer?  
What does  
your blood tell him?  
Here's a  
detective story  
in which you  
provide the clues

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON



DR. HANNA KRATZ, WITH HER REFUGEE HUSBAND, CARES FOR INDIAN CHILDREN IN FORT VERMILION HOSPITAL

*"Steeped in the culture of Europe, uprooted by the Nazi storm, they found their chance of freedom and brought medical learning to this outpost."*



THE TOWN OF PEACE RIVER, AS SEEN FROM THE HIGHWAY, SPRAWLS ON THE LOW LAND AT A BEND IN THE RIVER

*"Here, where Canadians faced the last continental mystery, is grandeur, a haunting quality of size, a country men worship almost as a religion."*

Bruce Hutchison rediscovers  
THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

XII

# The Peace River Country

*"It is on the edge of things, a distant suburb of Alberta, peopled only yesterday and restless with the fierce energies of youth, the sense of virginity, of life in its salad days"*

IN THE dismal village of High Prairie, Alberta, while eating the worst meal ever cooked by human hands since the discovery of fire, we stole a copy of the Northern Echo to read a news dispatch of strange portent. It described a recent Social Credit convention hereabouts and added this baffling piece of intelligence:

All nominees spoke, Mr. Moore being handicapped to an extent by loss of voice suffered on Highway No. 2 in the great impassability.

My wife and I were deeply puzzled by this cryptic announcement but our hearts went out to the unhappy Mr. Moore, caught in the great impassability, handicapped to an extent, muted at a party convention, his promising career perhaps fatally damaged by loss of voice, the essential tool of the politician's craft.

The great impassability! Only a traveler

on the single road into the north could understand the historic meaning of that phrase. We were beginning to understand it, though we had much to learn.

All day our car had wallowed through a quagmire of peculiarly adhesive mud and, south of Lesser Slave Lake, had staggered on boulders as large as a man's skull, where road gangs had hastily tried to fill a bottomless muskeg.

Some weeks earlier the great impassability had halted all traffic, imprisoned scores of automobiles, silenced Mr. Moore (in sheer frustration, I suppose), cut the Peace River Country off from Alberta and revealed the sovereign fact of its life—its isolation, its boundless distances, its hopes long deferred and its dogged courage.

At the gate of High Prairie we had entered a distant suburb of Alberta, the last farming frontier and possibly the most interesting land in Canada. It is an old land in our brief national history and once was decisive in our

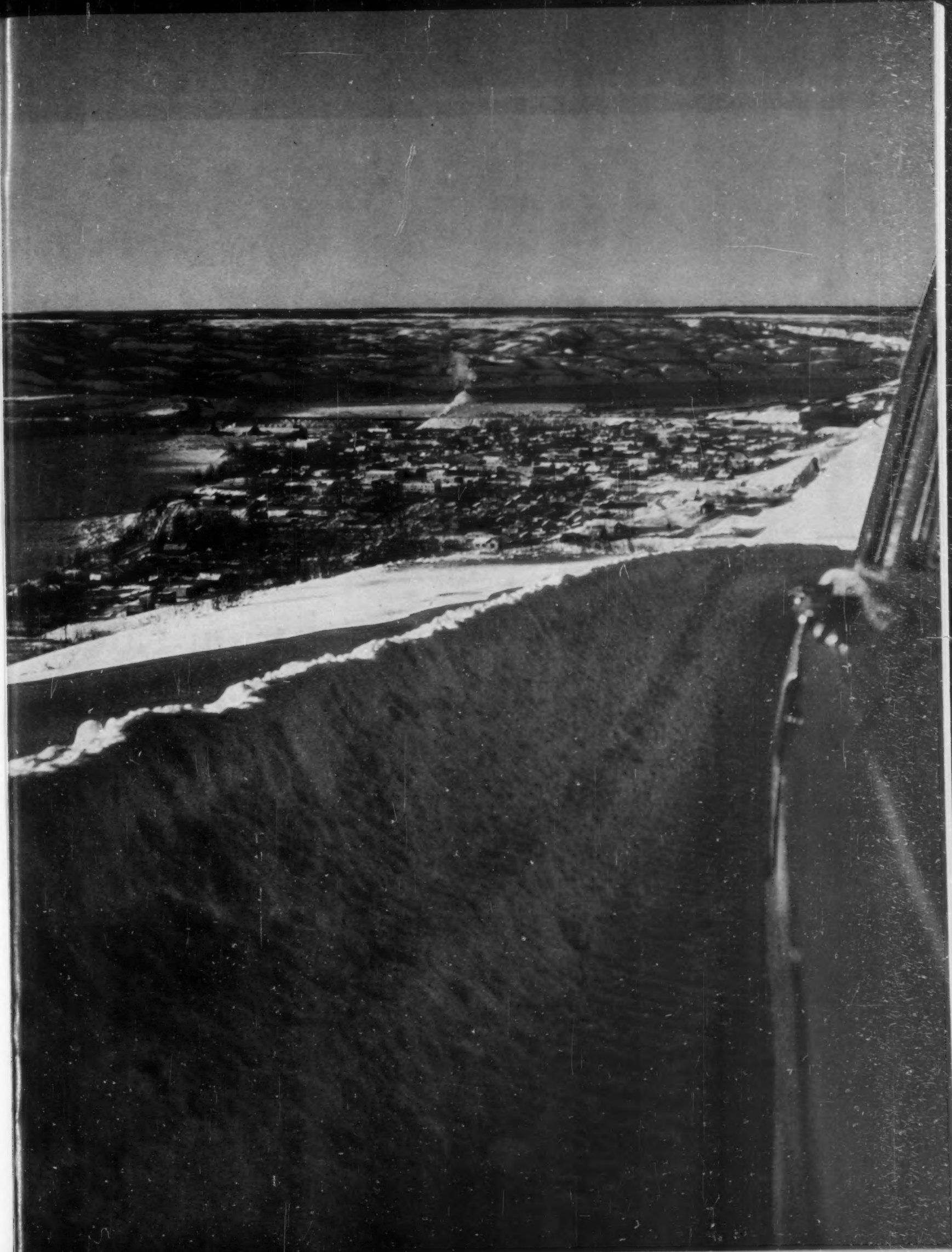
affairs when the Peace led Canadians to the western sea, yet it was peopled only yesterday and is still restless with the fierce energies of youth.

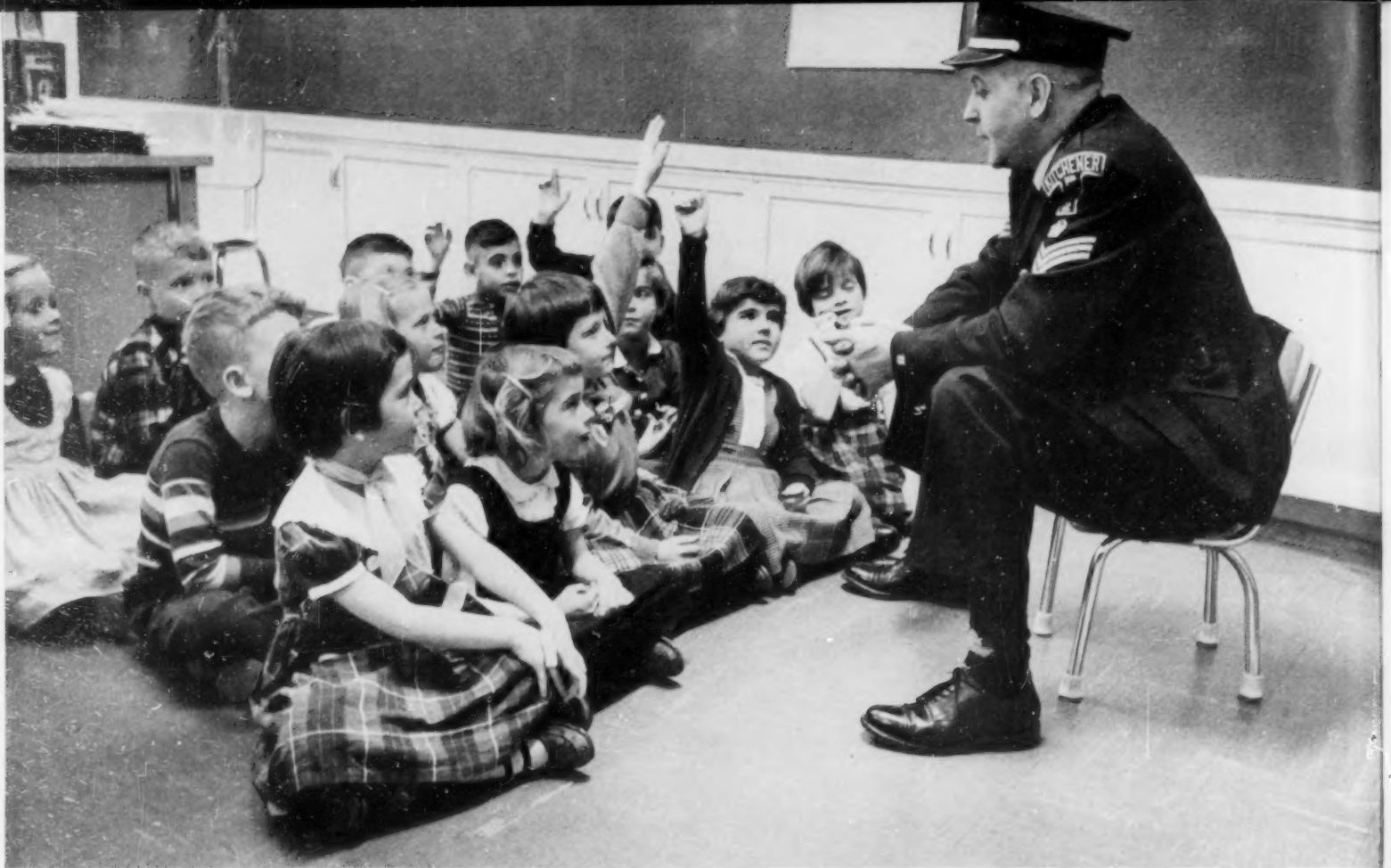
Here, in fact, is the final reproduction of a Canadian experience begun three centuries ago on the banks of the St. Lawrence. There will be no other experience of this exact sort again. Hence the settlers subduing the northern wilds as their ancestors subdued the south are justified in using capital letters and calling their land the Peace River Country. It is almost a country and may some day be a province. At all events, it is unique in the whole of Canada.

We started north, pondering the assorted caravan that had preceded us, some thousands of years earlier. The prehistoric hordes from Asia, men and animals, once moved southward, it is said, on this rutted trail into the heartlands of America, followed aeons later by the fur traders of the unequalled Athabaska peltry, *Continued on page 72*

COLOR PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY PETER CROYDON







HE'S A TEACHER: At Staff Sgt. Wilf Henrich's knee toddlers start their safety lessons. He's welcomed now, but at first the schools barred him.

## How one cop sold his city on safety



HE'S A DIPLOMAT: Headquarters sign stresses police aim to please.

When Wilf Henrich's child was hit he started a one-man crusade

to make Kitchener's streets

safe. He "converted" kids, sent

erring parents back to school, even

made women drivers listen.

Would this plan work in your town too?

BY DUNCAN McLEOD

PHOTOS BY JOHN SEBERT



## HE'S A BROADCASTER:

By radio and the newspaper he speaks to the city every day.



Safety salesman Henrich started with the children, and then the whole city suddenly climbed on his safety band wagon

WHEN delegates to the Canadian Highway Safety Conference held in Ottawa last spring began discussing ways to prevent accidents by education, they were confounded by a chunky young police officer from Kitchener, Ont. No matter what new idea the experts suggested, Staff Sergeant Wilf Henrich was able to point out proudly, "We already have that operating successfully in Kitchener."

Kitchener's pre-eminence in safety education is due largely to the unpolicemanlike activities of Henrich himself. In the last nine years these activities have included skipping rope with children, munching cookies in kindergarten, tearing up 177 traffic summonses, redesigning Kitchener's police uniforms to resemble those once worn by Hitler's storm troopers and publicly baiting women drivers by telling them they act like "peacocks on pin-cushions." He has also hung up in police headquarters a sign that says: "It's a law with us to please you." He has done all these things—and more—in an unorthodox campaign for traffic safety.

By gaining the confidence of children he has been able to recruit customers for his safety courses, such as schoolboy patrols and bicycle schools, and instill in them a respect for safety that prepares them for a safe-driving course in high school.

By tearing up summonses he has "persuaded" violators to attend a free driving school conducted by his police department.

By redesigning the police uniform, he has raised police in the public esteem, for Kitchener was founded by Germans whose descendants still have a love of military smartness.

By cunningly criticizing women drivers, he has caused such a fuss that he is invited to speak at women's meetings—and so finds new recruits for his driving classes.

By such devices as the sign in police headquarters he has convinced motorists that the police are anxious to be co-operative—and motorists have co-operated in return.

As a consequence of Henrich's psychology, Kitchener's safety-education program shows impressive before-and-after results. In 1947 Kitchener had three hundred and sixty-three accidents involving cyclists; in 1955 there were only eighteen, nine of which involved men of fifty and over. Five people were killed by automobiles in 1949, four in 1955—in spite of the fact that the number of people in the city had increased. Of one hundred and seventy-seven traffic violators sentenced to Henrich's school for safe driving, only one has since reappeared in court. In addition he has persuaded twelve hundred volunteers to take the course for safe driving, and none of these have been arrested for traffic violations or accidents. Out of six hundred graduates of the high-school driving course, only six have been

involved in accidents; in none has anybody been injured. In 1953 only accidents involving damage of fifty dollars and over were reported; they totaled 1,949. In 1955 all accidents, even those causing a few cents' damage, were reported, and totaled only 1,344—in spite of a large increase in automobile registrations.

The statistics reflect the work of Henrich, who has reduced accidents and saved lives by becoming a cyclist, a radio speaker, a newspaper writer, a public-relations expert, a practicing psychologist and a diplomat.

Kitchener's success offers proof to other Canadian cities that something can be done to curb traffic accident and death tolls. It also shows the problems one city has faced and largely overcome. Kitchener, located thirty miles northwest of Hamilton, has a population of fifty-eight thousand, more than two hundred industrial plants, and must contend—to an even greater degree than most cities—with headaches caused by narrow streets not designed for the heavy traffic they now must carry. W. E. Ewens, a traffic engineer hired by the city to map out a program to relieve congestion and cure traffic hazards, has said: "In the large number of multiple-approach intersections and very few cross-town streets, Kitchener is one of the worst cities I have seen."

While Henrich hasn't been able to change the narrow streets nor to iron out the problems they raise, he has succeeded in overcoming a more serious problem—public apathy to safety education. His success is all the more impressive because of the criticism directed at the police force when he began his campaign in 1947. Kitchener still recalls with laughter the case of the Peeping Tom policeman. In 1940 a constable was watching a courting couple through an open window when his helmet toppled into the room. He climbed in and recovered it. When the police chief ignored angry demands by romantic citizens for the man's dismissal, a new chief was appointed. The city still wasn't satisfied, for an increasing number of children were being killed each year by automobiles.

To quell the clamor that the police do something, John Patrick was appointed acting chief to make the streets safe for children. Patrick believed the answer was to have policemen lecture on safety in the schools. But when he approached school principals they rejected the idea, believing policemen would scare children more than teach them. Patrick knew this fear would have to be dispelled and began a search for the man who could do it. He found Wilf Henrich.

Henrich, a twenty-five-year-old, third-generation Pennsylvania-Dutch patrolman, had pounded the beat for four years, and was now due

*Continued on page 96*



HE SOLD THE SCHOOLS: Impressed by his classroom talks, teachers train their pupils in safety.



HE SOLD TEEN-AGERS: Moved by success of safety campaign, high school started a safe-driving class.



HE SOLD DRIVERS: He's tough on women drivers, and drives them to his driving school with insults.



HE SOLD THE PUBLIC: The cops make change for parkers, Henrich tears up tickets—to gain good will.



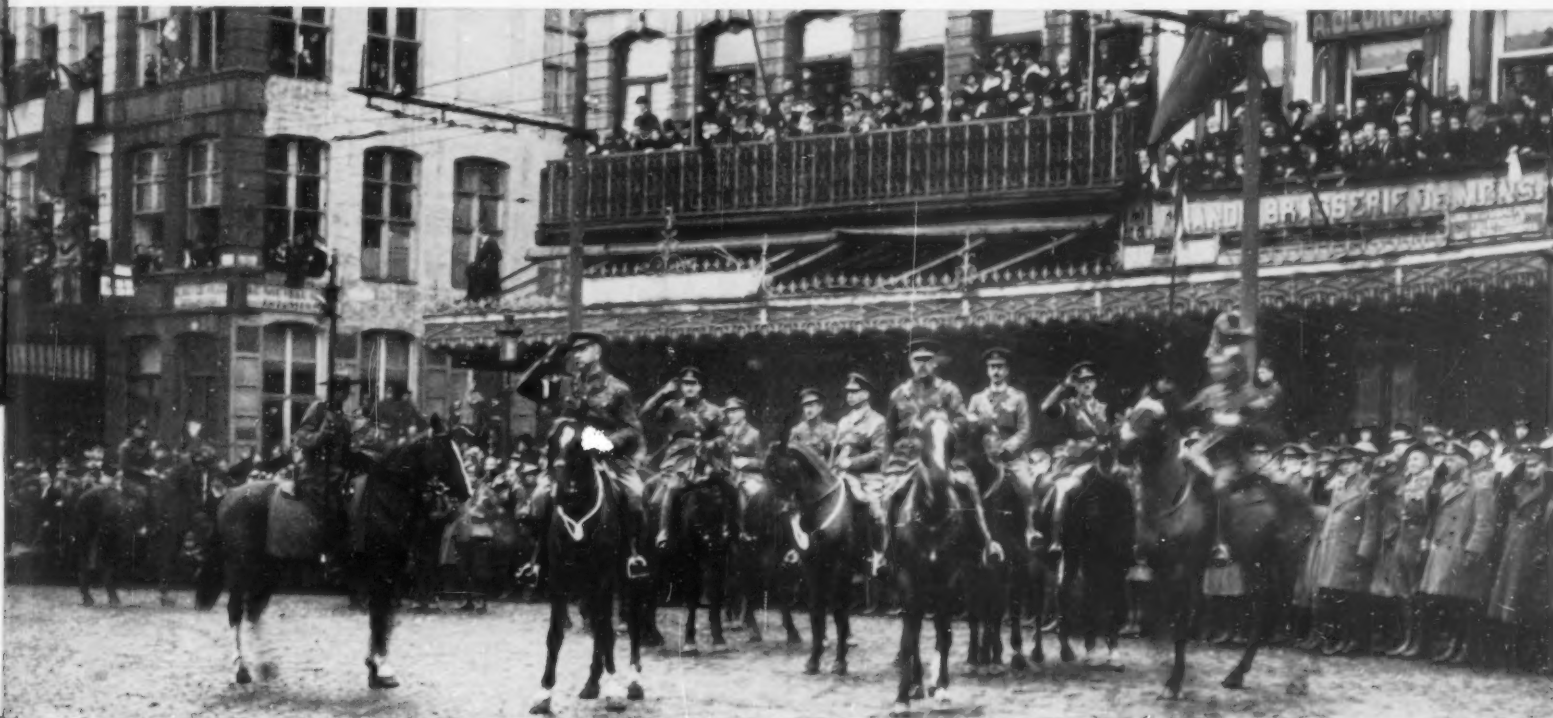


**The war didn't end in 1918 for Sir Arthur Currie.**

**For ten years he fought charges that he had needlessly sacrificed Canadian lives.**

**He spent his strength to clear his name, then died at fifty-seven**

### **A Maclean's Flashback by Fergus Cronin**



**THE EPISODE:** Port Hope paper claimed that Gen. Currie, here taking salute, sacrificed men at Mons with peace hours away. Currie won his suit.

**F**OR four years the Canadian Corps of the British Expeditionary Force crawled and fought and spilled its blood in the trenches and canals and churned-up orchards of France and Belgium. On the night of Nov. 10, 1918—the last night of the First World War—it was on the outskirts of Mons, a Belgian manufacturing town eight miles north of the French border.

This town had been the scene of the first German victory over the British in 1914. In the early morning hours of Nov. 11, 1918, the Canadians recaptured it, and at 11 a.m. came the cease fire all along the front. The war was over.

The actual fighting for Mons was brief, but across the Atlantic, in Canada, the battle was to rage on furiously for another ten years and to culminate in a historic trial. The two key figures in this protracted drama were men who, in some ways, were much alike—Sir Sam Hughes, a perennial member of parliament and former Canadian minister of militia and defense, and Sir Arthur W. Currie, commander of the Canadian Corps.

The battle of Mons was transferred to Can-

ada by a statement Hughes made in the House of Commons on March 4, 1919: "Were I in authority," he thundered, "the officer who, four hours before the armistice was signed, although he had been notified beforehand that the armistice was to begin at eleven o'clock, ordered the attack on Mons, thus needlessly sacrificing the lives of Canadian soldiers, would be tried summarily by court-martial and punished so far as the law would allow. There was no glory to be gained, and you cannot find one Canadian soldier returning from France who will not curse the name of the officer who ordered the attack on Mons."

This charge, the most serious ever made against a high-ranking Canadian military officer, was the climax of a long-smoldering feud between Currie and Hughes.

Both were big gruff headstrong men accustomed to command, both were Ontario farm boys who began their careers as schoolteachers, and both had served long and risen high in the militia. Currie, who moved from Ontario to British Columbia, had turned from teaching to selling insurance and then to real estate. Hughes had left teaching to publish a Lindsay, Ont., weekly newspaper, which he used as a springboard to dive into politics. He was a Conservative member of parliament from 1892 until he died in 1921 and for the whole twenty-

nine years was a stormy controversial figure. Nobody was neutral about Hughes; he was despised by his enemies and idolized by his friends.

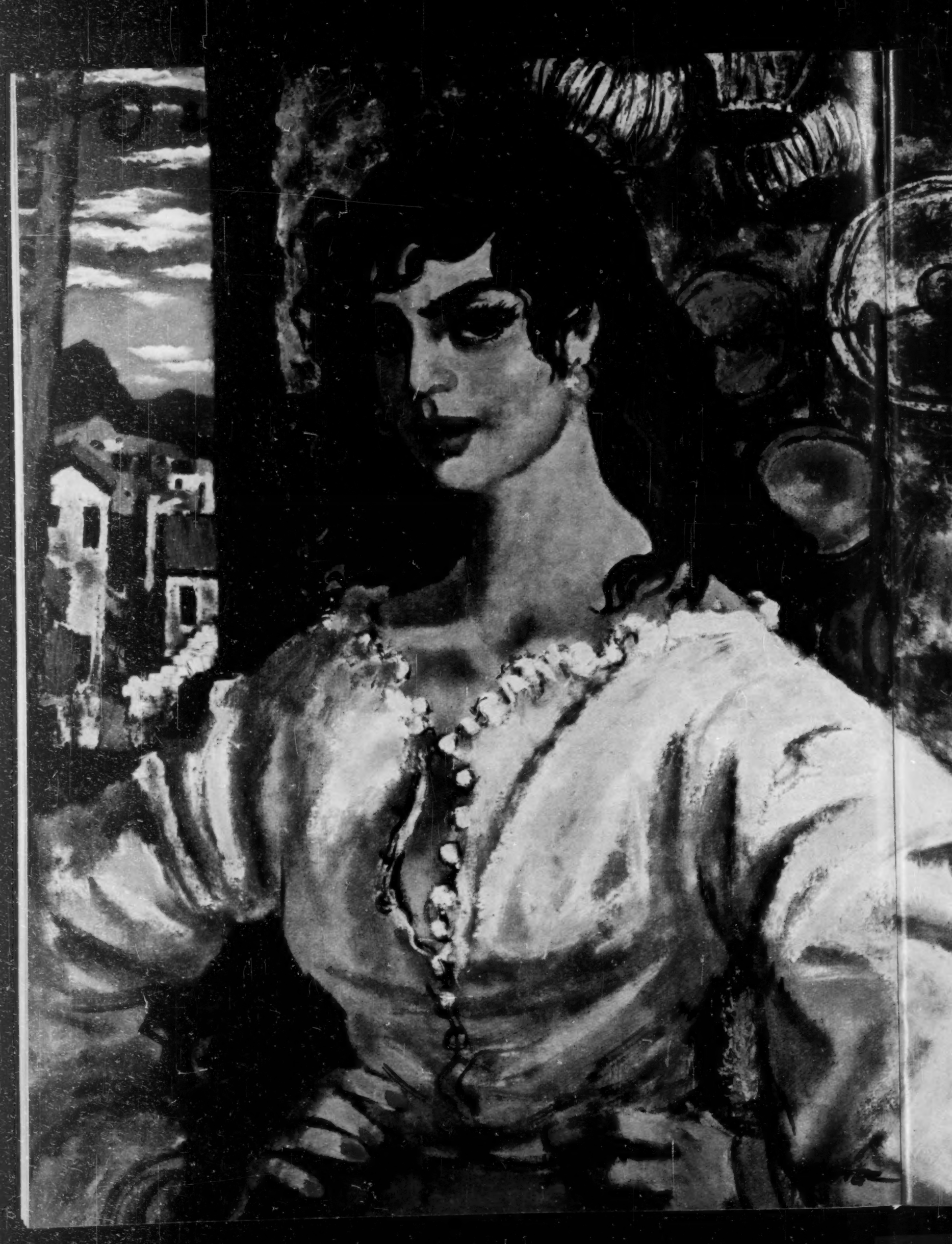
The paths of Currie and Hughes first crossed in 1911. Currie, then thirty-five, was officer commanding the 5th Artillery Regiment at Victoria, B.C., and Hughes had just been appointed minister of militia and defense in the cabinet of Sir Robert Borden. Hughes, then fifty-eight, ordered the band of Currie's regiment to play at a

*Continued on page 42*



**THE OUTCOME:** Strain of trial damaged Currie's health. He died in Montreal on Nov. 30, 1933.

**THE EVIDENCE:** Front page of the Port Hope paper, featuring editorial that led Currie to sue, was reproduced by Toronto Evening Telegram.





Her name was Elena. She would marry Salvatore, I knew,  
and he was my friend.

She faced the future with quiet dread. Yet how could I help

## THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T ESCAPE

BY IVAN ROE

**I**N THE dismal dining room of the hotel in a town in southern Italy the local *putana* was telling me about her mother, who was poor and bedridden, and about her daughter, who'd have to leave the elementary school in a year if money couldn't be found to give her a chance in life. She was also inviting me in a roundabout way to spend the night with her.

She was a fresh attractive woman of thirty, with an air of sadness and boredom that I found sympathetic. I felt sad myself, sad and disappointed. I was romantically in love with the grace and the color of Italy, but seeing for the first time the scabby leg of the peninsula, the foot the northerners would have liked to amputate and cast into the sea. I wanted everything in this land, including the women, to be great and beautiful, and all that I saw was either impoverished or corrupt. Nevertheless I should have liked to drink wine with this woman all night and hear her talk. I wanted to know more about the squalid mountain town from which she knew there was no escape. But I knew that her melancholy was too great for the night to be spent like that.

And yet, why not gamble for once? I looked at her and saw in her eyes the frontier of her country and her people, the barrier I wished to cross. Perhaps in her arms, I would understand it as a man, not as a thin-blooded literary traveler, a writer out of his depth, a man shackled by his past, his prejudices, his Englishness, his own loves.

I knew that I should not gamble. I'd never gambled on anything in my life. You have to be sure to be a gambler. So I paid my bill, gave her the few lire I could afford, added my worthless blessing in words, and went out, hoping that she'd find a better man that night. Then I re-entered the hotel at the rear and went up to my room.

The winds of spring were biting at the mountain, the unbleached sheets were harsh under my fingers, and the water in my tin bowl numbed my hands and face. In twenty-four hours I should reach my destination. I should be greeting Salvatore and his girl in Calabria. I had come to keep a promise, to visit a prisoner-of-war I had known in England. He had sat at my hearth and he wanted me to sit at his.

The world in which we had met, he as a prisoner, I as an interpreter, was a trivial world that had ceased to exist and I hoped that he had forgotten it. Over-sweet morning coffee in the cookhouse; gossip about fraternizing with girls; the malice of the northerners, hinting to the Sicilians how their wives and sisters were earning their bread during the Allied

occupation; the dreamy noise of an accordion at lunch time, when bored prison officers shoveled oily spaghetti from their plates; the fathoms-deep silences as Salvatore told me of the beauty and riches of his farm in Calabria.

A dead world now, a dream not worth interpreting; and here was a real world, Salvatore's world, the clay and rock of his ancestors' mountains, the dust heaps of his villages, the sharp wind that tanned his skin, the bright unfriendly sun. The world south of Naples was a world of no music and few words. I heard the voice of an old woman in the corridor, scolding her son, the cripple who had shown me to my room. The voice was a melancholy bray, *Continued on page 64*

Elena strode ahead, her wide skirt blowing freely against her legs, as we made our way between the tumble-down houses.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WINTER

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 12, 1956



Raising kids is a woman's work, we say, but is it?

When the man takes a back seat, says this authority,

his son runs the risk of

delinquency

homosexuality

and untold mental distress



# It's time *father* got back in the *family*

BY JOHN NASH

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

AS A PSYCHOLOGIST I was recently discussing the upbringing of children at our local church men's club. They were interested, but one man asked a question in the minds of most others: "Why," he asked, "do you speak to us? Surely this topic concerns women?" He went on to explain that he'd tried reading books on child psychology and found almost no mention of the father. It seemed to him that it was only the mother who mattered.

And, of course, he was right—the books do neglect the father. The fact is well illustrated in Carmichael's *Manual of Child Psychology*. This is the standard American reference book, covering the most important aspects of research in the psychology of human development. In it are the condensed works of hundreds of scientists who have investigated child development. But, if one looks for "Father" in the index, the word is not there. Careful reading of eleven hundred pages will yield only a handful of remarks about the

male parent. Still another book purports to give "A complete account of child development from birth to maturity." In its three hundred pages one chapter is devoted to father—two and a half pages! It says that it is nice for the child to be friendly with his father, who can tell a bedtime story now and again, just as it's nice to be friendly with the milkman.

Dr. John Bowlby in his book, *Child Care and the Growth of Love*, explains why he does not discuss the father. It is because he considers him to be of no direct importance to the young child's development, except as a breadwinner and emotional support to the mother. Other authors don't even give father this much attention, and some manage to write whole books on child psychology with hardly a hint of his existence.

The reason for this neglect of father is a reflection of our culture. When we study child rearing in primitive societies, we usually find

no emphasis on "mothering." In such communities—say in the deeper parts of Africa or the remote South Sea Islands—there are three conditions that make child rearing different from that of the civilized world: (a) The whole family is an economic unit: mother, father and even young children are all workers. (b) There is nearly always a sex division of labor, so that some jobs are done by men, others by women. (We have jobs for either men or women, but these are getting fewer. Moreover, we hold no religious objections to an exchange of jobs between the sexes, such as often exist among primitive peoples. Among the Bantu tribes of Africa, for example, the men rear cattle while women tend the gardens. A Bantu woman would not dream of tending the cattle—it would be an offense to the gods.) (c) In primitive communities there are no schools. Everything a child learns is from his parents or older children. Because the whole family works, the



children spend much of the day in the parents' company. The sex division of labor has the effect of making boys work with their fathers, girls with their mothers. The result is a close relationship between father and son, while mother and daughter are together. Of course, during babyhood, the mother cares for boys and girls alike. But from the time he first distinguishes the sexes the young boy looks toward his father, and the father would never think of leaving his son's upbringing to his wife.

The idea of child care being a woman's job is foreign to primitive peoples, but we have become increasingly accustomed to the idea. Even professionals studying children however have given the matter little attention until recently.

Why have child-rearing practices evolved to one that leans upon the mother?

The answer lies in our economic system. The family is no longer a working team, all lending a hand building the home and winning the daily bread. Instead, we have a system in which the husband leaves the home and family in the care of his wife and goes out alone to win bread. Usually, in our technical age, the tasks he performs could not be shared with his sons, even if his boss and work mates should permit it. Whereas the primitive boy sees his father during much of the day and becomes familiar with his work, our boys seldom see their father. Dad disappears to some mysterious region called "the office." A great amount of common ground to father and son is lost. Girls are able to share their daily lives with their mothers to a far greater extent than boys with their fathers.

School is another major factor in our children's lives. In North America there is

a tradition of teaching as a woman's career. Except in high school, children are under the care of women. But in primitive societies the boy enters a man's world about the time our children enter school.

What are the effects of a method that depends largely on the mother and other women? What part should the father play, and what happens when this job is omitted?

We can often get clues to the conditions necessary to normal child development by studying abnormal development, and a good deal of light on the father's place in child rearing is thrown by the problem of homosexuality. It was once thought that this condition was due to some freakish trick of the glands. But we know that the vast majority of homosexuals show absolutely no glandular abnormality and it is generally recognized that

*Continued on page 82*





These children are the descendants of refugee slaves who settled in New Road a century ago. Most go to school, but often just to keep warm in winter.

On a few rocky acres in Nova Scotia the Negroes

of New Road live in lonely isolation. They're poor, badly educated and suspicious. Yet they say they're happy and don't want help

## Would you change the lives of these people?

Story and pictures by EDNA STAEBLER

**M**ORE THAN half of Canada's twenty thousand Negroes live in Nova Scotia where there are groups of colored people in almost every urban centre and a number of separate and distinct rural communities. The largest of these is called New Road Settlement. Its one thousand people are descendants of slaves and they live on a scrub-covered wasteland hemmed in by wild lonely hills known colloquially as "the barrens." They are happy out there on the rocks, I was told, if nobody bothers them. Almost nobody does: no one lives near the colony, other Negroes are inclined to avoid it and most of the people in Halifax, ten miles away, don't even know it exists.

It is hard to find out what goes on in New Road, it has so long been ignored. Its story has not been recorded; its people won't tell

of its ways to outsiders; it is almost as obscure and sinister as a village in an African jungle.

I stayed a few days in Halifax to learn what I could of the settlement before I went out to visit it. I was told it wasn't safe to go out there, that men knifed each other, that truck drivers making deliveries from town were permitted to carry loaded revolvers, and the RCMP patrolled the area in pairs and never at night.

I spoke to a number of people, both Negro and white, who regularly called at the settlement or once had taught school there. They told me they had seen women fight and throw rocks at each other. They said teen-age boys chased young girls who ran screaming and laughing into the bushes and there were many illegitimate children. Some said they wouldn't stay in New Road for half a million dollars, that the houses were flimsy and filthy, none had plumbing, some didn't even have privies; that the water was impure and the people ate garbage, fish heads and meat that was putrid. They said the New Roaders were generous and kind and would give you the last scrap they had. In spite of malnutrition and hardship they also were tough and had fun: they made music, they danced on the roads and sang spirituals; they made brew, got drunk, meditated and saw visions of Jesus and of men on white horses; they were happy and completely unworried that one third of their children had never been inside a schoolroom and that only five of their men had passed army intelligence tests during wartime.

A Negro census taker told me it was hard to get statistics from people in New Road because most of them couldn't read or write, didn't know the dates when their children were born, couldn't spell their names. He said he was afraid to go alone to the houses: the women were suspicious and resentful of anyone who tried to get them to give information and many had fierce dogs that rushed out at strangers.

I was told by a policeman in Dartmouth (the city across the harbor from Halifax and nearer New Road) that New Road women, when they came into town, talked loud and pulled each other's hair on the streets, upset the tables at rummage sales, begged for hand-outs and sometimes stole clothes for their children. "Some are wild ones," he said and he laughed. "They're a nuisance but not really bad."

I talked to Negroes in Dartmouth who said they couldn't understand the New Roaders, that they didn't look, speak or act like the rest of their race in the province: some had a broad southern accent, all seemed frightened of strangers; they kept to themselves; none ever left the colony singly, always in pairs or in groups; they seldom moved from the community and no one moved in; there were only twelve surnames among them in the whole settlement.



When the author tried to take pictures, many of the children and adults ran away in superstitious fear. But people she visited at home were friendly.





Most of New Road's thousand Negroes live in gaudy tar-paper or shingle houses on the rocks. Deacon Isaiah Fraser's home, above, is one of the best.

How they came to be living out on the barrens no one seemed to know. Librarians, archivists and historians couldn't tell me. A Negro woman who had written a religious history of the Nova Scotia Negroes told me she had no proof but she had heard from some old folks now dead that the first New Road settlers were American slaves captured by the British in a war (she didn't know which war) and put out on the rocks in the winter to die. She said they had survived by digging themselves in among the rocks and praying, and carts sent out in the spring to pick up the bodies went back to Halifax empty. "And for over one hundred years those people out there have suffered from isolation and neglect," the woman said bitterly. "No one wants to go near them. They are deeply religious but they don't even have a resident preacher." She

told me that once a month a preacher goes out from Halifax to conduct a service in the New Road Baptist Church. The rest of the time the deacons, appointed for life by the people, look after the spiritual needs of the settlement.

A man in Halifax told me there was talk of a cult in New Road that threatened with mysterious death anyone who disclosed its practice of sorcery.

By the time I'd heard all these shocking things about life in New Road I was wondering if I'd be foolish to visit the colony. I went to the Halifax office of the RCMP to ask if it would be safe and was told by a man of great dignity that the Negroes of New Road Settlement were good Canadian citizens; he scoffed at their use of black magic and said that they didn't knife strangers *Continued on page 54*



This is Al Balding, the only Canadian golf pro who has ever won a major tournament in

\* you live on a shoestring

\* you watch golf, talk golf, dream golf

\* you pack, unpack, pack and move on

\* you battle nerves and live on hope

\* you watch your husband die a little when he loses

And that's

# What it's like being a

By Moreen Balding  
as told to Trent Frayne

IN THE twenty-one years that golfers have been trooping across the continent to make a living out of tournament prize money, only one Canadian professional has ever won a major tournament in the United States. He's my husband, Al Balding, and I was there at the sunny resort town of Sanford on Florida's Atlantic coast last December when he put together four rounds of 69, 66, 66 and 68 for an 11-under-par total of 269 in a tournament called the Mayfair Open. A lot of the big-name golfers were there, like Sam Snead and Tommy Bolt and Frank Stranahan and Porky Oliver. And there was Al, outwardly calm but, inside, his



nerves jangling, topping them all and winning first-prize money of twenty-four hundred dollars for four days' work.

I couldn't help thinking as he stood up on the flag-decked presentation stand and accepted his cheque that six years ago he had been a part-time truck driver in Toronto, or that in five months on the same winter tournament circuit in 1954 he had earned only six hundred dollars in nineteen tournaments. And I'll never forget the tension of that last endless hour of the tournament as the late-afternoon sun made the shadows long across the eighteenth green.

Even after Al had finished his last round we weren't sure he'd won. Two of the American pros who had a chance to catch him, Porky Oliver and Mike Souchak, were still on the course. We watched Al's score being posted on the big scoreboard near the eighteenth green, and then Al wandered over to the parking lot and got into our car. He got a cigar from the glove compartment—they seem to help him relax after the intense concentration of a round—and took off his shoes. He sat with his feet dangling from the open door, and waited. Jack Kay, the pro from Montreal who's a good friend of Al's, strolled by.

"How'd you do?" he asked.

Al took a long slow puff on his cigar and grinned a little sheepishly.

"I think maybe I won," he said.

Jack just stared at him. Then he walked around to the other side of the car and climbed in. They sat there silently, waiting.

I went back to the eighteenth green and joined the restless horseshoe of spectators

## the United States, and I'm his wife

standing, kneeling and sitting there watching the threesomes trickle up the long eighteenth fairway and then make their last putts of the tournament. Mike Souchak came in—and he was a stroke behind Al. The tightness in my stomach grew; it was a feeling I used to get as a little girl in school when I had to stay in after four to be punished, and watched the hands of the clock creep up toward four.

As I stood there waiting, Tommy Bolt, one of the circuit's leading money winners who had already finished and was three strokes behind Al, loomed up beside me.

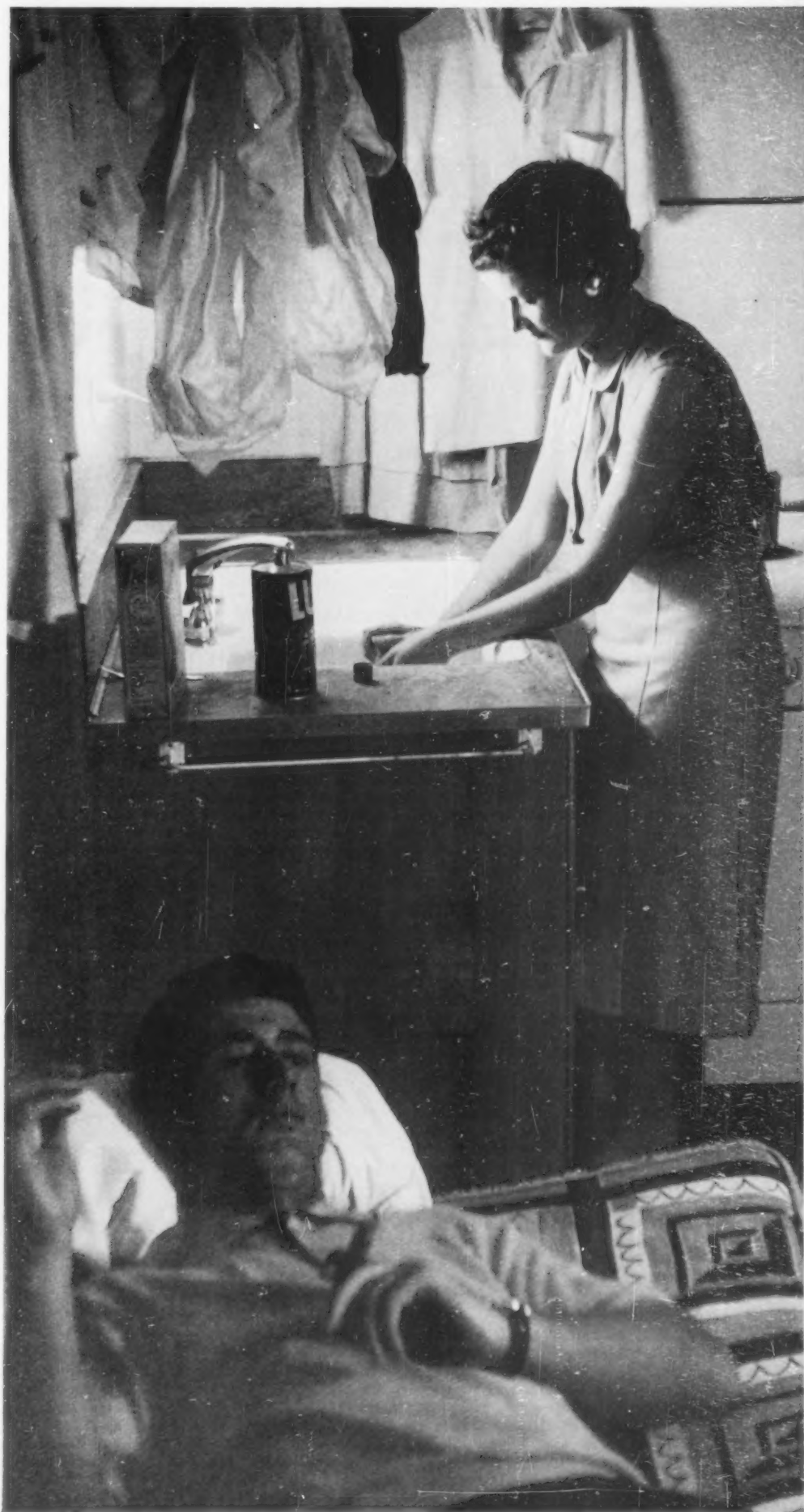
"Why are you looking so worried?" he smiled. "Al's a cinch."

"Gosh," I said, "you know how those fellows sneak up on you. Oliver's just apt to catch him."

"No, no," Bolt assured me. "You've nothing to worry about."

And then finally the *Continued on page 86*

# golf wife



TENSE AND TIRED, THE BALDINGS LIVE IN MOTEL ROOM ON TOUR. TO FOLLOW THE HECTIC LIFE OF A GOLF PRO'S WIFE SEE PAGE 86.

# The college that's for everyone

At Sir George Williams in Montreal, grandmothers,  
sweater girls, bank managers and urchins  
study side by side. Some take fifteen years, working  
nights, to graduate, and nobody is barred

BY BILL STEPHENSON

PHOTO BY BASIL ZAROV

A MAN GRADUATED from Sir George Williams College in Montreal seven years ago with the degree of bachelor of arts, a course that wasn't even offered when he enrolled there—eighteen years previously. In the same class was a mother who had gone back to school to keep a flighty son company. Then she acquired a taste for study and stayed on long after he washed out.

Last year at Sir George Williams College a father proudly watched his son receive a bachelor of commerce degree, an eminence he himself had attained only the year before. Another student had to be led up to receive a high-school diploma by his constant companion, a seeing-eye dog named Bambi.

The curious quality about these items is not that they are so unusual but that they are so commonplace—at Sir George Williams College and Schools. For this college, a relative newcomer to the ranks of Canadian universities but a veteran in the teaching field, has welcomed as its particular responsibility what might be called "education's displaced persons." These include thousands of people who left school early but whose yearning for a second chance at an education often conflicts with the harsh realities of making a living.

Sir George Williams is trying to ensure that everyone—whatever his age, beliefs, origin or economic status—can obtain the best education he's big enough to carve for himself.

Sir George, whose main quarters until this spring were on the upper two floors of the

Central YMCA on downtown Drummond Street, is the only YMCA-sponsored college in Canada, although there are at least a dozen in the U. S. These range from Boston's Northeastern University to the Detroit Institute of Technology and San Francisco's Golden Gate College. Usually they are administered and underwritten by the local YMCA board, but an effort is made to tailor expenses to the fees collected.

Knowing that many students have limited means, Sir George charges forty-five dollars for a college course (you need twenty-one for a degree). Yet, though teachers receive about average salaries, almost the total budget of \$940,000 last year was covered by fees.

By day's disarming light, Sir George seems a normal educational institute, where eight hundred crewcuts and sweater girls labor and lark their way toward one of the college's three internationally recognized degrees: bachelor of arts, bachelor of commerce, bachelor of science, or diploma in association science. The latter is a special course for YMCA secretaries, Sir George being the only place in Canada where it may be obtained.

Come dusk, however, and the mask of normalcy is torn aside by a motley, irreverent horde of more than six thousand. These are Sir George's pride, joy and nightmare. From forty nations and three times that many vocations they swarm—Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist, Rosicrucian, atheist, Hindu, Moslem and theosophist, driven by reasons both silly and sublime.

Among them are the freckled and the wrinkled, the raucous and the reserved, the powdered and the bearded, in every permutation of grimy hand

*Continued on next page*



FROM EVERY WALK OF MONTREAL LIFE, these students attend an evening class in sociology at Sir George Williams College. Most of them work for a living during the daytime and win their diplomas at night.





# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



In Morocco Doris Day (centre) and James Stewart faced a cloak-and-dagger mystery.

## BEST BET

**THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH:** Director Alfred Hitchcock, the old maestro of celluloid suspense, is back in his top form with this cloak-and-dagger thriller, a remake of a British film he did twenty years ago. Hollywood's James Stewart and Doris Day appear as American tourists plausibly involved in an international assassination plot, and Britain's Bernard Miles in a fake clerical collar is a frightening villain. The locale shifts spectacularly from French Morocco to London.

**CAROUSEL:** The thick syrup in the story sometimes leaks through and makes a sticky mess, but this widescreen musical is well worth seeing because of some fine dances and the sunlit Rodgers and Hammerstein songs, all capably projected. With Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

**THE HARDER THEY FALL:** Budd Schulberg's powerful novel has been turned into a strong and bitter movie which accuses the prizefight business of unbridled corruption and savagery. Maybe the indictment is a bit overdrawn, but the picture packs a lethal wallop. With Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger, Jan Sterling, and a giant named Mike Lane as a present-day human sacrifice.

**NEVER SAY GOODBYE:** Another of the Rock Hudson soap operas, laboriously slanted for "the women's audience." It's as good as, but no better than, most of its radio counterparts. This time our boy's marriage to a German girl (Cornell Borchers) crashes into emotional icebergs.

**SERENADE:** Mario Lanza can still shake chandeliers with his top C, but his overacting is worse than ever and the story is corny. He's a farmboy tenor, and Joan Fontaine is a snaky seductress who makes his ganglions quiver.

## Gilmour's guide to the current crop

Anything Goes: Musical. Good.  
The Benny Goodman Story: Jazz musical-biography. Good.  
The Big Knife: Drama. Good.  
Border Street: Polish drama. Good.  
Bottom of the Bottle: Drama. Fair.  
Cash on Delivery: Comedy. Poor.  
Cockleshell Heroes: War drama. Good.  
The Conqueror: Historical melodrama. Fair.  
The Court Jester: Comedy. Excellent.  
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.  
The Deep Blue Sea: Drama. Good.  
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.  
Doctor at Sea: British Comedy. Fair.  
Forever, Darling: Comedy. Fair.  
Glory: Racetrack drama. Fair.  
Guys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.  
Helen of Troy: Epic drama. Good.  
Hell on Frisco Bay: Crime. Fair.  
Hot Blood: Gypsy drama. Fair.  
I'll Cry Tomorrow: Drama. Good.  
The Indian Fighter: Western. Fair.  
Inside Detroit: Crime drama. Poor.  
The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.  
The Last Frontier: Western. Fair.  
The Last Hunt: Western. Good.  
Let's Make Up: Fantasy-musical. Poor.  
The Lieutenant Wore Skirts: Comedy. Good.

Littlest Outlaw: Children's story. Good.  
Lane Ranger: Western. Fine for kids.  
Manfish: Adventure. Poor.  
The Man Who Never Was: Espionage thriller. Excellent.  
The Man With the Golden Arm: Drug-addict drama. Good.  
Man With the Gun: Western. Good.  
Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.  
Meet Me in Las Vegas: Musical. Excellent.  
Naked Amazon: Safari. Fair.  
Picnic: Comedy-drama. Excellent.  
The Prisoner: Drama. Excellent.  
Quentin Durward: Adventure. Good.  
Ransom: Suspense drama. Good.  
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.  
The Rose Tattoo: Comedy-drama. Good.  
The Scarlet Hour: Melodrama. Fair.  
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.  
The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.  
Texas Lady: Western drama. Poor.  
Three Stripes in the Sun: Comedy-drama. Good.  
Touch and Go: Comedy. Good.  
Toughest Man Alive: Drama. Fair.  
Trial: Drama. Excellent.  
Tribute to a Bad Man: Western. Good.  
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.  
World in My Corner: Ring drama. Fair.

and grinning face, angelic disposition and sharp elbow. Stenos battle bank managers for blackboard space, urchins ponder arithmetic alongside Vimy veterans. As for the sweet old lady clawing her way up the crowded stairs via the gaudy jerkins of equally determined youths, no outsider could say whether she was on her way to a class in Advanced Accounting or Fine Arts, or just a teacher hustling to get to her Business College class.

"I'd rather face a tiger with a jack-knife than come to an evening class unprepared," shudders biology professor Donald Peets, former U. S. Navy officer and combat veteran. "They're ruthless, demanding—but very satisfying. They make no bones about telling instructors that if they don't dish up the kind of teaching the students want, they'll find someone who will. You know where you stand at all times."

This state of permanent siege stems from the fact that under one roof Sir George offers college degrees, high-school, business-school, elementary- or art-school courses, or a complete one-year practical course in retailing. Most courses may be taken either by day or evening. Since most students work in the daytime, however, most schooling takes place at night.

Courses are exactly the same in the day or evening, winter or summer, and carry the same credits. The big difference is in the length of time it takes.

## A miracle of courage

Kenneth Everette Norris, principal of Sir George Williams College and Schools since 1936, claims that six years is the average time for a high-school graduate to take a night degree at the college, although a few, like Mrs. Goldie Lewis, headmistress at a Jewish private school in Montreal, have done it in only four years.

"If they still have elementary- or high-school subjects to clear away it may take ten to fifteen years," says Norris. "Heaven only knows what miracles of courage and perseverance that entails. Some take a course here and there, with no intention of working for a degree. We want them all to know that we are at their service, and that their needs are our only guide."

By sheer chance, Sir George is situated almost in the geometric heart of its student body, most of whom live within a few miles. But it is not chance that causes many students—in spite of faculty frowns—to walk or pedal those miles in bitterest weather, to save on carfare money badly needed for books, baby shoes or rent.

Nor is it anything but determination to succeed that persuades many to travel thirty to fifty miles to class a couple of nights a week. One man commutes to Sir George each week from Swanton, Vermont, a hundred miles away. A native Montrealer, Manuel Varverikas, now on the medical staff of McGill, drove a milk wagon before school and spotted pins in a bowling alley after school to take his arts degree at Sir George during the day. Mrs. Margaret Bloom, exhibiting the same pluck, works as a waitress in a Montreal restaurant by day so she can go to Sir George's elementary school two nights a week.

Mrs. Bloom had to leave school in England when she was in grade four. Raising a family later kept her from going to school again. Now she's determined to get the education she missed. Her reason? "It wasn't so tough keeping my two daughters from finding out how illiterate I was, but my grandson's questions make it embarrassing. He's ten and getting

smarter every day, so I'll just have to work that much harder to keep up with him."

According to Douglass Burns Clarke, the registrar, the main reasons people attend Sir George are: "We're cheap, we're available, and we don't put on airs." Among the other reasons, the one given him by three wheelchair paraplegics was certainly different: the elevator in the main building—disdained by other students as far too slow—attracted them to Sir George. McGill has no such accommodation.

Whole schedules of Sir George's classes are cheerfully switched to the main building near the elevators, just to make it easier for these chair-borne students to get around.

Besides plotting degree requirements or recommending courses, the registrar's duty is to give all applicants some conception of what might be called the larger aim of the college. This is not easily put into words for someone who may have just finished ten hours driving a truck or looking after a brood of children. Some faculty members refer to this aim as "the complete and total development of the personality." Others say that Sir George is interested in graduating not specialists but humanists.

For greater understanding of these ideals—which both the college and the YMCA consider of prime import—registrar Clarke often seats applicants where they cannot help but see a wall plaque on which are engraved these words by poet Robert Graves:

To know only one thing well is to have a barbaric mind; civilization implies the graceful relation of all varieties of experience to a central humane system of thought.

Furthermore, he cautions all degree students that they may not specialize in their chosen fields until they have a good knowledge of other fields. Thus, for example, out of his twenty-one degree courses, a bachelor of science must take: (a) one survey course each in the natural sciences, social sciences and humanities; (b) three full courses in English; (c) three basic sciences and three maths, and (d) two full courses in arts. He then has seven of his own specialty to choose from.

An arts student would have a similar curriculum, except that he would have to take at least two extra science courses.

The object is a fond hope on the faculty's part that science grads will know that George Sand was a woman, and that arts and commerce people may have some inkling of how a bridge gets from one side of a river to the other. All this on the premise that today—more than any other time in history—a little knowledge of the other man's problems can help all mankind.

For students with more time or curiosity, Principal Norris or perhaps Henry Foss Hall, dean of the faculty, may relate a little of the college's background to illustrate its aims.

To begin with, there are two colleges in North America named after George Williams, the English lad who organized the first YMCA meeting in London during June 1844. One college is in Chicago, the other in Montreal. But where the Canadian one recognizes in its title that George was knighted for his YMCA services in 1894, the Chicago college continues to call itself plain "George Williams College." Through ignorance of heraldry or sheer puckishness, however, its coat of arms bears the insignia of Sir George Williams' family.

The Canadian college, in dealing with its republican cousin in Chicago,





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prefers to address all correspondence with similar irony to "Mr. George Williams College."

During the Great Exhibition in London in 1851, a Montreal man named T. James Claxton—grandfather of Brooke Claxton, recently retired minister of national defense—happened on the YMCA's cheery rooms on Gresham Street. Impressed by the Christian charity and simple education provided there for "young men in the trades," he returned to Montreal and inspired the founding of the first branch of the Y in the New World. The date was November 1851, just two weeks ahead of the branch set up in Boston, Mass.

It was not until 1873 that the education program of the Montreal Y got under way. That year, a cruel depression swept the world. The Y, in keeping with its "faith and works" creed, attempted to help men find employment by offering night classes in phonography (shorthand) and French, the first YMCA on the continent to do this.

By 1881, night-class students numbered over 250, including twelve young women in bookkeeping. In a guest lecture series instigated by McGill that year was a fine peroration by Dr. William Osler on his favorite subject, "The Brain." From 1892 to 1912, the Y occupied its own building on the present site of the Sun Life building in Dominion Square. The year 1920 saw the start of evening high school.

By the spring of 1926 the educational aspect of the YMCA's work in Montreal had grown so large that it was decided it should have a separate identity. On May 3, therefore, the morning papers announced the setting up of a new co-educational institution in Montreal to be known as Sir George Williams College after the founder of the YMCA.

Sir George's modern saga had begun. Several dates stand out since then: 1929, when senior matriculation (in Quebec, first-year college) was intro-

duced; 1932, when the associate's degree in arts, science and commerce was inaugurated—a two-year course roughly equivalent to that long provided by junior colleges in the U. S. In 1934 they decided to crash the education barrier and offer full four-year degrees. Two men already in the associate's course—Leo Germain and Francis Davidson, of Montreal—graduated as bachelors of science at the initial convocation in 1936, the first two of a long line of alumni which has now passed 2,500.

One big date stands out—the day in March 1948 when Sir George (as distinct from the Montreal YMCA) was granted a charter naming it "a body corporate and politic for the purpose of conducting a college or university in the Province of Quebec."

Besides the glory, this date carried with it much soul-searching. For now they had the chance to change their name to "Sir George Williams University" and cash in on the financial benefits and prestige of that word, especially in a province where the name "college" was often given to mere classical high schools. To their credit, however, they decided against it, because *noblesse oblige* demanded that a university provide opportunity for special study for grads from other universities, and specialization was contrary to Sir George's ideals.

"Besides," says Henry Foss Hall, "we all knew that if we had to call ourselves a university to gain dignity and prestige we might as well stop."

In its brief history Sir George has had a great effect on Canadian education. In 1934 when it initiated evening study for degrees it was the only college in Canada to do so. Since then many others have followed suit, among them Carleton College, St. Patrick's College and Ottawa University in the capital; and the Universities of Montreal, McMaster (Hamilton), Manitoba and Alberta.

To assist them, Sir George has freely

## JASPER

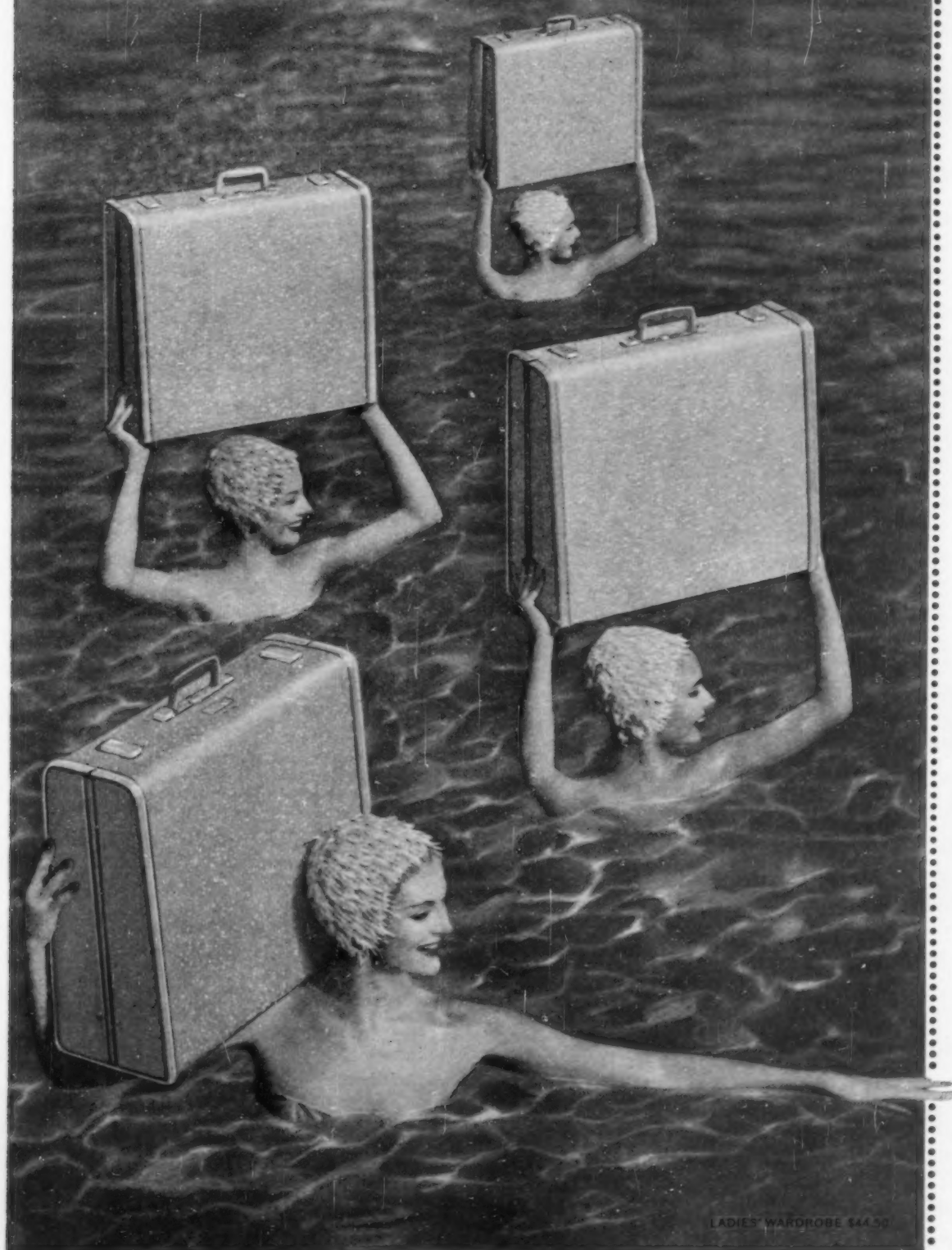
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offered its experience. With Carleton College, founded during the war, it went even further, bequeathing its registrar, Dr. E. F. Sheffield, now of the education division of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

During the war Sir George was the only college in Canada to offer free tuition to servicemen. At one time, 380 servicemen and women were in attendance, and many who were permanently stationed in Montreal took their whole degree at no cost to themselves.

Besides pioneering in evening degree work Sir George was the first Canadian college to adopt student counseling as part of its services. Every day student, and any evening student who wishes, takes a series of tests to determine his personality traits, aptitudes, vocabulary and study habits. When he finds out—often with a shock—what he is really like, the student can often take steps for self-improvement which may alter his life.

### Few grads are famous

Working closely with counseling are two other college services: the careers library and the placement service. The careers library, presented to the college by the Kiwanis Club in 1947, is a vast catalogue of up-to-date data on every occupation. Trained personnel, studying a student's test results, can often suggest a suitable vocation, then ask the placement service to supply him with jobs toward this goal.

"They taught me English, put me on the right course and have tripled my salary in less than three years," volunteered German immigrant Alfred Ronneberger, enterprising twenty-eight-year-old commerce student, who works at Canadair. Sir George helps many immigrants find their role in Canada. George Morgan, of Troon, Scotland, came over to play the bagpipes in Ogilvy's Montreal department store. He liked Canada and is now a draftsman at Shawinigan Water and Power Co. on his way to a science degree at Sir George.

The modesty displayed by Sir George is reflected in its grads, few of whom achieve fame. Most gravitate toward the personal-service fields and become doctors, teachers, social workers, librarians and researchers. Dr. J. Roby Kidd, head of the Canadian Association for Adult Education, and William Hamilton, Montreal MP, are in this tradition, as are Rita Shane, Arts '37, now a Montreal pediatrician, and Helen Tetley, Arts '49, a missionary in the Sudan. James Cushing, who graduated in 1938 at the age of sixty-two, is still doing genealogy work in Montreal. A notable exception is Jack Hirshberg, a Hollywood columnist and press agent.

Today, Sir George occupies ten buildings within shouting distance of the Central Y. Last June, however, the cornerstone was laid for a new three-million-dollar building adjoining the Y, which when finished this summer will be all school space. No rooms to rent, no ventilator to share with the laundry or delicatessen next door. For the first time in its history, a building all its own.

The directors hope there will be time in the new building for people with special problems. As it is now, ten or more people getting together can ask for a new course and probably get it. A dozen new courses are added this way each year. But they hope no ten people will again get the yen for a course such as gemology to which they succumbed in a weak moment some years ago. They still suspect the result of this course was a rash of unsolved jewel robberies in Montreal. And they still get embarrassed when they are asked whatever became of the girl who enquired in all seriousness, through the proper channels, "Could you give me a course in striptease dancing?"

They would like to see more girls, however, going to college. At present only thirty percent of the students are women; they're mainly in the business school. Three husband-and-wife teams graduated last season, and the whole college felt happy about it.

They would also like to be the first college in Canada to offer a night course leading to degrees in engineering. There are enough students now studying pre-engineering at Sir George to fill such a night school.

Their swimming, water polo and basketball teams—under Coach Magnus Flynn—will probably continue to prosper in the new building. Their newspaper, *The Georgian*, which was judged the best weekly in this year's Canadian University Press awards, will again be trying for that honor in new quarters. But the crisp, clean building will carry its pitfalls too.

In its ordered spaciousness, with the almost certain prospect of further expansion to come, will the old spirit of come - what - may - we'll - manage be smothered? Will principals, deans and professors still get the same delight out of fighting their way into elevators that they once got out of fighting their way up and down stairs, giving no quarter to the mob and knowing better than to ask for any?

Most important of all: Will the people who make Sir George what it is—the second chances of tomorrow, the men, women and teen-agers giving their all for an education—still look upon the new Sir George as a lovely place to spend an evening?

"If they're ready to take a chance on it," says Dean Hall, "we certainly are." ★



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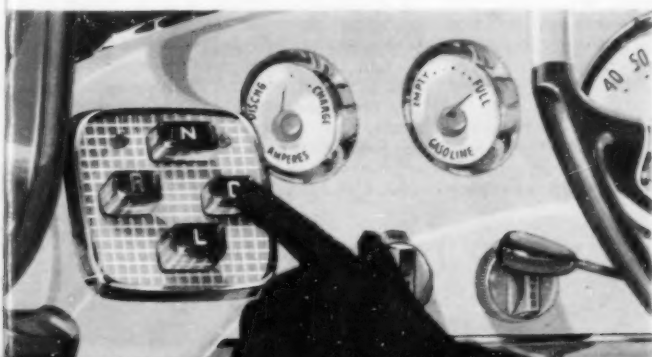


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The rumor that killed a general continued from page 25

## As the nation hailed Currie as a hero, Sam Hughes called him a "bull-head"

semi-political affair. Currie countermanded the order. From then on there was intermittent friction between them.

Hughes nevertheless acknowledged Currie's ability as a soldier when, soon after the outbreak of war, he gave him command of the first Canadian brigade to go overseas. But from France Currie again fanned the flames of their antagonism by sending back adverse reports on the performance of the Ross rifle, consistently championed by Hughes as the basic small-arms weapon for the Canadian forces. And there were other points of disagreement.

Hughes, for example, had long dreamed of a Canadian army in France instead of a Canadian corps attached to the British Army. In 1915 he began to fight toward that end. Currie opposed it in the conviction that the time for it had not yet come; trained replacements were already hard to find. In the winter of 1915-16 Hughes urged the British War Office to replace all British staff officers in the Canadian forces with Canadian officers. Currie, now in command of the Canadian 1st Division, again was in opposition, writing, "It is not a question of whether a man is a Canadian or otherwise, it is one of the best man for the job." The War Office agreed.

The position of the Canadian armed forces was vastly different during World War I than it became after the Statute of Westminster which in 1931 gave Canada complete independence from Great Britain. Currie, therefore, could defy Hughes without fear of dismissal because his responsibility was to the British. The Canadian government had only an ineffective influence over the Canadian Expeditionary Force through its minister for overseas forces of Canada, located in London.

Currie clashed with Hughes on another notable occasion. In June 1917, just after being knighted in the birthday honors of King George V, he was made corps commander with the rank of lieutenant-general, succeeding Sir Julian Byng. Sam Hughes, by now no longer a cabinet minister, told various authorities he would like his son Brig.-Gen. Garnet Hughes to take over the 1st Division. But, while Currie had always been friendly with Garnet, he professed to have no confidence in his ability in the field. So he recommended instead Sir Archibald Macdonell, who got the appointment.

Most of these causes of friction were known at the time only to the two men and their closest military colleagues. But Hughes finally brought the feud into the open in October 1918, just after the Battle of Cambrai—one of the bloodiest of the war in which the victorious Canadians suffered sixteen thousand casualties—when he wrote Borden, then prime minister of the union government:

"I have on other occasions drawn your attention to the massacres at Lens, Passchendaele, etc., where the only apparent object was to glorify the general in command and make it impossible, through butchery, to have a fifth and sixth division and two army corps.

"In the present case, however, around Cambrai, it seems simply a case of 'bull-head' and sending up our gallant lads against positions swarming

with machine guns and without our boys being properly supported by tanks or guns."

To launch so uncompromising an attack on Currie while newspapers and public figures were referring to him as a military genius was in keeping with Hughes' uncompromising personality. In 1897, when Currie was first putting on a uniform, Hughes was already lieutenant-colonel in command of Lindsay's 45th Regiment, whose services, incidentally, he offered the British government in any part of the world, an offer made without consulting parliament. He volunteered for the Boer War in 1899 and it was said that he fought not only the Boers but most of the higher officers and South African authorities as well.

Hughes was credited to a great degree for Canada's state of preparedness when World War I broke out, having carried out an aggressive policy of recruitment and building of armories and rifle ranges. Most of his many speeches had predicted war. But he backed industrialists who later proved to be war profiteers and continued to support them; and he stubbornly defended the Ross rifle, answering all reports of its inefficiency with the countercharge that the ammunition was defective. His persistent demands for conscription and his criticism of Quebec for not contributing her share of men to the army were couched in such undiplomatic language that, in 1916, Borden forced him to resign from the cabinet.

### How could Currie fight back?

But Hughes would not be subdued. Taking advantage of his parliamentary immunity, he avenged himself on the Toronto Evening Telegram—a Tory paper that had attacked him—by charging that the editor-in-chief was drawing half his salary from a U. S. society supported by German gold. He also stated that the British were scrapping good Canadian war equipment and replacing it with inferior material, and that Canadian wounded were not well looked after by the British medical services. When asked for details by other MPs he would say simply, "Sam Hughes assumes responsibility for any statements he makes."

When he chose to hurl his sharp and deadly comments at Currie, his status as an MP made him immune from charges of slander. More frustrating to Currie was the fact that as commander of Canada's army he felt that he could not reply without loss of dignity.

Dignity was important to Currie. His whole bearing reflected it; he was six feet four inches tall, had broad shoulders and weighed two hundred and forty pounds. As a leader he was reserved in manner, and made enemies because of a brusque manner, especially toward strangers. But to his intimates he was a hearty man with a boyish smile that lit up his whole face.

Though Currie himself remained silent at first, Hughes' statement on Mons touched off a national debate. There had been many doubts in the minds of Canadians, especially the next-of-kin of casualties reported only after the end of the war, who wondered why the attack on Mons had been necessary. As





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the sad casualty lists caught up with the names of Canadian soldiers killed or wounded during the last couple of hectic war weeks, many made the mistake of assuming that all the men mentioned were killed or wounded during the final skirmish at Mons. But no one, until the attack by Hughes in the House of Commons, had publicly suggested ulterior motives for Mons' capture.

Some leading newspapers and members of parliament immediately came to Currie's defense. The Toronto Globe commented: "The enemy never dealt a

fouler blow than that directed by Sir Sam Hughes against the leaders of the Canadian Army still in the field and unable to defend themselves." Richard Clive Cooper, MP for Vancouver South, said that the Allied armies "had no guarantee that the armistice was going to be signed; they had to hammer the brute to be certain that he would sign it." And Hugh Guthrie, who became minister of militia in 1920, called Currie, "undoubtedly the greatest soldier this country has ever produced and probably one of the greatest soldiers that the world has seen."

But Hughes' attack, which he renewed from time to time, had such an impact that when Currie came home in August 1919 he was met by a public chill.

Halifax gave him an official welcome, but it lacked the cheering crowds and the bands that the man who had commanded Canada's victorious fighting men for the final seventeen months of the war would normally expect. At the reception on Parliament Hill in Ottawa a few in the crowd cheered, but most watched his passing in silence and a number of women hissed. That evening

it was announced that Currie had been appointed inspector-general and military counselor to the Canadian militia. The following April, after successfully reorganizing the militia, he was appointed principal of McGill University; this was a remarkable compliment to his capacity for administration and leadership, since he had no degrees.

A dispatch from London in the Montreal Star said: "The appointment of a soldier, however famous, to the principalship of a famous university is so contrary to British custom that English educationists are left gasping."

Meanwhile, Hughes' public campaign against Currie went on. He said in parliament on Sept. 29, 1919, "I have seen the gallant four hundred thousand soldiers whom I raised needlessly shot to pieces." And on June 16, 1920 (fifteen months after his Mons charges), he declared, "I have no hesitation in saying that many Canadians would be above the sod today if he (Currie) had not carried out his tactics and strategy in relation to Cambrai." On one occasion when Hughes began again on Currie, charging him with cowardice, all members of the Press Gallery expressed their sympathy for Currie by leaving the House one by one.

The one-man anti-Currie campaign stopped when Sam Hughes died in 1921. But the ugly talk went on. The climax was reached on June 13, 1927, when the Evening Guide, a small newspaper in Port Hope, Ont., carried a front-page editorial:

Cable dispatches this morning give details of the unveiling of a bronze plaque at the Hotel de Ville at Mons, commemorative of the capture of the city by the Canadians on Nov. 11, 1918. This is an event which might very properly be allowed to pass into oblivion, very much regretted rather than glorified.

There was much waste of human life during the war, enormous loss of lives which should not have taken place. But it is doubtful whether in any case there was a more deliberate and useless waste of human life than in the so-called capture of Mons.

It was the last day; and the last hour, and almost the last minute when, to glorify the Canadian headquarters staff, the commander-in-chief conceived the mad idea that it would be a fine thing to say that the Canadians had fired the last shot in the Great War and had captured the last German entrenchment before the bugles sounded eleven o'clock, when the armistice which had been signed by both sides would begin officially.

Of course the town was taken. . . But the penalty that was paid in useless waste of human life was appalling. There are hearts in Port Hope stricken with sorrow and mourning through this worse than drunken spree by Canadian Headquarters. Veterans who had passed through the whole four years of war lie buried in Belgian cemeteries as the result of the "glories of Mons" . . .

It does not seem to be remembered that not even Ottawa, neither by government nor parliament, gave Sir Arthur Currie any official vote of thanks, or any special grant as an evidence of the esteem or appreciation for his services. . . He was allowed to return to Canada unnoticed by officials of the government or of parliament and permitted to sink into comparative obscurity in a civilian position as president of McGill University . . .

In an attempt to silence the talk against him, Currie did what he could not do in the case of Hughes because Hughes had parliamentary immunity: he sued both the publisher of the Port Hope newspaper, Frederick W. Wilson, and the writer of the editorial, W. T. R. Preston, claiming damages to his



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The case opened on April 16, 1928, in Cobourg—the nearest town to Port Hope with a courthouse—before Mr. Justice Hugh Edward Rose of the Ontario Supreme Court, and a jury. It continued until May 1. There were seventy witnesses, most of them ex-soldiers and ranging in rank from private to general. The Department of National Defense sent several men and two trunkloads of documents. Sixty-five exhibits were put into the record, including maps, operation orders, casualty lists, photographs, copies of newspapers, war diaries and official and personal correspondence. Few of the public were able to get into the tiny courtroom, most of the seats being occupied by witnesses. But newspapers, especially those of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, covered the trial thoroughly; five columns of type a day in a single newspaper was not unusual.

Not only the Battle of Mons but many other engagements of the war were fought again, yard by yard, while all Canada looked on. Some of the witnesses told in detail of phases of the war never told about before. Currie was represented by a prominent Toronto lawyer, W. N. Tilley. Wilson was defended by another Toronto lawyer, Frank Regan, an equally capable attorney whose aggressive manner made otherwise dull sessions ring with hot argument.

#### Was anyone killed on Nov. 11?

Preston, the writer of the editorial, defended himself. He was a slight, wiry man of seventy-seven, with a quick mind and a rapid flow of words. He had had a political career since 1878 when he became a speaker for the Liberal Party. Later he had filled the functions of Liberal whip and emigration commissioner for Canada in London. By 1927 he had retired to Port Hope to write his memoirs and do an occasional government-baiting editorial for Wilson.

Regan produced a long series of witnesses who had been at Mons on Nov. 11, 1918. H. V. Fox, of Port Hope, an army signaller, said that on the last day of the war he saw at least three dead Canadians along the road close to Mons. Edwin Joyce said his son was wounded on Nov. 11 and died the following day. Morley Drake, of Stratford, Ont., testified to seeing three dead Canadians near a German machine-gun post a short distance from Mons, killed about 9 a.m. on Nov. 11. The Rev. G. G. D. Kilpatrick, who had been senior chaplain of the 3rd Canadian Division, said that on Nov. 11 he saw the bodies of one German and two Canadians beside the road near Mons. He gave a dramatic description of the funeral parade for ten Canadians, attended by thousands of Belgians.

Regan had difficulty in having official records produced. Some, it was argued, could not be produced because it would not be in the public interest. Regan found it impossible to get an official record of casualties for Nov. 11—although casualties customarily were entered for each day of the war, they were grouped for the last three days: Nov. 9, 10 and 11. A. F. Duguid, director of the historical section of the Department of National Defense, was unable to explain why this had been done. Records of No. 6 Canadian Field Ambulance unit showed admission on Nov. 11 of one soldier, who died of wounds, and fourteen others, seven of whom had been gassed.

Before the trial, in a preliminary hearing known as the "examination for discovery," Currie had been asked a total of 2,645 questions. Long excerpts from his answers were read into the

record of the trial. Then Currie himself took the stand. Regan cross-examined him and asked him what objection he had to the editorial.

"It holds me up before the people of this country as a murderer," said Currie, "a man who didn't exercise due regard for the lives of the men under him. If that is true I do not deserve to be General of Reserve; I do not deserve to be principal of McGill University. In fact, I am charged with a crime which is punishable. But that article is not true... Not only is my own reputation, my own honor, my own integrity at

stake, but also the reputation of every officer and noncommissioned officer that commanded men in the Canadian Corps."

Currie produced a message received by him as corps commander from the First British Army. It was dated 7 a.m., Nov. 11, 1918, and read: "Hostilities will cease at 11.00 November 11th. Troops will stand fast on the line reached at that hour which will be reported to Army HQ. Defensive precautions will be maintained. There will be no intercourse of any description with the enemy. Further instruc-

tions follow." Tilley asked about this.

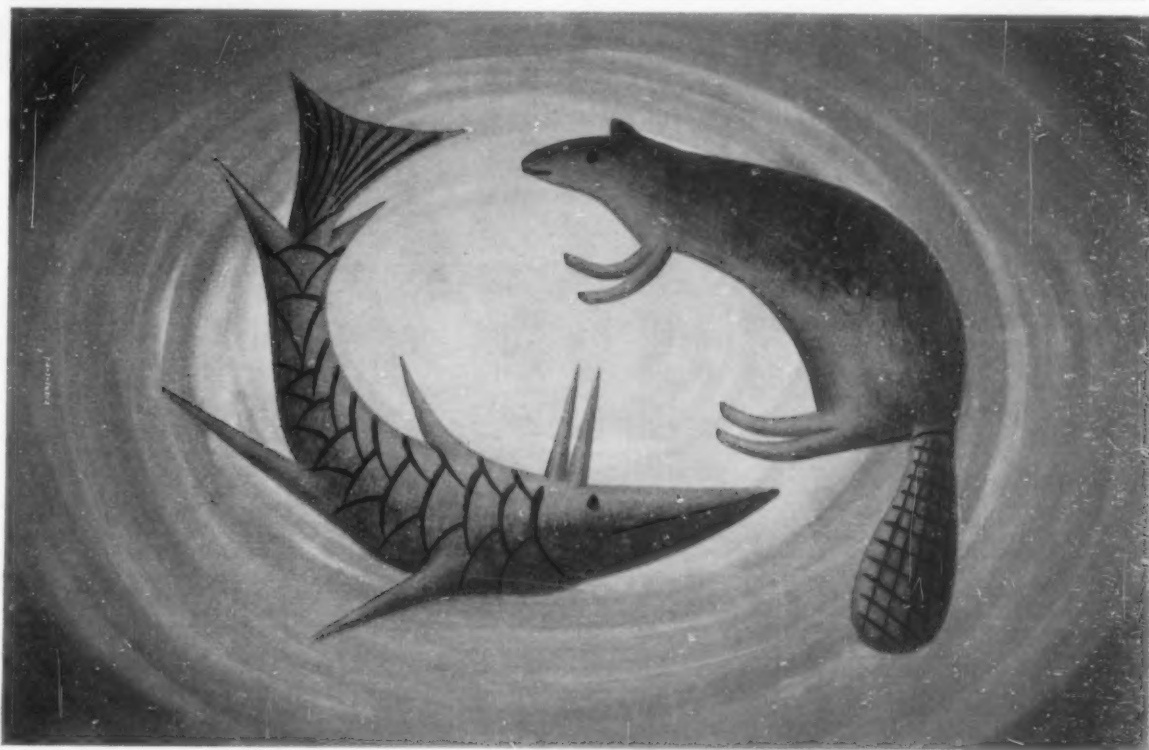
Q. Now then, just let me ask you this... was that the first message you had that armistice was signed? A. That is the first intimation I had.

Q. What was to be done under the armistice order, in your view? A. That hostilities would not cease until eleven o'clock. If it had meant they would cease earlier, it would have said so...

Regan took up the questioning:

Q. You knew on the 9th of November that the Germans had crossed the line for an interview? A. Yes.

Q. Were you advised from time to



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its liberator—but  
at home many  
denounced him**



England hailed Currie, with family, as hero; Canada gave him a cool reception.

time as to the progress of the negotiations? A. No.

Q. Did you know or did you hear or were you told what hour Foch handed the terms of peace to the German envoys? A. No.

Q. You were told that Foch gave them terms and forty-eight hours in which to accept them? A. Yes.

Q. That, of course, didn't make the slightest difference to you with reference to the disposition of your army? A. No.

Q. Should it have? A. No.

Q. Your idea was to fight ahead, straight through? A. To carry out my orders.

Q. The last minute and the last hour? Peace or no peace? A. No, if we had not continued pressing I would have violated my orders. I would have acted unsoundly from a tactical point of view. I would have been traitorous to the troops on my right and left who were going on.

Q. Can you give me any reason why firing didn't cease at five o'clock when armistice was signed? A. You will have to ask Foch... I suppose you are intimating that if I knew the Germans had gone to Foch and discussed the armistice I might have stopped. Supposing every other corps commander was of the same opinion and they all stopped? Well, it would be the most unheard-of thing. The Germans would have gone back to the Meuse and got away and the war might have been prolonged.

Q. Are you serious in that statement? A. Yes, at that time.

Q. Looking at it now? A. Oh, I think Germany was done then.

Q. You knew as a matter of fact, didn't you, General, on November the 9th when Foch gave them forty-eight hours to settle that Germany was done? A. No.

Q. You didn't know it? A. No.

Regan suggested that Currie had acted in bad faith by giving an interview to the Toronto Star Weekly between the time the writ for libel had been issued and the trial began. Currie said he had not thought it would be improper or in contempt of court. Regan read passages from the article.

"On the night of the 10th, the 3rd Division had reached Mons," the article quoted Currie as saying. "There has been some foolish talk about my ordering an attack on Mons after the armistice came." Then Regan asked Currie, "Do you remember making that statement?"

Currie answered, "Yes. There had been for ten years."

Regan continued:

Q. People had said that you should not have made the attack? A. No.

Q. Well, what did they say? A. That I made the attack after I knew the armistice had come into effect.

Q. And that had been going on for ten years? A. Yes.

Q. So that when we wrote the (editorial in the Port Hope Evening Guide) we were only simply saying something that had been said for the past ten years? A. You put it in print.

Q. Yes, put it in print. Of course, others had put it in print. Sir Sam Hughes had done that in the House of Commons, hadn't he? A. Yes.

Regan read further from the Star Weekly interview with Currie: "As a matter of fact, I never ordered an attack at all on Mons."

"Not on Mons as a unit," said Currie.

Q. You ordered an advance? A. Yes.

Q. To areas or objectives that you knew would necessitate, and as a matter of fact intended this to pass through Mons? A. Yes... Our objective embraced Mons.

Regan continued to read Currie's





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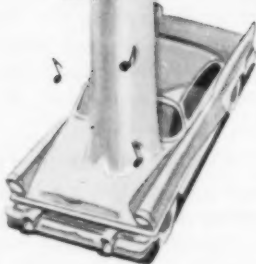


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"You would have them be guilty of treason," cried Currie. "Those men were not the sort"

statement to the newspaper: "On the outskirts of Mons the enemy showed that he intended to resist our entry into the town to the utmost . . . What happened was that shortly after midnight of the 10th-11th some men of the 42nd Battalion made their way into Mons near the railway station, and by six o'clock the 7th Brigade had cleared the enemy from the city. By eight o'clock in the morning our line ran well on to the other side of Mons. I have heard stories of our heavy casualties on Armistice Day and how I rode into Mons like a conqueror through the dead Canadians along the road. The fact is that not a Canadian was killed on November 11th. Our records prove it, and the only dead I saw on entering Mons that day was one man; he was a German."

"Did you make these statements?" asked Regan. "Yes," replied Currie.

"Do you still believe them?"

"With the exception of one man," replied the general. "It was not until within the last month that I knew of young Price (killed on the 11th by a sniper)."

The Star Weekly article quoted Currie as stating that when word of armistice arrived he was sitting in a canvas bathtub and that he completed his bath. Regan thundered: "The mere fact that the war was going to stop didn't interfere with your ablutions?"

"That is not at all right, Mr. Regan," Currie protested. "... you don't apparently appreciate the feelings of men who were there, and I don't remember anybody being vastly excited about the armistice. The feeling was too deep. I can't describe it. It seemed to me that there was nothing unusual. It seemed days before you appreciated that this thing had ended. I don't remember any incident of men rejoicing . . . It was a solemn seriousness."

Regan read on from the interview: "Well, I had arranged the day before to go over and inspect the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division . . . After that I watched them march off parade, and I will never forget standing there as they marched down the road so proud, so glad, so magnificent in their bearing.

It was perhaps wrong of me, but I remember I could not help thinking inside as they went, 'By God, I'd like to see them at the Boche again!'"

"Did you make that statement?" Regan asked.

A. I don't remember making that statement. I remember very well, though, the feeling of pride I had in the bearing of those men as they marched away, and I suppose any general when he sees men like that thinks of the purpose for which they are there, that was to fight and overcome an enemy.

Regan went on quoting the Currie statement: "In the afternoon we drove to Mons . . . We were received by the Mayor of Mons, and there was a parade and much rejoicing . . . Along the road of a hundred days to that day in Mons nine years ago, the men of Canada fought three great battles, at Amiens, at Arras, at Cambrai. They led the attack, they never failed. They broke the Hindenburg Line, they took over thirty thousand prisoners, they freed over two hundred cities and towns and five hundred square miles of France and Belgium. They met and crushed forty-seven divisions of the enemy—one Corps of Canadians, four divisions, four against forty-seven."

"Is that statement correct?" Regan demanded. A. Yes.

"Now wouldn't it have been better," Regan pressed, "after having defeated forty-seven divisions, for you to have allowed these troops to remain west of Mons for a few hours, in which case Mons would have been in your possession?"

"No, no," replied Currie, becoming heated himself. "You would have them disobey an order; you would have them mutiny, practically; you would have them be guilty of treason, disregard the instructions of the commander-in-chief, disregard the instructions of Marshal Foch, and act in an unsoldierly way, right at the very last. Those were not the men who did that sort of thing."

There was a thumping of heels in the courtroom and the odd handclap at these words.

Regan continued questioning:



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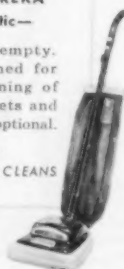
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Q. Could Mons have been in your hands within twenty-four hours without a shot having been fired? A. Yes.

Q. Why, Sir Arthur, did you on Nov. 9th give definite objectives to your troops, when in proceeding to them they would have to proceed through Mons, which at that time was filled with German troops? A. I was ordered to.

Q. You had no discretion in the matter? A. No.

Regan read out part of a story in The Times, of London, about the capture of Mons which said: "Tommy's Hopes Fulfilled. Our soldiers' hearts were set on reaching Mons, and the Canadians vowed to enter it before the war ended." Currie said he knew nothing of such a vow.

To prove losses had been heavy Regan had Currie translate from French a proclamation issued by the town council of Mons. It said: "The 3rd Canadian Division, at the cost of heavy sacrifices, entered the city at three o'clock this morning, thus avenging by a striking success the retreat of 1914. Honor and thanks be to it." Then Regan asked, "Do you agree or disagree with that statement?"

"I disagree with that," replied Currie. "I can well understand how they would put that. The Belgian people were very grateful to the Canadians, and wanted to indicate that the Canadians had suffered greatly and that their sacrifice was more, and so on."

### They called Currie a coward

Regan was relentless and tireless, and the trial was having its effect on Currie. Although Currie was the plaintiff, he and not the defendants bore the humiliation and fatigue of days of searching questions which required him to defend not only his military discretion but his sincerity, character and courage. Both Regan and Preston openly called him a coward.

On the other hand, the court itself found that much of the evidence offered by the defendants was contradictory. In his charge to the jury Mr. Justice Rose said that the number of dead could not be established by adding up the dead reported by different witnesses... "You do not, by calling ten witnesses each of whom says he saw a dead man, prove that there were ten dead men... all ten may have been speaking of the same man." In the public burial at Mons for Canadian dead, he said, "no one of them was killed on the 11th and no one of them was killed at Mons."

After three hours and thirty-nine minutes the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the Port Hope newspaper and its editorial writer, awarding damages of five hundred dollars to Currie. It was a majority verdict of eleven to one—only ten needed to be in agreement. The cost of the case, for which the defense was liable, amounted to more than six thousand dollars. The trial had lasted fourteen days and the transcribed evidence filled 2,157 foolscap pages. The Toronto Mail called it "one of the most sensational litigations in the history of Canadian jurisprudence," and commented, "Never before had a soldier, the leader of a national army, submitted his acts as a war commander to the adjudication of a jury of his peers."

But while Currie's friends acclaimed the outcome as complete vindication, the small award was claimed by his enemies as a moral victory for his accusers. For many, therefore, the issue was never satisfactorily resolved.

The ordeal had seriously affected

Currie's health. Notice of appeal was filed by Regan two weeks after the trial's end. When a reporter telephoned to ask if he had heard about it, Currie collapsed at the phone and was found unconscious.

McGill gave him a year's leave of absence and he and Lady Currie went to Europe. For a time he was a semi-invalid. Meanwhile the Appeal Court upheld the Cobourg verdict and, as a gesture of confidence, the Canadian Legion named Currie its honorary president. A Sir Arthur Currie Branch of the Legion had been formed in Montreal in 1925.

From Europe Currie wrote to a friend in Canada: "I cannot tell you how ashamed I am of myself in letting that cursed trial get on my nerves; but for ten years I had suffered from that malicious lie and when I had a chance to fight my defamers... I had to do it. I wanted the people of Canada to know the truth."

Back at McGill he proved himself an efficient administrator as well as a liberal thinker even though, with the start of the Depression, McGill was entering its darkest days financially. His speeches about the role of universities were highly regarded, and one passage from his last principal's report has been widely quoted:

Education merely as a decoration is despicable. Education for utilitarian purposes has some justification. But education that kindles the imagination, awakens the power of vision, teaches man to evolve new ideas, to blaze fresh trails, this is the very loftiest aim of a university and the most splendid support it can perform for the state.

Currie had never recovered completely from the collapse he suffered as a result of the strain of the Cobourg trial and the mental anguish caused by years of public criticism. Now, his health was failing rapidly. He frequently suffered from overwork. For long periods he lived on milk and orange juice. In November 1933 his terrier got lost and Currie caught a chill while walking the streets trying to find it; he was taken to hospital. His condition grew worse. King George V cabled a personal enquiry and the newspapers carried a daily bulletin on his condition. Pneumonia set in and he died on Nov. 30. He was fifty-seven.

The tributes were many. The Montreal Star headline said, "Sir Arthur Currie Steps Into Immortality." The Montreal Herald put out a memorial issue. Editorials on his death appeared in the Brooklyn Eagle, the Bangor (Maine) News, the Irish Times and the Manchester Guardian, as well as in newspapers throughout Canada. A garrison ball in Charlottetown was postponed. Eaton's in Montreal held a two-minute silence.

The late Stephen Leacock, who was a professor at McGill under Currie, penned a eulogy which said in part: "College presidents as a lot must bow to the rich and fawn for benefactors. Not so General Currie. He thought no more of a plutocrat than of a ninepin." Leacock, harking back to the controversy over Currie's original appointment at McGill, was quoted in the London Morning Post as saying that in future the heads of universities ought to be chosen exclusively from among real-estate agents.

Among the thousands at the funeral service in Christ Church Cathedral were many military men. The talk later centred around Currie's military career and one old friend and associate summed up the popular feeling.

"Art Currie fought many a successful battle," he said, "but none of them took more courage than the one he fought at Cobourg." ★





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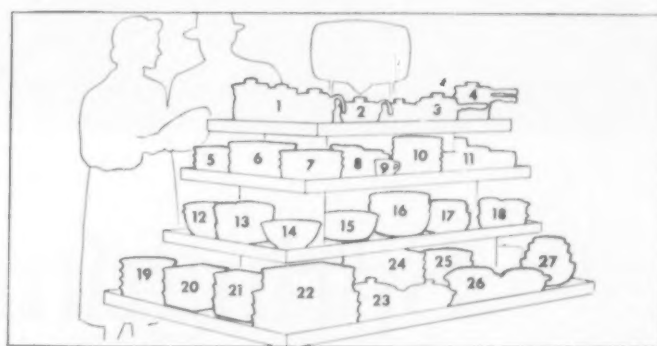
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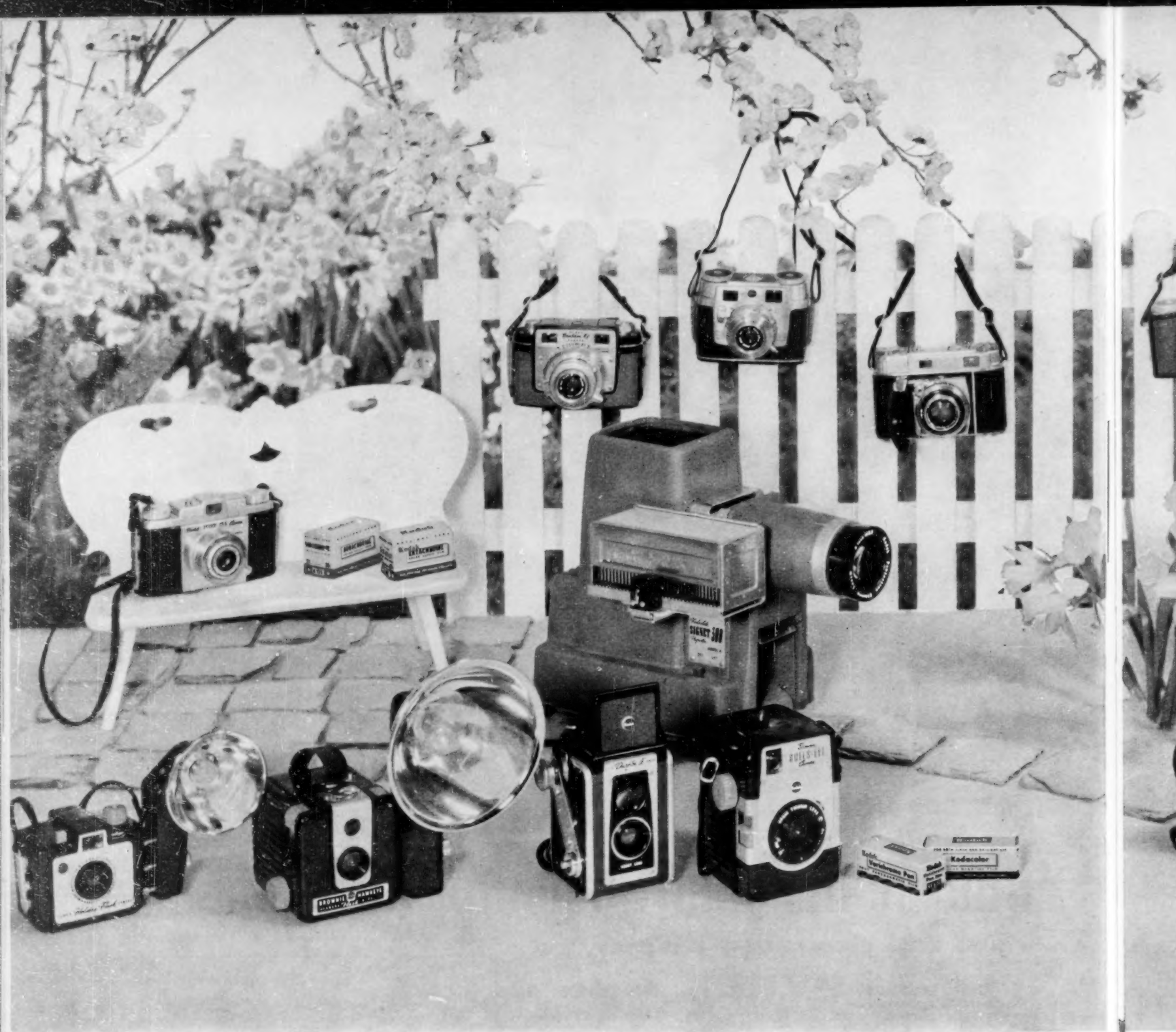
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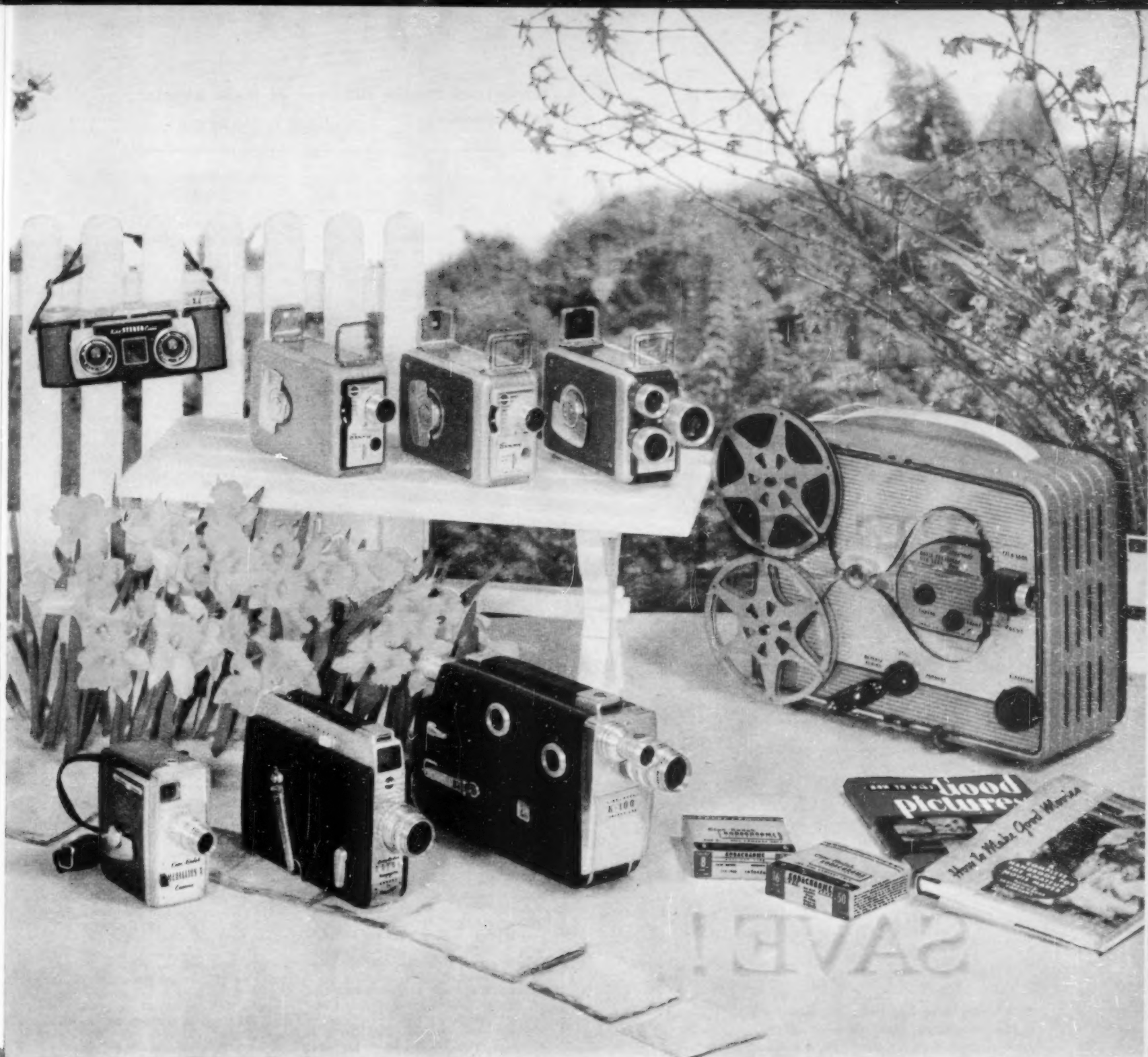
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## Would you change the lives of these people?

continued from page 31

and that truckers making deliveries out there did not legally carry loaded revolvers.

I called a public-health nurse in Dartmouth who went to New Road every month to help with an infant clinic and make routine checks on the homes. She said she had never seen anyone eating garbage. She told me that in spite of deplorable hygienic conditions infant mortality and the general health of the people compared favorably with that of other Nova Scotia communities.

A church worker in Halifax told me that the people in New Road were more hospitable than any others he knew. He said that whenever they had a church social the women made pots of stew, piles of fat sandwiches and great cakes with pink icing which they lavished upon all their guests. His wife ruefully reminded him that whenever he ate in the settlement he suffered from a touch of ptomaine.

After hearing these ambiguous assurances I decided I'd better stay in Halifax to learn, if I could, some straightforward facts about the settlement.

I went to the government buildings to study the county and provincial records of New Road and to talk to the men who'd compiled them. They told me the settlement has been called the most depressed area in Canada. Until not long ago its people lived on what they could find on the barrens to eat or to sell. They cut wood, they picked berries, they fished. A trip into town took them all day; they started at dawn in an open cart drawn by an ox and the women would sit at the Halifax market with Mayflowers, teaberries, Christmas wreathes, while their men peddled bean poles, twig brooms and tubs they had made.

### Three dollars a year taxes

I learned that they can't make a living now on the barrens—all the wood has been cut, the nearby lake is fished out, the soil is infertile. The people have no skills and look for work as laborers in Halifax and Dartmouth. Only five men have all-year-round jobs. The rest work in the summer on roads or construction and in winter they live on unemployment insurance and the family allowance.

The records showed that living is cheap in New Road. Taxes are only three to ten dollars a year on a house and an acre of land; there is no rent to pay, a man can build a home out of old boards and tin wherever he likes on the barrens. There are no registered deeds. When the first settlers went out there boundaries weren't marked, land was verbally exchanged for a pig or a shirt or a bag of potatoes. The land has not yet been surveyed. There is no municipal government in the community; the school board is the only local elected authority. Mail is not delivered to New Road, it must be called for at the post office in Dartmouth.

Directors of education and of welfare for the province told me New Road gets as much government help as any other Nova Scotia community. Adult night classes and discussion groups, a credit union and health clinics have been established for all the Negroes in the township of Preston, in which New Road is located, but only a few from New Road take advantage of these services.

They also told me that education is a serious problem in New Road. They said that teachers don't like to stay there—salaries are low, living conditions aren't tolerable. The school is too small. A square red-brick building with three classrooms was built on a government loan seven years ago and since then the number of pupils has doubled. Classes are staggered to let two hundred come to school for half of each day and beginners are taught throughout the summer, but there still is no room for one hundred and twenty-five children between the ages of seven and thirteen.

A provincial educationist said that some parents wouldn't send them at all if their family allowance weren't cut off for non-attendance. They keep them home to pick berries, to help with the housework, or because some days are unlucky—the people have queer superstitions. One day photographers drove out from Dartmouth, he told me, to take pictures in the school; next morning only nine children came to face the evil eye of the cameras. Sometimes in winter, he said, the school is closed for weeks at a time because no one likes to chop wood for the furnace.

He went on to say that educationists were worried about classroom vacancies in the spring when older children turn their thoughts to religious conversion. From three weeks to three months they don't go to school. Everything stops. They speak to no one, no one speaks to them, they eat little, don't go to bed, don't let themselves sleep; they look sad and lonely, emaciated. They wander alone on the barrens and listen for spiritual voices. They look for a vision—a rider on a white horse, a glimpse of themselves roasting in hell for their sins, or the voice of their Saviour calling them. When the hoped-for revelation comes they tell the church deacons about it and are examined with questions. If they satisfy the deacons that their experiences were real they are declared ready for baptism and membership in the church. If they don't pass the test they may try again the next year.

I spoke to two Negro preachers in Halifax who told me they didn't approve of this weird practice. They didn't know how it originated; they thought it might have been started to give the deacons control and prestige among their illiterate and leaderless people. They said the New Roaders had many strange ways they would not discuss with outsiders.

By this time I was so curious and eager to see New Road and to find out what its people would tell me about themselves that I could hardly wait to get out there—no matter how dangerous and dirty it might be.

I started next morning. About seven miles from Dartmouth along the Eastern Shore Highway I turned down a gravel road with houses of white people along it for not quite a mile. At a steep hill the road changed abruptly: it became sharp jagged rocks, large loose stones and deep puddles. A small truck with

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two very black men in the cab drew aside and stopped to let me go by. They waved and grinned as I passed. I chose my way carefully in second gear, up and down hills. The road was narrow and treacherous with no ditches and thick scrub crowding both sides for two to three miles. Then came a beautiful shining blue lake bordered with stunted maple, and the dark green of spruces, and high on a hill overlooking its shore the scattered homes of New Road.

The houses were small, inexpertly built, covered with tar paper, asbestos siding, old weathered boards, white-

washed shingle. Some were neat and substantial, one painted bright mustard with red, another leaf green with much scarlet trim and a blue and white door. A new one, unfinished, had a foundation blasted from the rock. There were no front yards in the regular sense, only crudely fenced-in enclosures of grass, rocks and wild bushes; some had bits of garden and flowers; round many there was a clutter of ramshackle sheds, hens, bones, cartons and rags. Behind and around them all was the matted tangle of saplings and beyond them the hills and the barrens.

At the first house I came to a road which branched off to the left toward the lake and got lost in the rocks and the bushes. The main road climbed a steep stony hill, passed the school then forked. The left branch passed the church and a few houses before it ended at a fence; the other part ran into a hollow, rocky and marshy, with many houses clustered along it, then dwindled away in the barrens.

I didn't see many people when I first reached New Road—a dark brown young woman with a bucket disappearing down a narrow path through

the thickets, four boys, ebony black, on the road. When I offered them a ride to the school they muttered uneasily and ran.

At the school the children in the rough stony yard stared at me with suspicious, almost sullen expressions. Only one little girl answered my smile. (I'd been told they seldom went into town and rarely saw a strange woman.) Their color ranged from jet black to light brown with green eyes. The boys' clothes had many patches, rips, holes, and zippers that wouldn't stay closed. A few were quite neat. Some girls wore clean dresses of bright figured print, others had shrunken sweaters and embroidered white petticoats that showed below their skirts when they hurried; their hair was plaited into many tiny braids and tied with limp ribbons.

I found the Negro teachers cooking their lunch in a little room in the basement: Edna Dorrington, the only one with a teacher's certificate; Churchill Smith, a permissive paid fifty-six dollars a month; and the principal, Rev. Donald Fairfax, a fastidious, culture-loving young man who is also the preacher of the African Baptist Church in Dartmouth where he lives with his wife and two children.

They told me it would be hopeless for me to try to stay in New Road. The people wouldn't think their houses were good enough for a stranger; besides, they wouldn't have room for me, they all had many children.

I left the settlement and arranged to stay at a home conveniently near the juncture of the highway and the rocky road to the colony. From there for over a week I drove out to New Road every morning and came back every night before dark.

#### "Why pick on New Road?"

I went first on a Sunday to call on Arnold Johnson, the secretary of the school board. He lived in a new little grey siding house on the tortuous road near the lake. His wife, a dark, smiling young woman in a crisp white cotton dress, opened the door and invited me in. The room was clean, tidy and bright, with a framed scroll on the wall certifying that Arnold Johnson was deacon of the Baptist Church of New Road. He was also a World War II veteran who had fought in Holland and France.

He was tall, slim and thirty, with an intelligent, sensitive, brown face, wearing glasses, pressed grey flannel trousers and a jacket. He greeted me politely then raised his eyebrows indignantly and said, "What do you want to come to New Road for? The papers write lies about us. They give New Road a bad name." He scowled. "They make it embarrassing for us that try to live decent when we go to work in town and say we come from out here." He spoke excitedly. "Even some of our own race say things about us that ain't true. They think they'll make their own star shine bright by dimming somebody else's."

"We're no different from other colored communities," his wife said. "Why don't you go there?"

"That's right. Why pick on us?" Arnold glared.

I said New Road was the largest and the most isolated.

His hair seemed to rise as well as his eyebrows; he sat up on the edge of his chair. "We're not isolated," he said. "We git out, we go into town every day. We got cars and trucks. Only ten families in here haven't got one." His voice rose. "We ain't poor. We got jobs, we got everything that the rest of 'em got: phones, electric, radios, we got all we need. We don't want no



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help from nobody. We believe in taking our own responsibility."

For over an hour Arnold Johnson defended his community and cordially tried to persuade me to keep away from it. He told me that during the Depression no one in New Road had asked for relief. No children had ever been sent out to an orphanage. He said they were soon going to add four new classrooms to the school and build a teacherage. Then he talked pleasantly about England in wartime while his wife served us tea with store cookies and doughnuts before I went on my way.

I drove up to the school where the janitor, Bernard Kane, was cleaning up the litter left after a Saturday-night movie. He was a big black man with a broad friendly grin, wide rolling eyes and a straw hat set jauntily on the side of his head. He told me he couldn't work in town like most of the men of New Road, couldn't stand having people tell him what to do. "I took a few jobs deah, now an' then," he said, "but they always fiahed me foah doin' nothin'. Just thinkin'."

He makes a living at home, he told me. One room in his house is a store where you can buy pop and chewing gum and canned goods; he grows enough vegetables to last his family all year and he raises eighty-five pigs. Three times a week he goes to Halifax to fetch garbage from the restaurants, "Then I got to boil the whole mess," Bernard said. "That's how particular they is; inspector would take my license away if he'd find one raw peel in my piggpen."

He invited me to his house. The front door was wide open and we stepped into the living room which had three wooden chairs and a chesterfield covered with a pink flannelette sheet. His wife greeted me shyly. She was a plump, happy-eyed young woman with a baby under her arm and the top of a nylon stocking stretched over her head. She promptly disappeared around a partition to put clean clothes on the baby, then came back and dandled him lovingly. "Dat's de boss," Bernard said proudly, "Whatever he wants, that we does."

While we chatted Bernard did most of the talking. Mrs. Kane didn't say much at first, she just smiled and several times glanced through the kitchen doorway at a golden-brown roasted chicken on a table with dozens of flies circling around it. Five or six children came into the living room, one at a time, stared at me, then went out again without speaking. "Are they yours?" I asked, and Bernard said no; some belonged to the neighbors, they had only three of their own. "This is a good place foah raisin' up kids," he went on. "It's healthy out heah in de country an' they got lots of place to run round."

Both the Kanes told me they love living in New Road; they have so much fun. "Near evybody out heah plays music," Bernard said, "sax, violin, accordion—an' we dances. We got reg'lar dances every Friday night in the Community Hall we helped build with colored folk from Preston and Cherrybrook. Maybe you seen it out on de highway?"

"But dis Friday night we was at a weddin' out heah," Mrs. Kane said, "de grandes' weddin' you evah seen. The bride had a white veil an' every-thing." She rolled her big eyes. "It surely was lovely. Ovah two hundred people was there."

"That was a time," Bernard slapped his knee and laughed merrily. "But the bes' time we got is the dippin'. Hunnerds of people come from all round in their cars to see that."

"Oh yes, dat's de best," Mrs. Kane

nodded. "The girls is dress in white with a kerchief on their haid, an' the boys looks real nice, and all the brethren an' sisters goes down where de lake comes near de road—"

"Sometimes there's as many as twenty of 'em gettin' baptize," Bernard interrupted. "Preacher takes 'em all out in de water right up to heah," he touched his chest, "den he dips 'em. Whoops!" He grimaced and swung his arms round.

"When they's dipped they looks like they's drowned," Mrs. Kane said, "but they's happy they's saved for de

Lord. They go home aftah that an git all dress up again foah de service up to the church an de feastin' at their house aftah that is really some feastin'."

"Us people out heah is powerful religious," Bernard grinned. "Always something going on at de church: Ladies' Auxilery, Laymen's Society, Young People's Union. De deacons runs the whole business, Sunday service an' all. Our preacher got a good job an' lives over in Halifax. He got couple other churches besides this and only comes out heah now an' then. Awful smart an' fine man, an' good preacher;

church was built here thirty year ago and now it's way too small. When preacher comes the yard is filled all way round wif people can't git inside. One of these years when we git some money we's goin' pull out de back wall and add on."

When I left the Kanes and went to my car a young man with a thin black face came along and asked if he might drive with me on my journey back to the highway. He said if I'd take him he'd give me a drink.

"Of what?" I asked.

"Brew," he winked. "It's good

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**RECIPE:** Add a little jewel-toned chopped pimento, green pepper and onion and some fried sliced mushrooms to *Heinz Spaghetti*. Turn into individual dishes. Cover with buttered crumbs, or crumbs and shredded cheese and bake at 375° until hot and golden. Garnish, when desired, with crisp bacon points.



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stuff. We make it ourself in the bush." He swayed slightly. "Git drunk every week end, Friday to Sund . . ." He spied a car coming into the settlement, muttered, "So long," and left me abruptly. In the car, when it passed me, I noticed two RCMP.

On Monday morning there was washing on lines, fences and bushes around all the houses in New Road. I parked my car on the roadside—to avoid running over glass and tin cans—and walked toward the church. Several people who passed me politely said "Ma'am?" or "Good morning." School children smiled, stared or ran. Soon a troop of small youngsters dressed in ill-fitting hand-me-downs followed me; they looked healthy and happy. Raymond Willis, a little boy with a broad grin, walked with me wherever I went and waited for me whenever I stopped.

I talked to Willie Beales, a school-board member who told me wood had been sent him by the school inspector to fix up the old shingle schoolhouse so it could be used as an emergency classroom, but no one would help him and he couldn't do it alone.

I stopped by a fence to talk to a woman who told me her daughter, Sylvia Whinder, and another girl in New Road had started going to high school in Dartmouth. "Nobody out here ever done that before," she said proudly.

A burly black man getting into his truck agreed with my complaints about the road coming into the community; he said it chewed up his tires so he had to buy new ones every six months.

A car with two RCMP drove into the settlement and out again.

At a weathered board house that looked as if it had been often expanded, I saw some ragged pickaninnies eating the parings and cuttings of vegetables from a carton on the ground by the door. Soon there were seven children staring at me with solemn dark eyes. Their mother came out to see what I wanted and I said I'd like to speak to her husband.

"Anything serious?" she asked anxiously. "He's workin' in town of Dartmouth."

She smiled with relief when I said I'd talk to her instead, and invited me to come in and sit down. The children followed us into the filthy small kitchen and stood shyly staring till she shoved most of them out again. She told me she had seventeen, some working, some in school. She pointed to three boys in the doorway. "They three is suppose to be goin'," she said. "They's seven, eight an' nine, but there ain't enough seats for 'em."

I tried to hold my breath when she lifted the lid of the washing machine and the stench of the steam filled the air. She went on talking. "School's a good place for chillens in wintah. They goes up there and keeps warm and maybe learns readin' an' writin'. Ah don't mind my kids goin' to school," she smiled. "But soon as there's berries to pick or ways to earn money they got to quit. When you got seventeen chillens, ma'am, the main thing is to fill up their bellies an' git clothes to cover 'em. They needs that more than learnin', I figure."

Her three boys and Raymond Willis followed me to the square steeped brown frame church that looks toward the lake and the hills. Beside it was the pretty little green house of Deacon Fraser, eighty-six, the oldest person in New Road. He sat on a couch by the small iron stove and toothlessly smiled while I was there.

His wife was a broad Negro mammy with a knotted kerchief on her head and wide gussets of pink rayon let into the side seams of her striped cotton dress. She had kept their grand-

daughter Doreen, fifteen, home from school to do the washing. She put dirty clothes into the washing machine, left them in for a number of turns, put them through the wringer, then hung them, unrinsed, on the fence to dry in the sun and the wind.

"I can't do the washin' no more," the old woman said. "I get the asthmie right bad. I had to phone the doctor to come out from Dartmouth. He charged me ten dollahs and give me these pills." She showed me some black and tan capsules. She sighed, "I used to do all my washin' by hand but when the electric came in here ten years ago I went right out an' bought a machine. This is the second I got now."

"What was it like when people first came to live in New Road?" I asked her.

"My soul an' body, how could I know that? I weren't heah den," the old woman answered indignantly.

"Ain't nobody know dat," the old man said gently. "It ain't wrote down nowhere."

"His grandmammy an' granddaddy lived heah all their life an' I guess dis place was heah before dem," Mrs. Fraser said. "An' I guess with all dese chillen aroun', it will be heah for a long time ahead."

#### No clues in the archives

All the people in New Road whom I asked where their ancestors came from shyly said, "Africa, I guess." None knew how or when they had come out to the barrens. Arnold Johnson told me wrathfully that the story I'd heard from the Halifax woman about their being put out on the rocks to die was a fable. "We don't want nobody out here believing such lies to make them feel sorry for themself," he said. "Our people's no different from all the other colored folk hereabouts. Our peoples all come the same time."

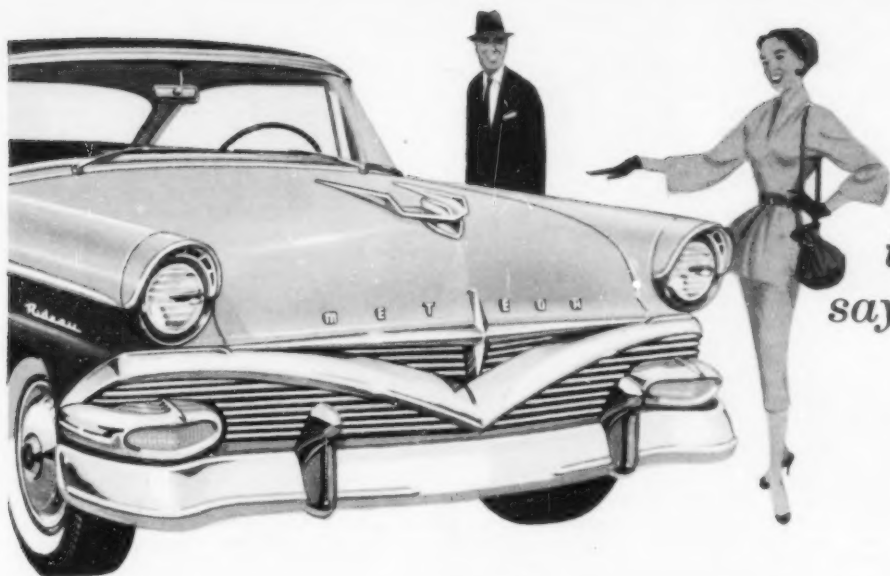
I went again to the libraries and archives in Halifax where I found little mention of New Road. Seven people I talked to who had written books or papers about the Negroes in Nova Scotia seemed only vaguely familiar with the settlement though they had done much research on their subject. They told me New Road had once been called North Preston and the early history of the New Roaders was undoubtedly the same as that of the colored people in the rest of the township of Preston of which New Road is a part.

The first Negroes in the township were Loyalist slaves who soon after their arrival sailed for the warmth of Sierra Leone. Next came five hundred maroons, slaves of the Spanish in Jamaica till 1655 when the British captured the island; they shipped the slaves up to Halifax in 1796. Huts were built for them in Preston and they lived there four years before virtually all were deported to Africa.

During the American War of 1812 the Royal Navy brought two thousand more people of color to Nova Scotia: many had been carried off by force to weaken the American enemy by depriving them of their slaves; others had fled from their American masters to British ships—encouraged by proclamations offering freedom to all Negroes who would take refuge with the British.

Many of these refugees were eventually settled in Preston where the authorities thought they would become gardeners and supply the city with produce. But the shallow earth was infertile, the Negroes were wretchedly poor and untaught; accustomed to warm southern sunshine, the plantation system and the lash, they were helpless in their new situation. The huts built to shelter them were just





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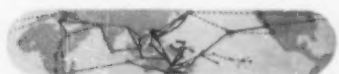
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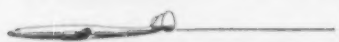
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## "People buried the dead near home. One house had thirteen graves"

shells. Some had no floors. All were crowded with two or three families, many children and aged. Smallpox broke out among them, their crops failed, they suffered acutely in the bitter cold winters; some died of starvation, others of frostbite.

Nova Scotia, worried by a postwar depression, wanted to be rid of these paupers who had been dumped on her shores. Time and again Britain offered to remove them to lush sunny Trinidad but they steadfastly refused to leave Canada, afraid that life in any other country would mean slavery again. The British government continued their rations of meal and salt herring till 1816, then left them to their own resources.

In time the Negroes had cut all the firewood from the ten acres of land allotted each household. They begged for more space. Land records show it was when more land was finally granted them—between 1840 and 1850—that people first moved out to what now is New Road. Downes, Beales, Kanes and Smiths were the first settlers. Johnsons, Frasers, Whinders, Willis and Simmonds soon followed them out to the barrens.

There is no record of how they got on. It is unlikely that anyone bothered about them. They were there fifty years before the government built them a school. A small shingle building was put up in 1897 and a Mrs. Jefferson, now a trim little woman over eighty, was brought out from Halifax to teach. On her first day the schoolhouse was packed. Mothers and fathers came with their children and wanted to learn. The new Negro teacher let them come till the inspector called; then she said, "I can't have all these men and women in here. I got eighty-two pupils and not room for forty." He said, "What can you do?" She told him if he'd furnish oil lamps for the schoolhouse she'd teach the adults three nights a week without pay.

"And I had the time of my life the two years I was out there," Mrs. Jefferson told me when I called at her home outside Halifax. "They were a fine class of people at that time. I gave them my rules and I trained them like soldiers; they learned their lessons and it was beautiful." She smiled wistfully as she fingered a lustrous pearl earring. "But they've gone back five generations!" After she left the settlement the school often was empty for years; teachers could not be induced to go out there. She said, "The people had a careless habit of burying their dead in the shallow earth near their houses till the authorities stopped them. I knew one place had thirteen graves round the doorstep."

The next time I went out to New Road I asked the children who soon gathered around me to take me to the graveyard. We walked along a narrow rutted road through the bushes to a partly cleared space high up on the barrens overlooking the settlement and the sparkling blue lake. Only one grave had a professionally cut stone, several had cement markers crudely chiseled with the Ns and the Ss cut backwards; all the rest had a piece of unmarked, rough mossy rock laid at the heads of graves that were sunken and lonely.

"It's mostly just old folks that die," the children told me. "They bring them up here in a truck."

There weren't many graves. The date on the earliest one with a legible marker was 1939.

One of the boys who was with me wore girl's slippers; one of the girls wore boy's socks; they said they were

cousins. Cora, a pretty little girl who did most of the talking, told me she had eleven sisters and nine brothers. "No you ain't," another girl said. "Three of them belongs to your sisters that ain't married."

More children walked with us when we reached the main road. I asked them their names: Cyril, Texas Jim, Aunt Lucy, Goldie Mae, Ernest Sinclair, Coronary, Audrey, Osborne, Cinnamon, Butch, and of course Raymond Willis. All the girls and two boys said they wanted to be nurses when they grew up, one boy wanted to be a doctor, one a cement mixer, another a married man. Cora said she wouldn't mind working in a store where she could have anything she wanted for nothing.

I walked up to the largest, best-looking house I could find in New Road. It was square as a box, painted red, with yellow curtains and geraniums in all the windows across the front of it. "Come right in," a young woman said cordially when I knocked on the door.

### "My children never steal"

The narrow kitchen was crowded. There were orange crates, buckets and saucepans on tables and the floor. A baby lay on a sofa in the nearest corner. The young woman was frying meat balls on a big black stove. Several children were moving about. They ushered me quickly into the dining room where their mother was ironing. Several framed pictures of the late king and queen mother hung on the walls; piles of clean clothes covered the table; there were boxes and clothes on the buffet, a pile of rags lay on a chair; the mother gathered it up and handed it to one of the children to carry away.

She smiled at me kindly, spread a piece of chintz on the chair and placed it for me beside the register on the floor. Then she cleared a bundle of sweaters from a chair for herself and asked me if I'd have a nice cup of tea.

She was a sweet-faced, stout, dark-brown woman in a faded-blue dress that had several split seams and unfaded patches. She apologized for not being dressed up and asked one of the children to bring her a comb. She said

her daughter was going to be married and she'd been papering a bedroom upstairs. She showed me the pink flowered paper.

"I worked all my days, since I been twelve year old," she went on. "Scrubbin' an' waxin' for people in Dartmouth. I believe if you want to git on you got to keep workin'." She combed her hair as she spoke.

"I always were honest," she piously nodded. "I tells my children to never steal nothing. If they wants it they's to ask and if people don't give it they should leave it alone."

She turned toward the kitchen. "Cecil, dear, bring me my teeth." He brought them in a glass of water and she put them in, smiling more happily. "If they have 'em this year I'm goin' to the night class to learn readin' and writin'. We never had a chance when we was a girl but I listen to the stories on the radio and it says you never is too old to learn. So I'm learnin' and I tells my five children 'always take all the chances you got for to learn.'" Cecil said "Excuse me" as he passed between us to look for his mother's spectacles.

"Yes, ma'am," she said, "I say we're all God's children and if it weren't for the Lord we wouldn't be here. Thank you, dear." Cecil said "Excuse me" again.

"I hope everybody's real nice to you in New Road," the mother's smile was benign through her glasses. "My old daddy told me when I was a girl the Lord don't make no difference between people and you got to be nice to all, white an' black, and I tell you, missis, if you needed it I'd be glad to share my own bed with you."

My fourth day in New Road was sunny and warm. School girls danced on the road, the boys chased them and they ran laughing into the bushes—and out again. Some quarreled loudly and threw stones at each other, then laughed and sang love songs as they sauntered along. Stout women bustled in and out of each other's houses and stood in doorways to stare at me.

I entered a couple of the dozens of jungle-like paths that formed a network of short cuts from one road to another or ran into the barrens. But I soon turned back because they were littered with excrement. Then I walked into the hollow where the houses had more of a lean and were closer together. It was a glorious day; I had my camera slung over my shoulder and was looking for pictures to take. Little Raymond Willis walked with me; he had warned me that there were biting dogs down that way and had volunteered to tell me which ones I'd better look out for.

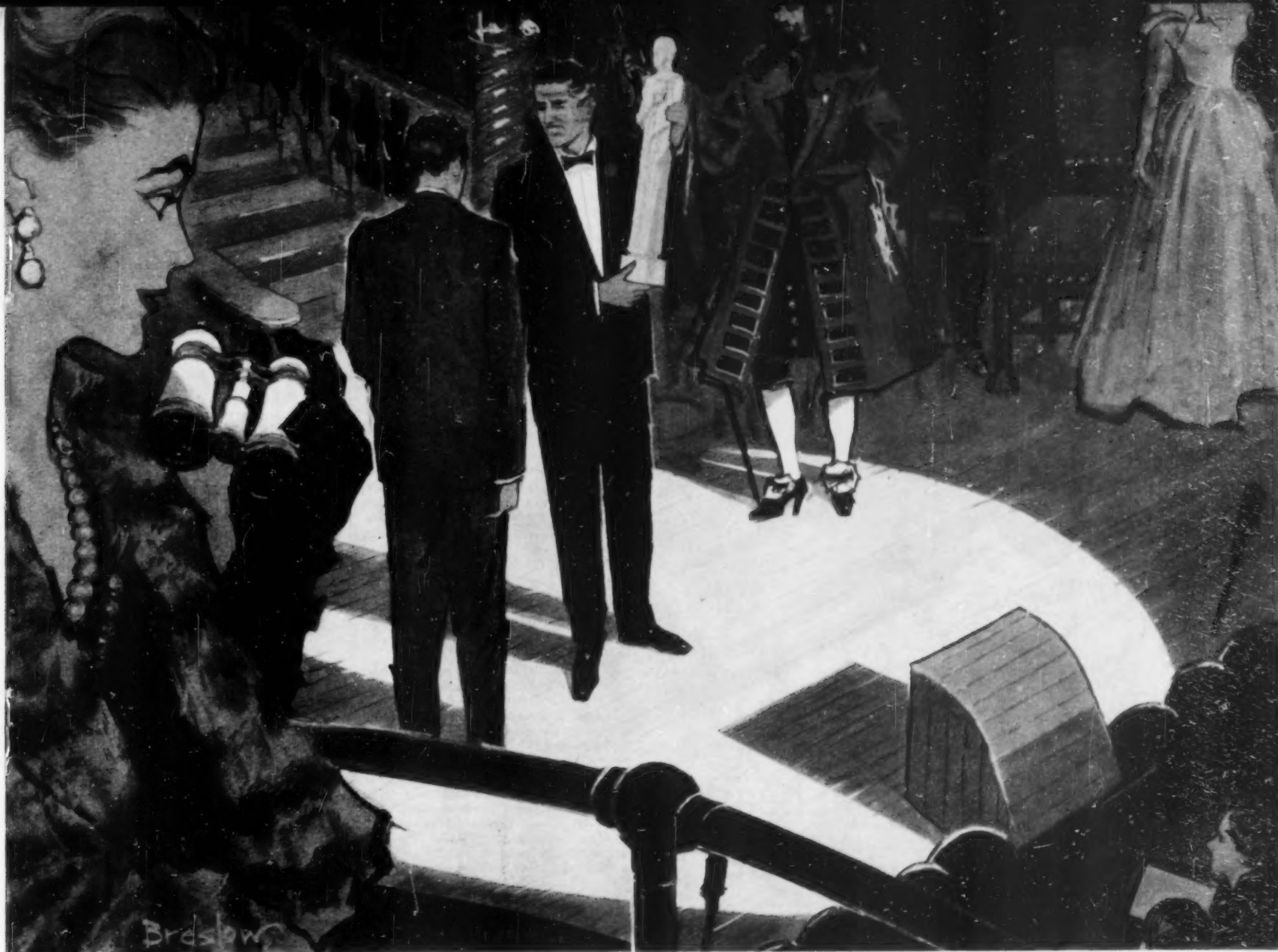
Four young women came down the road toward us, swinging along, all dressed up in bright-colored dresses, jewelry, lipstick and shoes with high heels. They glared as they passed and hardly a moment after we heard scuffling and shouting behind us. "Lots of fights round here," Raymond said with a smile.

Two of the girls had got hold of each other's woolly hair and were pulling and kicking at each other's stomachs. They scratched each other's faces, knocked each other down among the stones on the wayside and the one on top tried to bash the other's head on a rock. They got up again, kicking and clawing, while the two alongside watched and screamed.

Then, like a rocket, from the nearest house another girl rushed out toward them. "Let go she hair, let go she hair," she screamed and thrust herself between the combatants. "Leggo, leggo,







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leggo!" she kept yelling and pulling to get them apart while they grimly hung on and kicked at her too.

At last they gave up. One girl's face was bleeding, the other's green rayon dress was ripped from the neck to the hem. The girl who had tried to make peace between them bent over to fasten a buckle on her shining silver shoes. She straightened her skirt, jerked down her bright orchid sweater and buttoned her cherry-colored jacket. With her arms folded over her chest she stood watching the other four girls walk on down the road while Raymond and I went the other way.

A moment later she caught up with us. "You takin' pitchers round heah?" she demanded.

"I thought that I might."

"People round heah don't want nobody comin' round takin' pitchers. If you takes 'em without they asks you they'll fight you, just like you seen."

She was a splendid young creature with a beautiful body, proud and erect, a black, intense face with interesting contours and a long scar on one cheek. I told her I could make a fine picture of her.

"Can you give it to me right away?" she asked, her eyes narrowing.

"No, I'd have to send it to you."

"Then don't you take it!" Her tone was threatening. "I don't want no stranger taking no pitcher of me out of heah in no black box."

Little Raymond, whose picture I had taken several times, looked uneasy and dawdled behind us. The girl walked with me to the end of the road, asking me questions about who I was, where I'd come from, had I seen cowboys out west like they had in the movies, had I driven in a stagecoach and had I ever had to escape from the Indians?

About halfway back another girl came up to us. "You bettah watch out, Ogerine," she said. "Newly Mae say she goin' kick you guts out."

Ogerine used a four-letter word. "Ah ain't scared of her none." She squared her broad shoulders and thrust out her chest.

### They ran from a camera

We walked on till we came to the road that ran down past the church. Sitting on the bank at the corner there must have been a dozen women and twice as many children. They all stared at me, the women with suspicious hostility in their black eyes. Ogerine looked uneasy. She muttered, "So long," and sat on the bank with the rest of them. I walked on alone. I heard someone mutter, "Git out o' here."

Next day no one spoke to me in New Road. Mothers called their children into the houses, slammed the doors and watched me through the windows as I passed. School children cried, "Run, here she comes." The girls hid behind the school and under its steps, the boys dodged into the paths through the bushes or formed a tight five-deep ring around me that gave me no freedom of action. Dodging my camera became kind of a game. They taunted me, said, "Can't take my pitcher." When I sat in my car they peered at me through the windows, breathed on the glass, called me names.

A car with two RCMP drove into the settlement and out again.

Stones were thrown into puddles as I passed between them on the road. Something hit my chin. Small angry black faces appeared and disappeared in the bushes wherever I walked. The little children who had been so eager and friendly when I came before, now looked frightened and ran when they saw me. Even Raymond Willis, my staunch little friend, avoided me.



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I wandered alone for a while, meditating on the bitterness of discrimination. Then I saw Ogerine. She came toward me reluctantly when I called her.

"Why do they make such a fuss about my taking pictures?" I asked. "They think you's a German," she said. "They says you comes out heah every day an spies out de land and then you's goin' to go up in a airplane an' drop bombs that will kill everybody."

I didn't go out to New Road the next day. It was raining.

In the evening colored friends in Dartmouth warned me that I'd better not go out to the settlement again. They said they had heard that the women out there had been drinking all day and fighting about my intrusion. They said the men would be drunk too on the week end and I might run into some trouble.

I waited till Sunday afternoon, then drove out and parked in the schoolyard. Children dressed up in hats, gloves and their best Sunday clothes were walking sedately to Sunday school.

Arnold Johnson came along the road and stopped by my car when I spoke to him. He said he had heard that the children had been giving me a hard time. "But they're not really bad," he said anxiously. "They never yet broke no windows in the school an' they'll be even better when we get our new school and the teacherage."

I asked when they would be built. "Almost right away. We got the plans and the contract. Only the land for the teacherage ain't settled yet: two men think they own it and one offered it and the other one wouldn't so we have to wait till it's surveyed—maybe next year. But we got the money to build it: the government gave one third, the county one third and we raised the rest with colored people from outside that came here for a rally to help us."

Bernard Kane came along grinning broadly and stopped for a moment to wish me good luck. Arnold went on impatiently. "The new school is going to have toilets—separate for boys and girls. And the teacherage will be grand—room for eight teachers and a house-keeper, with a bathroom. Everybody out here will want one like that." He smiled.

Suddenly he scowled. "There's some folks outside like to make out we're poor off here. They say we been let go and they're sorry for us. Next thing they'll make us feel sorry for ourself. We don't want that." Arnold kicked at a stone on the road. "That's the worst thing that could happen. Maybe some of the memories of the past ain't so good but we got to forget them. People living now ain't responsible for what got done a hundred and fifty year ago."

"White men that's working with us now is a fine bunch of men, doing the best they can for us. They can't always get us teachers—all over Nova Scotia teachers is scarce. It ain't discrimination like some make out. I don't like to hear about discrimination. It can work both ways. If we keep talking about how white man is against us, he's going to feel we're against him."

"Right now, I tell you, we want to get ahead in New Road. We got to work hard and do it ourself." Arnold Johnson had a look of elation. "An' with God we will."

When we shook hands and parted I got out my camera to take one last shot of the lake shining blue in the warm autumn sun. The children on their way home from Sunday school ran to hide in the bushes when they saw me and I heard someone shout, "If you take any more pitchers round here you'll git a rock on your head." ★

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The girl who couldn't escape continued from page 27

### Elena's eyes were dark and guarded but she talked with the eager hunger of loneliness

like the sound asses make at dawn when they are driven out of the warm stables into the black cold air.

And then suddenly it was morning. The old woman was calling me; it was four o'clock already. I splashed some water on my unshaven face, dressed, felt yesterday's ache in my shoulders as I picked up my rucksack, and groped into the dark street.

A KNOT of workmen stood waiting for the bus. I stood apart from them. I was too obviously foreign. I was ashamed of the newness of my rucksack, of its useless eyelets and straps. But an old woman carrying a big bundle of washing detached herself from the group and said gently, "We catch the bus over there. The driver stops and is away before you can think. Those drivers will never wait for folk."

We were cheerful as the bus nosed its way down the mountain, grateful for the heat of one another's bodies. We got warmed up in preparation for an hour's wait for the train. We smiled, in the station waiting room, at a company of soldiers who had spent the night there. They were stretching, yawning, brooding, tying their boot laces, coughing over black cigarettes.

I wished one of them would speak to me, but the train came in and while they clambered into third-class compartments I had to find a second-class one for myself. Perhaps because they too were "foreigners" in this part of the peninsula they made me feel cheerful and I stopped trying to recapture ghost voices, speaking words in the dead language of English. The faces of the women I had dreamt of did not belong here, among the brown and grey mountains, the swamps, the rocks, the valleys reverberating with a past that made my own seem ridiculous, a may-fly's century.

I HURRIED through Cotrone, the dejected seaport on the Gulf of Taranto, still turning my eyes inward and away from the scene around me. Then came the bus ride in choking dust along the ancient Ionian Way. I reached Salvatore's village as the sun was setting, and he had sent his girl to meet me.

The hand Elena held out to me was not the hand of a peasant woman. It might have been cleaner but it was soft and small. I had the impression of a stumpy girl with fine dark eyes revealing none of the curiosity, the invitation, the vivacity you see in the eyes of southern women, even very old ones.

Elena walked like a man, with her wide skirt blowing freely against her legs. I had some difficulty in keeping up with her, for the terrain was so rough. The village clung unsurely to the mountainside. Its tumble-down houses elbowed one another and the main street might have been the result of an erratic sweep by a carelessly driven bulldozer. Goats stared at us with their wide-awake, uncomfortably knowing eyes, and from within the black holes of houses silence crept like lengthening shadows. A crowd of men and boys followed us at a respectful distance.

I asked how Salvatore was and how his farm was prospering.

"One can't complain," she said without much interest. "He's the

richest man in the village now. His father left him some land and last year's harvest was good. We should be grateful for all that." She shrugged her broad shoulders at the desolation surrounding us.

I picked my way round the corner of a building, watching for bolders that might trip me, and Salvatore must have seen me before I caught sight of him. He came forward, a timid smile on his long face, a face of Spanish cast, with a scar down one side. His hands were bloody and he was wiping them on his trousers. He held out his hand. I went forward and embraced him. I could tell from Elena's expression that she had not expected that. Did she think I should flinch at the dark blood on his hands, at the sweat glistening on him, at the black stubble on his cheeks?

I slipped off the rucksack and it seemed only yesterday that I had seen him at work on an English farm. I said, "Don't let me interrupt. They tell me this job can't wait."

He grinned and turned back to the trough on which lay the lamb whose throat he had just cut. His mother, an old woman bent with sciatica, stood holding the lamb's head and catching the thick blood in a bucket.

Elena moved from my side to the foot of the bench, holding a bucket full of water. Salvatore bent over his surgery with muscles bulging in his forearms, and in a few seconds a long coil of gut had been extracted and emptied. It was Elena's work to wash it in the water. Then she placed one end in her mouth. Salvatore inserted the other end under the skin, sealed the slit he had made by gripping it with one hand, and Elena blew into the tube.

Bubbles of air appeared under the skin; then the whole carcass swelled. There was a sound like the rustling of silk as Salvatore stripped off the skin. Elena went into the house, the tax collector stepped forward from the crowd to stamp the carcass, and Salvatore raised his chopper for the quartering. Everyone seemed to have forgotten that I was there. The old woman was still patiently watching the last of the blood drain into the bucket.

SALVATORE had sat at my hearth, and I was to sit at his. I forgot the discomfort of this primitive life when I sat at Salvatore's table and ate and drank what he had won from the earth. The bread, the wine, the olives and oil and butter and meat—all these were the creation of the labor of Salvatore, his mother Grazia, his brother and sisters and, to a degree, of Elena, the village schoolmistress.

Elena talked a lot. I felt that she talked to me chiefly because she rarely had an opportunity to converse in literary Italian about books and ideas.

I guessed that Salvatore was proud of his girl. He did not mind her addressing all her remarks to me, anyway. He listened to conversation as an inexperienced concertgoer might listen to music, wondering not at the music but that it should be possible to play an instrument at all. When he had told me about the state of his herd grazing in the valley, about the yield of oil and wine last year, about the burden of taxation and his ambition to save enough money to reconstruct a derelict house he had bought, there remained nothing for him to say.





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## SOYA LECITHIN

# Modern Cinderella

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Olaf Oloffson

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What is this strange substance Soya Lecithin?

It was once a useless by-product from processing soya beans until it was discovered that Soya Lecithin can make oil and water mix. It has the ability to break down particle size for smooth blending of substances which otherwise don't. In technical terms, lecithin is an "emulsifying agent," one of the very few natural edible substances of this type. That is how this lowly soya by-product became an *industrial Cinderella*; its *medical* potentialities promise an even more glamorous future.

The soya bean came originally from eastern Asia. It is one of the oldest crops planted by man and without it China could not have survived. In many old Chinese books the soya bean has been mentioned as an aid in many impaired physical conditions, and of benefit in maintaining good health.

It seems they were not so wrong, the ancient Chinese! Some seventy years ago modern scientific interest in lecithin was aroused in Germany where it was felt that it played a most important role in human metabolism and was a valuable help to good health. Unfortunately, at that time the only known commercial source of lecithin proved too expensive for large scale use. Research has continued, however, and we know today that in every organ of our body there is lecithin, and it is, therefore, beneficial to health and well-being. This substance forms the link, so to speak, between fatty and watery material in cells, organs and the blood stream.

Blood itself is mostly water, but there are fatty and fat-soluble substances—like vitamins A and D and cholesterol—that must be transported in the blood stream. Here lecithin plays an important role as an emulsifier—to keep these substances in combination and to help transport them to their proper destinations. Lecithin has been tried with encouraging results in several diseases caused by improper fat absorption and utilization.

Medical research teams in a number of leading universities and hospitals are now actively engaged in studying the potential usefulness of lecithin in nutrition and in the treatment of many serious diseases. For example, cholesterol is often deposited in artery walls and some vital organs with consequent undesirable results. Other research is checking the possible effectiveness of lecithin in the treatment of certain conditions of old age.

The tale of Soya Lecithin is truly a Cinderella story.

Thousands of people are taking lecithin regularly every day of the year because it "makes them feel better." They have found it a valuable help toward maintaining a feeling of well-being. The Wall Street Journal reports that the chairman of one large corporation started using lecithin several years ago and was so enthusiastic about it that he ordered his top level executives to take it.

Lecithin is so important for many life processes that a deficiency should be avoided. Where lecithin can be of help it is important to take it regularly, the recommended dosage being two to three teaspoonfuls a day. Depending on circumstances, improvement may be felt within a few weeks, or it may require considerably longer.

An excellent source of lecithin is LETHINAL, a highly purified, fat-free extract of Soya Lecithin sold by Henry K. Wampole & Company Ltd., and available in drug stores in six ounce containers. LETHINAL comes in palatable granules, is safe for all ages and may be taken mixed with regular foods or stirred into liquids.

He was happy enough listening. Friends and relatives dropped in to listen too, as if Elena and the foreigner were giving a verbal concert. Often Salvatore didn't know the words used; he nudged Elena and she would explain as well as she could in dialect. I tried to avoid using such words, but Elena liked talking in a philosophical vein, so that it was not easy to dispense with terms such as cynic, sceptic, Renaissance, academic and classical.

Elena came to the house and talked to me as I drank coffee in the morning. She sat on the bottom rung of a ladder which led from the hearth past hanging pieces of cured meat and salami to a loft where one of Salvatore's sisters slept. When I returned from a stroll in the morning she talked to me while the other girls concluded preparations for lunch. She talked all through lunch. She talked all through the afternoon when, as a rule, we were alone. After dinner, when the mountain cold descended, we moved from the hearth into another room, taking with us a tin bowl of wood embers set in a piece of wood as big as a cart wheel. We propped our feet on the edge of the wood, held our hands over the embers, and talked again.

Elena had left the village for only eight years, when she had gone to Cosenza to train to be a teacher. Cosenza and Cotrone were the only towns she had ever seen.

"When you marry Salvatore you'll go to Rome for your honeymoon," I said. "And to Venice too. Venice can be so beautiful that it can make a man cry. It will make Salvatore talk," I joked.

I saw at once that I had said something that she did not like.

"Yes," she said, "I'll go to Rome . . . in a hundred years."

She straddled over the tin of ashes, her hips apart, her hands cupped round her set jaw, and looked at the wisps of smoke, rising with a choking fragrance.

"How do you like our beautiful village?" she said ironically after a long pause. She expected no answer. "I came back to it a year ago and I thought I'd die. Ah, but how ugly it is! But Cosenza—Cosenza is beautiful, and so is Cotrone." I did not know Cosenza but Cotrone seemed to me like an old nail sticking out of Italy's broken boot. She went on capriciously: "It's not the fault of the village! It's my fault." She explained that she was *nervosa*. "I came here a year ago, when I'd forgotten how ugly, how hopeless everything is up here in the mountains," she went on, forgetting her defense of the village. "And then, after a few months, I became resigned." She looked up sharply. "Not accustomed, not consoled, you understand? Resigned."

Grazia hobbled in, bringing sweet biscuits that she had just cooked. She seemed to spend all day waiting on me. I had picked up a little of her harsh dialect and I joked, "Anybody would think I was Umberto, come back to his old kingdom." It was the only way I knew to thank her. She had never seen a foreigner before and perhaps she had a suspicion, before my arrival, that foreigners were like the bandits who had killed her grandfather. Bandits and foreigners came from another world.

I thought Elena would like to hear about this other world, so I told her what I could about London, Paris, Rome. Soon she dropped her head into her hands. She said, "Another world!" I changed the subject, thinking myself a tactless fool to talk about the nobility of Paris, the grandeur of Rome, the immensity of London. Several times in the following days, perhaps after half an hour's silence, she would look into my

## PETER WHALLEY'S

# Silly Saws

Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these drawings? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Check your answer below.



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eyes suddenly and murmur, "Another world!" She was thinking, I believe, about me, not about the cities I had mentioned.

"I'll go to Rome," she said, as if she had come almost regretfully but firmly to a decision. She stood up and walked about the room. She sat down on the bed—every room was a bedroom—and spoke deliberately.

"Yes, and perhaps I'll go to Paris. I must see Switzerland before I die, too. I shall die in Calabria. Yes, when I travel—in a hundred years—I'll go to Switzerland. But not London." She frowned. "No, I don't want to see London." She returned to her chair at my side, rubbed her hands over the embers, and looked sideways at me. I liked her eyes, and the rare animation that brought beauty into her face. I liked her expression half of mischief, half of malice.

"When I marry—in a hundred years—I won't go anywhere. I'll stay here. I was born a Calabrian. Ah, poor Calabria, beautiful Calabria! I'm proud to be a Calabrian!" she cried theatrically. "In the war I was in Cosenza when the Americans came. I won't go to America. You can't guess how proud I was to those Americans. I gave them wrong directions and sent them into snowdrifts; they couldn't even read their own maps! When they were here we dressed like Americans, ate like Americans, slept like Americans, made love like Americans. But all the time I was saying to myself, 'Ah, at least we will die like Calabrians.' And so I will."

SHE always wore old clothes, and explained to me that the village





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washerwomen, having little soap, spoilt every garment by beating it against a rock. Her hair was often uncombed. If she were deeply melancholy she might run her hands in wood ash and then pass them through her hair.

One day I said I wished to take some photographs of the family. Elena disappeared for no longer than five minutes and appeared in a well-pressed suit, her hair shining from the brush, her lips reddened. For a moment I did not recognize her, the change was so startling. Salvatore posed in stiff best black. He took Elena's arm but did not

look at her. I saw Elena in another setting; as I peered through the viewfinder the rough-cast wall behind her faded and I saw a London street. Five minutes after I had put away my camera Elena returned. She had taken off her pretty clothes and rubbed off her make-up. Salvatore kept on his best black for the rest of the day.

One day I went to her home to borrow a book. Her mother was out. Elena called to me carelessly from her own room, and I entered and waited while she searched for the book. The room was dim, because a roll of Ameri-

can cloth took the place of window panes. A big double bed took up most of the space, and the walls were decorated with colored religious prints and photographs of Italian beauty spots cut from magazines and brochures intended for tourists. Among the Italian classics on her table lay a two-month-old copy of a philosophical review.

"You read a lot," I said, looking over the books.

"I don't read them, I eat them," she said. "I sit in a corner and starve for a month, then I spend a month gobbling up all the ideas these authors have.

But they choke themselves with words. I hope you don't write like that."

"I try not to," I said. "But then I'm not a philosopher."

"You can learn all about philosophy here. Look, here's something about Stoicism. Drag your drinking and washing water two hundred yards up the mountain every day and you'll learn all about Stoicism. Here's a bit about Schopenhauer. He was gloomy, wasn't he? I wonder if he knew how gloomy a Calabrian can be?"

"Petrarch called it *acedia*," I murmured in the silence.

Elena's cheek twitched as if it had been flicked by a whip.

"For no reason at all we fall into a pit. We stop whatever we're doing because suddenly nothing matters. The feeling came on me in church the other day. A man stops shaving when he feels like that. He'll walk about for a week, growing a lopsided beard."

She grimaced. "Don't be afraid," she said suddenly. "I shall be tremendously gay in a minute."

"You're wise . . . wiser than us," I said, trying to console her but in my heart wanting to tell her that I knew her Calabrian melancholy, that it was part of me, that it was recognizing it that made me listen to her so attentively. "Don't try to work out everything, though, otherwise you'll turn out like me. I not only think like a man of letters, I act like a character out of a book. Women don't like that. I've never . . ."

I was going to say that I'd never known a completely happy relationship with anyone, but I stopped thinking aloud. I should never have started, only for a moment it seemed to me that this peasant girl had a culture somehow greater than the culture of the Dante, the Leopardi, the Carducci she admired, whose books lay open on her table. And I felt sorry for myself because I should never be as wise as she, for all her eccentricity.

"You haven't told me anything about yourself," she said, sitting on the bed staring at me in the gloom.

"You haven't asked me," I said rudely; but I was really getting into a panic. "You'd be bored. It's only that I suddenly envied you." I kept my eyes off the poverty of her room, kept my glance fixed on her sad mysterious face. "You live in a God-forsaken village and keep yourself sufficiently alive to try to teach urchins to like the poetry of Leopardi. I live on second-hand ideas and enjoy the minor distinction of being an emotional failure. I tell you, if I start talking about myself you'll be bored. Just thank God you've got Salvatore, who doesn't talk unless it's essential. I'll go for a walk."

I squeezed past her bed and went out. I walked out of the village and sat on the poor wind-shaven turf for an hour, watching the mountains hide themselves in the dusk.

THAT evening we set off, a party of six or seven, to the doctor's. I had heard about this young doctor. He was newly married. His wife, a girl of the village, had been taken ill and was to join him shortly. The marriage caused a sensation, for the girl had an insignificant dowry and the doctor had married for love.

When we arrived he was in his kitchen, the only habitable part of his house. He had already found a servant, a girl of fourteen named Fortunata. She was washing up a few yards from where he sat with his friend the schoolmaster. He invited us to take a liqueur and listen to the radio.

I felt complete sympathy with this doctor. He had decided to bury himself in this desolation which I had now grown to hate, yet I understood his



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point of view. Unlike me, however, he knew what he wanted—a girl of this village, a farmer's daughter. He loved her enough to live on her rubbish dump. I'd never gamble on anything like that.

The kitchen was hot and I felt tired. I sneaked a glance at Fortunata but looked away again because I knew she would want to have a long undisturbed look at the foreigner. She was fourteen, black-eyed and lovely: an urchin in a shapeless black frock, with a smudged face, but to me like a delicate piece of Greek statuary I had seen in the Uffizi.

I started to brood and thought about Pygmalion. I imagined just how Fortunata's grace would surprise and delight people in a big London hotel. I was just having her presented to royalty when I came back to earth and realized that I played this mental game with all the women and girls I knew.

I looked across the room and watched Elena talking, without listening to what she was saying. Her queer mixture of barbarity and culture didn't matter, she was a woman. I felt as if I'd known her for a long time. She was chattering, shrugging her shoulders, shivering a little in this overheated room beneath the coat she had flung over her shoulders. Her voice faded out and I started one of my imaginary conversations with her.

"You're wasted here," I said. "Why don't you be natural instead of being so bright?"

"I'm brilliant," she said. "There isn't a woman in the village who can talk as well as I can."

"A lot the village cares about that. You're not beautiful anyway."

"I am if I take the trouble."

"Well, you're dirty. If I took you to England with me I'd make you have a bath every day."

"You wouldn't. That would wash the Calabrian out of me. And it's only the Calabrian that you like."

"Would you come back with me and not die of nostalgia for this ash heap?"

"Perhaps."

"Would you be faithful?"

"You wouldn't have to ask."

"Would you be my slave?"

"No, but I'd be your mistress and your wife and your mother."

SOMEBODY passed me another drink, and I woke up again. I looked at Salvatore. He was watching Elena sullenly. When she married him there'd be an end of this animation. He'd crush her, not out of evil but out of habit, just as he hobbled a lamb before drawing a knife across its throat. For a single moment I looked at his dark face and felt dislike, fear, shame. With a shock of sanity I took in the full meaning of what I was thinking. What I was conceiving now was the idea of taking Salvatore's girl away from him.

I looked round with a sick jolt. What would Salvatore do if he could read my thoughts? Raise his thick forearms and strike me to the ground in the darkness of that silent village, and with justice. I tried to read Salvatore's face coolly, to discover whether he had any jealousy in his heart: for Elena was talking to me now. Her hair was falling about her shoulders and her eyes were flashing with excitement. She was talking too loud and talking trivialities. Suddenly she stood up and said, "It's late." She didn't want to talk any more, and no one else had any conversation.

The black alley outside the doctor's house was precipitous and rutted. I felt Salvatore's hand on my arm. He linked his arm in mine to guide me. The night was impenetrable, but he knew

every pothole and he was afraid I would fall.

Grazia blew the smoldering logs into flame and began to brew coffee.

I warmed my hands and said, "Salvatore, I'll have to start home tomorrow."

His big brown eyes looked sorry. Elena standing beside him looked purposely indifferent. It was Grazia who looked really upset.

"No, no," she said in the harsh dialect I had begun to understand, "you'll stay with us for a long time yet."

"Signora Grazia, dear," I said,

"wouldn't you like to come back with me? We'll go in an airplane." She laughed. "Well, never mind," I said. "I'll come back. You're the nicest girl friend I ever had. Isn't she, Salvatore?" I slapped him on the shoulder, and his great gazelle eyes did not know whether to laugh.

NEXT morning I was up at dawn, packing. I heard Salvatore moving about the house, and waited till he had set off for his fields. Then I went into the kitchen to have a chat with Grazia. When I'd stopped flirting with her she

set to work to put up some food for the journey and I went out for a walk.

It was a bright morning. Half an hour's walk brought me to where Salvatore was digging. We stood and talked quietly for a while about nothing important—the crops, the old sulphur mine lower down the valley, the black snake that suddenly slithered out of the grass and shot between us. Then I thanked him, embraced him, said, "Arrivederci," as if I might be back next week, and without looking back took the path up to the village again. At the top I turned and saw him



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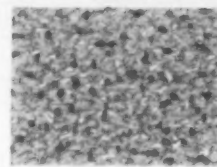
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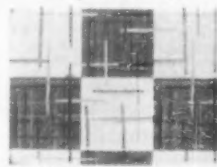
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ALMA DENNY

digging. That was how I would find him if I ever returned.

I had seen Elena walking ahead of me. I was used to the rocks and pot-holes now, so I soon overtook her.

I said, "Just as I'm getting into the way of standing upright in your main street, I've got to leave."

She nodded and walked on, looking at the ground. Neither of us was walking anywhere in particular. In front of us the track ended and the sky began. The sun was behind the haze somewhere, waiting to shrivel the village in yet another summer.

"If there are any books you'd like me to send from Rome or Milan, please let me know."

"Books cost a lot nowadays."

"Don't worry about that," I said uncomfortably. "I'd like to give you a present, to say thank you for putting up with me."

"I ought to give you one for listening to me."

I laughed. The sadness of parting dropped away and I felt gay. "Perhaps we're going too fast," I said. "Maybe I shouldn't give you a present at all. What would Salvatore do if a man in the village gave you a present?"

She thought for a moment.

"He might make me return it. He might kill the man. Of course I wouldn't accept a present from a man in the village. What would any of them have to give me anyway?" she said cynically. "But you're a foreigner, so it doesn't count. Salvatore won't kill you."

"That's all right, then," I said, and the shine went out of the silver sky again. "I'm a foreigner." I felt as if I had been a foreigner from my birth, everywhere, to everyone.

We stood at the edge of the mountain drop, the village a smudge of tumble-down houses behind us, in front of us the too-big sky, the drop of the valley, the precipice.

"Do you know what I'll give you in return?" she said suddenly.

I looked at her and couldn't guess. I must have looked very stupid then but she forgave that. She put her hands lightly on my forearms and kissed me.

She stepped back, turned her shoulders to the village, stood with feet apart like a man, staring over the valley.

"That was a big gift," I said after a while. "They might lynch you in the village for that."

"That was the risk I took."

I too stared over the valley.

"There's a bigger one before you, Elena. You might want to see that other world after all. Would you come back to London with me?"

She narrowed her eyes as if she were trying to see right across the misty valley, over the mountains beyond.

"No," she said seriously.

I turned away to hide my face. I wanted her to say, "No," but I didn't want her to read that wish in my face. The important thing was not the answer but the question.

"You'll stay here, then," I said, just as if we had been discussing the matter

for a long time from every aspect.

"Yes, I'll marry Salvatore."

"If you'd said, 'Yes,' you know that I meant it?"

"I know that you meant it. You keep your word. You kept your word, coming here."

I said, "If you'd said, 'Yes,' you'd have learned eventually what it's like to be homesick, and I'd never wish that for you. Keep your roots, Elena. They're strong, like you. I wish I had them."

I left her looking across at the far range of mountains, and when I said good-bye I thought she said, in that dreamy melancholy way of hers, "Another world."

**T**HE bus driver saw me waiting among the crowd. He leaped down from his seat, put my small knapsack on the seat next to his to make sure that no one else would take the place, then climbed up to the roof of the bus to stow away my rucksack.

We were back on the Ionian Way, back at the beginning. The driver was talking and I was keeping up the conversation but thinking about different things.

What I had said to Elena and thought about her wasn't all idiocy. The idiocy lay in supposing that she would ever come away with me. But I had to ask her, that was the important thing. Supposing she'd agreed, how would I have faced Salvatore? Hell, why try to decide hypothetical situations like that? Half my trouble was that I wasted time trying to work out what I'd do if one night the moon fell down on earth.

If I'd been willing to gamble on anything the women I'd been thinking about wouldn't have failed me and I wouldn't have failed them. I had either idealized or degraded them all. I'd never seen a woman straight, till I saw Elena. There was no need to pretend with her. She was barbaric but I'd seen her straight.

Now perhaps I'd see other women straight, and gamble. There'd be plenty to gamble on: a love affair, a new book, even physical survival. I needn't feel responsible for everything. If there was a war next year I wouldn't feel it was all my fault. If I fell in love with a woman I'd risk her wanting me in five years instead of deciding beforehand that she'd turn elsewhere in six months. I'd risk writing a novel on a damn-fool theme. I'd risk becoming a father, no longer scared of producing a melancholic or an imbecile. I'd...

Well, I'd try to take some of these risks one by one and perhaps after a while I'd get into the habit. Get into the habit of living instead of crouching in a mental corner, an airless compartment of myself, a macrocosmic womb.

I didn't want to look back at the village. I stared at the old yellow road ahead and the bus driver said, "There isn't a racing bike in the whole world like the Guzzi," and I said with my lips, "Why, it goes without saying," and I said with my heart and brain, "Thank you, Elena." ★





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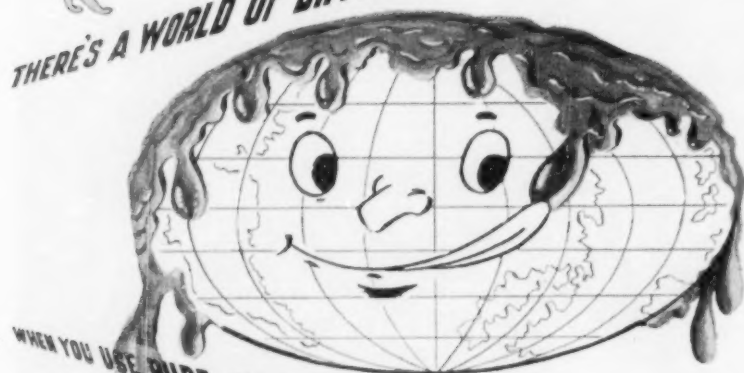
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## Bruce Hutchison rediscovers the Peace River Country

continued from page 20

then by the first settlers' wagons and now by automobiles.

After that immemorial march we had no right to complain of hunger, a little rain, a windshield blacked out whenever a car passed us in splash of liquid clay. Like Mr. Moore, we were handicapped to an extent, but suddenly compensated, toward nightfall, by a spectacle of overpowering splendor.

As we rounded a blind curve on a flat prairie I stopped the car with amazement and loss of voice. The sight before us was unbelievable.

Straight below, in its vertical green trench, the Peace River glinted like a braid of gold, about six inches wide, unraveling endlessly to the north. A swarm of black islands, no larger than waterfowl, swam in the shiny current. Some white flecks on the bank must be a town. Upstream, at the crooked elbow of the Peace, a rift in the hills marked the Smoky's deep gorge and Mackenzie's winter campsite on his voyage to the Pacific. Then, with perfect timing, an incendiary sun lighted a bonfire over the flat-topped western hills to celebrate the summer solstice.

We coasted down the looping spirals of the road. The river broadened out and turned from gold to Burgundy, its lavish body stained by the sunset. Suddenly we crossed the sharp borderline of twilight and were in the darkening shadow of the canyon.

Peace River town had escaped the day's rain. It lay under a heavy dust which was transmuted into fine gold dust above the river. A ragged, gaudy, brave little street told us at once that the town beside it was no part of the Canada we had traveled for ten thousand miles, from Newfoundland to the rim of the Rockies.

It looks at first sight like a pioneers' encampment, a bivouac on the route of march, a mere speck of human life on the outer edge of things. Except for the automobiles solidly ranked by the sidewalk, Peace River seemed to live like a town of western Canada's beginnings, in time lag of at least fifty years. But it is here to stay, it is growing and it is a lively town.

We shook some of the afternoon's accumulation of soil from our feet and entered the hotel through a litter of the natives' mud-caked galoshes and gum boots. At the restaurant counter we sat between a blind Indian woman of noble bearing and a Ukrainian waiter from the beer parlor, who told us the moving story of his life and offered to pay for our meal. A group of young men, bearded and bronzed, conferred in whispers over a private table—American engineers searching the north for oil, and mysterious like all their breed.

Presently a huge ruddy man parked his truck outside and, stamping into the restaurant, ordered a double portion of ham and eggs. He had just hauled a load of wheat some three hundred miles, the shortest distance to the railway, from his farm at Buffalo Head Prairie.

Yes, we were on the edge of things. We had rediscovered an almost forgotten species: the Canadian sodbuster on virgin land.

A good dinner fortified us for a walk about the town. It had a cheerful, noisy, neighborly air and evidently contained a variety of races.

Some of the farmers, arriving in muddy trucks had unmistakable Slavic faces. Others spoke in French. A huddle of women before an undertaking

parlor cried bitterly, lamenting their private tragedy in a foreign tongue. The undertaker, who wore an incongruous black coat and striped grey trousers, comforted these customers as best he could in the English language and they disappeared, like Ruth, into the alien corn.

We followed the street upstream until it petered out between newly built bungalows and gardens of evening-scented flowers. There we beheld the sunset, with a final gesture, casually ignite both land and water in solstitial explosion.

No one could observe this giant's pageantry without guessing why the Peace River people are fascinated by their country and worship it almost as a religion. It lacks the conventional beauty of the Maritimes, the St. Lawrence or the Rockies. Much of it is drab and some of it ugly. But in total it has a grandeur of its own, a haunting quality of size and emptiness—above all, the sense of virginity, of life in its salad days.

### Everybody laughed at Ernest

Next morning I called on a young man wise enough to feel those qualities. David Bowes threw up a good job in eastern journalism and, with two brothers, came to the Peace River Country. He publishes the Peace River Record-Gazette, and his brothers, the Grande Prairie Herald-Tribune. Nothing could drag them back to the city.

Bowes led me to another man who has lived through most of Peace River's history from the early days of permanent settlement. J. D. Levesque arrived here from his native town of Rivière du Loup in 1913. He brought a wagonload of trade goods, acquired on credit and quickly sold in a second-hand circus tent. That was the beginning of his wealth.

Now seventy-three years old, he is a round-faced, placid little man of courtly Gallic manners and a faintly French accent. He could live anywhere but will never move from the little town that grew under his eyes out of a dozen shacks on the riverbank.

Though he did not tell me the story himself, this leading capitalist of Peace River could have been observed, not long ago, in a remote log cabin, cooking meals for an aged and sick Indian woman. He had not forgotten the code of the frontier.

Levesque welcomed me to his office with a rare piece of Canadiana. I had come all this way to hear, in the most unlikely place, the true story of the great Ernest Lapointe's entry into politics.

When Levesque first saw him, Lapointe was a farm boy much too big for his homemade clothes. Since his pants failed to cover his gangling legs, his mother had knitted him a pair of lengthy socks, in startling red, white and blue colors.

"I can tell you," said Levesque, "everybody in that school at Rimouski laughed at poor Ernest. But he laughed right back at us. Ah, we had laughed too soon. He was clumsy, you understand, no use for football, so we put him in the goal. We thought his big body would stop the ball. And after a while we began to see that he had a brain as big as the body."

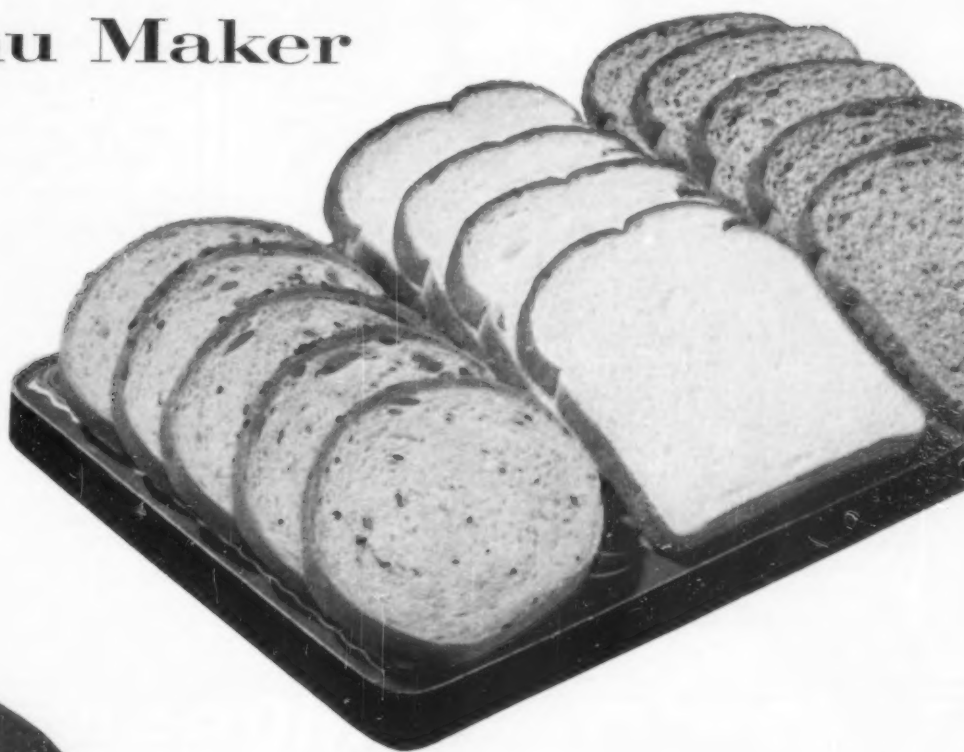
"By and by there came a federal election and, just as a joke, you know, we told Ernest he should run. He only laughed, of course, but we built a stand



# Let your Baker be your Menu Maker

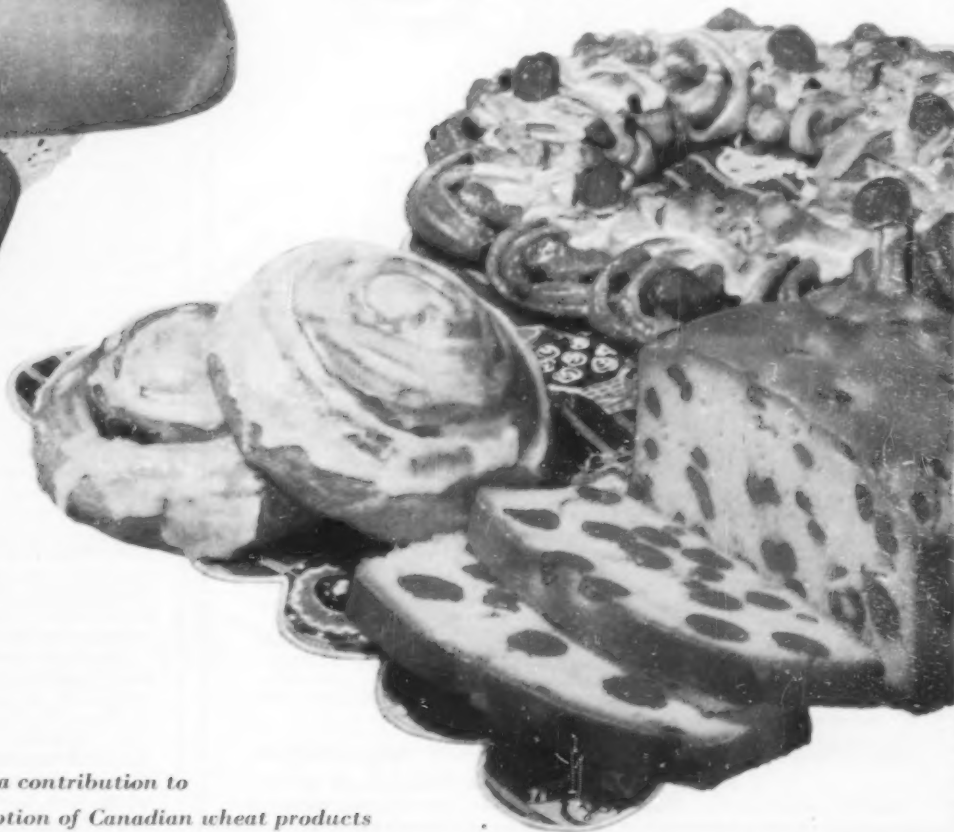


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## "Here, behind a dike of barren land, they are now feeling the surge of Canadian life"

on the street and we pushed him up there and he started making a little speech. Nobody paid any attention at first. The people were listening on the other side of the street to an old politician who was sure to be elected. But right then we saw that our little joke was more than we'd bargained for.

"Well, sir, that fat clumsy fellow in his tight clothes, his red, white and blue socks, was inspired! We didn't know it but we were listening to Laurier's successor. In a few minutes everybody leaves the other side of the street to hear the boy wonder. The old politician is deserted and talking to himself. He gives up in disgust and Ernest is elected. So it all began. That was the story of the great Lapointe."

It was also the story of Peace River—a land where the French Canadians, first voyageurs to travel here by birch-bark canoe, have reappeared in another generation as farmers, and a merchant on a dusty street turns out to be the boyhood friend of Quebec's famous statesman.

I left Levesque to witness the newest chapter in the Peace River's long adventure. On the sloping bank a gang of carpenters, superintended by two expert brothers from Prince Edward Island, were about to launch a ferry. It wasn't much of a ferry, only a couple of wooden pontoons, a deck to hold automobiles. It was powered with an experimental jet engine.

To anyone who knew the record of this river its latest craft carried a notable cargo. Drawn by joint memories and a river instinct still older, a crowd of townspeople had assembled on the beach.

Fred Gullion, son of a celebrated steamboat captain called "the strongest man in the north," tinkered about the newfangled jet engine. It must have meant a good deal to him, for he had lived beside the river all his life and traveled it on a raft, at the age of two. Charlie Maclean was there also, an old river hand and fur trader, who had plied the Peace in barges without engines.

An Indian woman in a scarlet dress, accompanied by nine children and a tenth not yet born, had come to see the white man's latest invention. The throng included the undertaker, still wearing his professional black coat and grey trousers; the lady cook of the ferry-builders' camp, her bare legs cruelly lacerated by mosquitoes; a retired schoolteacher from Calgary, weak with excitement; Bowes and his news camera; a grave government engineer; and many clamorous small boys.

You might have thought, from the general mood of suspense, that the Queen Mary was to be committed to sea by some royal sponsor. These people knew what they were about. They knew, as no stranger could know, the origins of the ferry.

It was from this point that Canadians faced the last continental mystery in the closing years of the eighteenth century. They had come thus far on their westward trek of nearly two hundred years and halted before the barrier of the Rockies. What lay beyond those glistening peaks to the west?

Mackenzie paddled up the Peace from Lake Athabaska in the autumn of 1792, saw the very beach where the ferry now lay waiting, camped a few miles upstream and, in the spring, lunged to the Pacific. Fraser followed these same waters to find his own river of the west, and after him came Simpson, a kilted piper playing bagpipes in

the bow of his canoe, and then the gold seekers and finally the farmers.

A man needed little imagination to see that procession of gallant ghosts paddling past the little town and dropping their paddles to stare at the ill-shaped ferry, successor of canoe, barge and steamboat. The paddle to the jet engine—that was the meaning of today's humble ceremony.

All was ready at last. A caterpillar tractor crawled across the beach and gently nosed the ferry's side. She started down the greased skids and stuck. The cheerful undertaker stopped smiling. The Indian woman and her children stood openmouthed. Bowes snapped pictures furiously. An opaque cloud of mosquitoes whirled around our heads in angry buzz.

Another push sent the ferry splashing sideways into the current. Everyone breathed again.

The river that had carried and broken so many vessels in its time seemed to welcome its new guest. Soon the ferry would float downstream to Fort Vermilion and there serve an isolated settlement. The job was done. And having performed an ancient rite, the people of the town—a river people by instinct and nearly two hundred years of hereditary experience—left the beach and went about their business.

## Dawn in the land of tomorrow

I followed Charlie Maclean to his secondhand store. This pale drawing man in Panama hat and torn sweater presided over a chaos of old furniture. No, he didn't have any story worth telling me—only his first voyage by raft through the maelstrom of the Fraser's grand canyon, the days of drifting down the Peace in a leaky barge, all hands at the pumps, the wreck of a rowboat, the loss of everything he owned in money and furs.

"Well," he concluded, "it's a good country, I guess, but up to now more anticipation than realization, if you know what I mean."

I thought I knew. Peace River has always been the "land of tomorrow" but today is dawning now. Separated from the rest of Alberta by a dike of muskeg and barren land, a hundred thousand people are feeling, after long delay, the full surge of Canadian life.

One could see the change in a score of little towns, all sprouting new houses, stores, offices and hotels; in the stuffed grain elevators; the busy trains of freight cars coiling like snakes down the canyon wall of the Peace and up again on the other side; the oil-drilling crews far from the main roads; and, at the moment, in the quiet turmoil of an election campaign.

Bowes took my political education in hand by driving me one evening to Grimshaw. A Liberal candidate (I forget his name) was to hold a meeting there.

Seventeen citizens of Grimshaw, the men in overalls, the women in mail-order dresses, sat mute and morose at the back of a dingy hall, as if expecting a casket and a burial service. The tattered scenery of some amateur theatrical production hung disconsolately

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about the stage. A kitchen table held a jam jar of water for the lubrication of the candidate.

No one spoke or moved in that hot little hall. The silence was broken only by the deep drone of mosquitoes, the whir of nighthawks and the croak of frogs. Seventeen voters of the Peace River Country were taking their politics pretty seriously, I thought.

The Liberal candidate drove up at half-past nine, an hour and a half late. This earnest but friendly man explained that he had been delayed by questioners at a meeting in some northern village. I had met him earlier in the day and, as he looked wildly about the room, he recognized me.

There was my undoing. The candidate announced, in a flash of inspiration and a politician's voice of smooth flattery, that a distinguished visitor was present and, of course, must take the chair. I cowered into a corner while that apprentice statesman delivered a splendid valedictory, almost a funeral oration on my career which, he said, was known to everyone in the hall. He concluded by asking my name in a loud whisper.

Well, it seems that I spoke, as requested, for an hour, though I heard nothing but a strange voice, a reverberating echo. Anyway, the jam jar was empty when I sat down.

The candidate spoke for another hour very sensibly about many matters unintelligible to me, about roads, schools, agricultural problems and the solid intimate affairs of the silent seventeen. They regarded him with the eyes of frozen codfish.

The speaker ultimately ran down and a beefy man stood up to move a vote of thanks. It was a generous gesture in favor of the Liberal Party. Unfortunately, however, this man had forgotten the Liberal candidate's name and thanked the candidate of the Social Credit Party, who was at that moment addressing another meeting in another town.

We filed out into the bright twilight at about eleven o'clock. I was feeling somewhat dry and limp but I had been initiated into the politics of Peace River, the frontier democracy practiced by our grandfathers.

Next morning Bowes took us up the hill behind Peace River town on a sentimental pilgrimage to the grave of Twelve-Foot Davis, the north's legendary folk figure and patron saint.

Davis started life as a Boston pastry cook. He was a tiny man of sad face, drooping whiskers and superhuman strength. Somehow he reached the Cariboo gold fields and staked a claim twelve feet wide between the misplaced lines of two adjoining claims. Those twelve feet yielded him much gold.

He moved across the Rockies, carrying his customary pack of two hundred pounds, founded a string of fur posts and became the good Samaritan of every passing traveler.

Though illiterate, and blind in his last years, Davis seems to have accumulated a sizeable fortune, an honorable name and some remarkable friends, including such notorious characters as Banjo Mike and Nigger Dan (the latter memorable for his vow never to be "trodden on by any man except Her Majesty, Queen Victoria").

When Davis lay dying at the Anglican mission of Lesser Slave Lake, in 1900, a devout nursing sister asked him if he was afraid to die. His reply, uttered in his familiar squeaky voice, was a classic epitaph on his kind: "No, miss, why should I be afraid to die? I never killed nobody. I never stole from nobody and I always kept open house for all travelers all my life. No, miss, I ain't afraid to die!"

In death the legend of Twelve-Foot

Davis slowly encompassed the north. The tiny man became a titan. Another titan of this country, "Peace River Jim" Cornwall, reverently moved Davis' body from its grave beside Lesser Slave Lake and interred it on the hillside, athwart the yawning confluence of the Peace and the Smoky. And on a slab of concrete, surmounted by the stone image of a tree trunk, Cornwall inscribed a tribute fit for any hero: "He was every man's friend and never locked his cabin door."

We said farewell to Davis and started north on the endless, arrow-straight

gravel of the Mackenzie Highway. I had brought with me James G. MacGregor's definitive work, *The Land of Twelve-Foot Davis*, had rather doubted its hyperbole and could not believe that this country was as big and daunting as the author seemed to think. By noon I admitted that Mr. MacGregor had not exaggerated.

The road ran with hardly a curve across an almost-level prairie, covered by an unbroken sweep of poplar. A few farms had been carved out here and there, mere scratches on an empire of good agricultural land. It is not a

beautiful land (if Mr. MacGregor will forgive me), but bleak and monotonous for two hundred miles. Nothing stirred beside the road, no man or animal. On this weariest drive we had made anywhere in Canada, only the continual passage of freight trucks, each blinding us with dust, indicated man's presence farther north.

A boy in his early teens, dusty and ill-clad, thumbed a ride and in shy reluctant sentences recited a little Canadian epic.

His father, he said, had worked for many years in the Alberta coal mines

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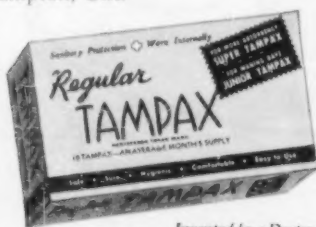


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"Mindju," said Ma Kidd, "when I came in 1917 the Indians didn't know yes from no—it was so lonely you could hear yourself think"

to make a stake. He had managed, by 1944, to acquire six horses. That was about all—six horses. Then he took up a homestead somewhere in this wilderness, built a cabin of poplar logs and began to clear his land. The wife and two small boys helped him burn the brush. After a summer's work thirteen acres were cleared and yielded a crop of one hundred and twenty bushels of oats to the acre in the following autumn.

Now, our passenger said, the family was highly prosperous. It had a fine house of spruce logs, a tractor and even two bicycles. The brothers rode them seven miles to school.

All this had happened not in the early days of the west but during the last ten years. The Peace River Country is still in its early days, and except for a few mechanical tools, its pioneers are reliving the west's life of half a century ago.

I asked the boy what had happened to the six horses, his father's first capital. "Oh, dad keeps them," he said. "He doesn't use them of course, they're too old and he has a tractor. They graze all summer and we feed them in winter. They're sure fat. We ought to shoot them but dad says he can't shoot his friends."

That man deserved prosperity.

Late in the afternoon we turned east off the Mackenzie Highway on a curving side road that took us to the oily current of the Peace. A dilapidated truck awaited the ferry at its flimsy wharf and a grizzled man of middle age, dust-caked and unshaven, dozed over the wheel. He told me he farmed around Buffalo Head Prairie, adding proudly that this was the most northerly farm area in America.

A Mennonite (though not a strict one, I gathered), he had come here from Saskatchewan, ruined by drought, and would never return. Why, he said, a man could grow sixty bushels of wheat to the acre in this country. Sure, you had to truck it nearly three hundred miles down to Grimshaw—he had just returned from there—but he was doing fine. While the season of growth was short, not much more than a hundred days, wheat grew twenty hours daily in the long summer light.

All the north needed was a railway. (His face lighted up with anticipation as he expressed the oldest dream of the pioneer.) One of these days, pretty soon now, a railway would be built to the mineral zone of Great Slave Lake, and it would carry wheat southward. Then watch things hum around here!

Though not much more than forty, the farmer had twelve children. He wanted them educated since he had learned by his own bitter experience the handicap of ignorance. Yet some of the Mennonite people, for religious reasons, had refused to send their children to the public school in his district. That was a great mistake, he thought. After the recalcitrants had been fined one hundred dollars each, they had abandoned their boycott and none too soon.

Some thirty-five hundred people farmed about here, he said, and probably twenty new families were coming in every year. He pointed to the plumes of smoke on the horizon—clearing fires and the latest signals of progress on the Canadian march.

"I guess," the farmer added, "this is about the end of the trail. You can't farm much north of here."

A decayed raft called a ferry (it would be replaced a few days hence by

the new ferry launched at Peace River) came chugging painfully across the current. I managed to get my car aboard and off again on the far bank. It was evening but the sun still hung high when we emerged from the poplar forest into the single street of Fort Vermilion.

One row of ageless, weather-beaten buildings that seemed to grow like parched vegetation from the soil fronted on a wooden sidewalk, a dusty track and the flat bank of the river. No human form appeared. The only living things visible in Fort Vermilion were some saddle horses hitched to a log rail. The village looked deserted, a thin façade of scenery propped up here by mistake and abandoned.

At last a wagon lumbered along the street with a clank of metal gasoline drums and rattled down the bank into the river. The horses stood up to their bellies in the muddy water, drinking eagerly. Their tired driver picked up a bucket and began to fill the drums. Such is Fort Vermilion's waterworks—fifty cents for forty gallons delivered to the back door.

"Loneliness near smothered me"

Men had lived here for almost two hundred years since the days of the earliest Athabaska fur traders. Their life, entirely dependent on river travel, had not changed much until the road was pushed through from Grimshaw in 1947. Now, a long day's journey from the nearest town, two or three days from the nearest city, hundreds of miles north of any other farm area on the continent, the fertile earth of Peace River produces some of the world's finest wheat. But Fort Vermilion remains a trading post. The old fur traders would have seen nothing to surprise them in this desolate street except our car and two others.

Ma Kidd, a venerable lady as spry and chirpy as a robin, fluttered out of her store to refill our gas tank and announced in a shrill voice that the country around here was the best under heaven.

"Mindju," she said, "when I came in 1917 the loneliness near smothered me. There were only two other white women

then. The Indians didn't know yes from no—so lonely you could hear yourself think. But then I was always kind of timid."

So spoke the dauntless old lady who had lived in Fort Vermilion when it could be reached only by a stern-wheeler or a barge and often could not be reached at all.

"This land," she protested, "grows anything! You simply can't beat it."

She indicated her little garden of vegetables within a neat fence. They appeared to be at least two months old but had been planted less than a fortnight.

"It's the long days," she explained. "Only trouble is mosquitoes. We used to keep a smudge pot on the tongue of the wagon for the horses—they'd go plumb crazy without it—and another by us on the seat. Well, we've got the mosquitoes licked now, thank the Lord."

As she spoke she unconsciously fanned the buzzing insects about her face and I counted half a dozen of them on each of my hands.

There is no hotel in Fort Vermilion but a silent, though hospitable, Scotsman keeps a comfortable stopping house and his wife sets a good table. After dinner we walked up the street in search of two people whose reputation had brought us all this way. We were not disappointed. In this outlandish outpost we had stumbled on the most notable Canadians discovered throughout our long Canadian journey.

Dr. Julius Kratz, a handsome, soft-spoken man fond of reading Greek drama in its original text, is a philosopher of deep religious convictions. His wife and medical partner, Dr. Hanna, is a blond amazon of bursting energies and, like her husband, is steeped in the culture of Europe. Both are devout Catholics.

How, we wondered, had such a pair wandered into this forgotten spot? There is a tale of tragedy and triumph, one of those little unrecorded adventures that could happen only in this disordered and rootless world.

When two young medical students met in a German university and decided to marry, Dr. Julius already had



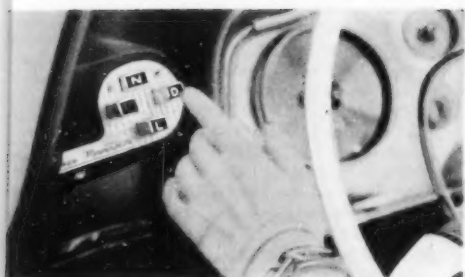
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found an honorable place on Hitler's list of victims. He was Jewish. Dr. Hanna had publicly refused to give the Nazi salute before her class and was warned that she would be arrested that same night.

So the lovers hurriedly married, fled to Switzerland, then to England, then to Israel and finally to Canada. Everywhere they had sought nothing more than the chance to practice their profession, but they found it only in Canada — of all places, in Fort Vermilion.

The little Catholic hospital here had lacked a doctor for two years. Few doctors were prepared to endure the isolation, the hardship and the poverty of this primitive hamlet. If the Indians or settlers fell ill, they were flown out, at heavy expense, to Edmonton. Because two courageous Germans, uprooted in the Nazi storm, were willing to face the unknown, Fort Vermilion received the medical learning of Europe.

Why had they come here instead of practicing comfortably in some Canadian city? Well, they liked their work and — they said this without any pretension and certainly without expecting it to be reported — they felt they owed a debt to Canada. It had given them their first chance of freedom. Besides, like other pioneers, they had felt the fascination of the north.

We walked down the street to the hospital, a thoroughly modern and well-equipped establishment. I was not much interested, to tell the truth, in the doctors' operating room, their X-ray and other excellent equipment for I had confronted of a sudden the most moving sight I had yet seen in Canada.

Three brown little Indian boys looked up at us from their beds, with the frightened eyes of woods animals. Medical treatment had saved them from death by tuberculosis. In a few days they would return to their parents.

Dr. Hanna entered the room. Those little eyes were no longer frightened. The boys stretched out eager hands to their friend. As she picked them up, one by one, and introduced them to us, they giggled but said no word.

There was a picture never to be forgotten — a defiant refugee from Hitler's police, a great woman in her own right and a skilled doctor by education, holding in her arms an Indian child from the wilderness of northern Canada, a child rescued by her skill and her husband's. Or perhaps more by love than by skill, a love that knew neither geography nor race.

No photographer recorded that picture, nor did these doctors wish it to be recorded. Enough that in this obscure outpost, and often driving through heat or blizzard to some distant cabin, in an area of forty-two thousand square miles, they could cure the sick, repay their debt to Canada and enjoy their freedom. But it seemed to me that the debt was all on Canada's side.

The boys would go home next week and grow up with some dim memory of a tall golden woman and a gentle smiling man to whom they owed their lives. Even that memory would fade in time. Well, we would not forget.

The hospital said much about its doctors and not a little about Canada. Everybody there, nurses, housemaids, cooks and patients — Indian and white — seemed to be happy, almost as if sickness were a great lark and its treatment a summer holiday. Sister Marcella, a gallant little lady, had managed the hospital for two years without a doctor and she chuckled at the recollection as she led us through her domain and fed us homemade ice cream in the shiny kitchen. Canada, we ventured to think, must be a pretty good country to produce an institution of this sort, far beyond the pale of civilization, and the Christians to serve it.



We talked late with the Doctors Kratz in their parlor, amid the books and the few family ornaments brought with them in their flight. Good talk it was, too, spiced by Dr. Hanna's strong European coffee and rich German cakes—talk of books, music and history, the talk of civilized people on the edge of a narrow road and a lonely river.

Dr. Julius recalled that on entering Canada he had been asked to write down on an official immigration form how long he and his wife intended to remain. He had seized a pen and joyously written one word—"Forever." A lucky day for Canada.

It was still light enough at eleven o'clock to read a newspaper on the street. The brown Peace had turned pink under the dying colors of the sunset. The air was heavily scented, almost oppressive, with the perfume of wild roses. Now and then a horse clumped through the dust, ridden by some shadowy figure in a cowboy hat. From a hall half a mile up the river came the sound of music. The young folk of Fort Vermilion were starting their weekly dance at the conventional hour of midnight and would finish about five a.m.

#### Anything can happen in Canada

This day's oddities were not quite finished. The last light slowly faded and I found myself on the sidewalk, learning the historic origins of communism from a squat and deeply wrinkled man. He wore a blue military beret and a regimental badge and carried a soldier's knapsack.

An exile of the Russian Revolution, he had fought with the Canadian Army in World War I and evidently had found time to think things out for himself. He talked at length—his accent slightly foreign, his grammar perfect—about the doubtful prospects of humanity and the misery of his people in Russia, but I was not really listening. I was slapping several million mosquitoes from my face and trying to solve a private riddle.

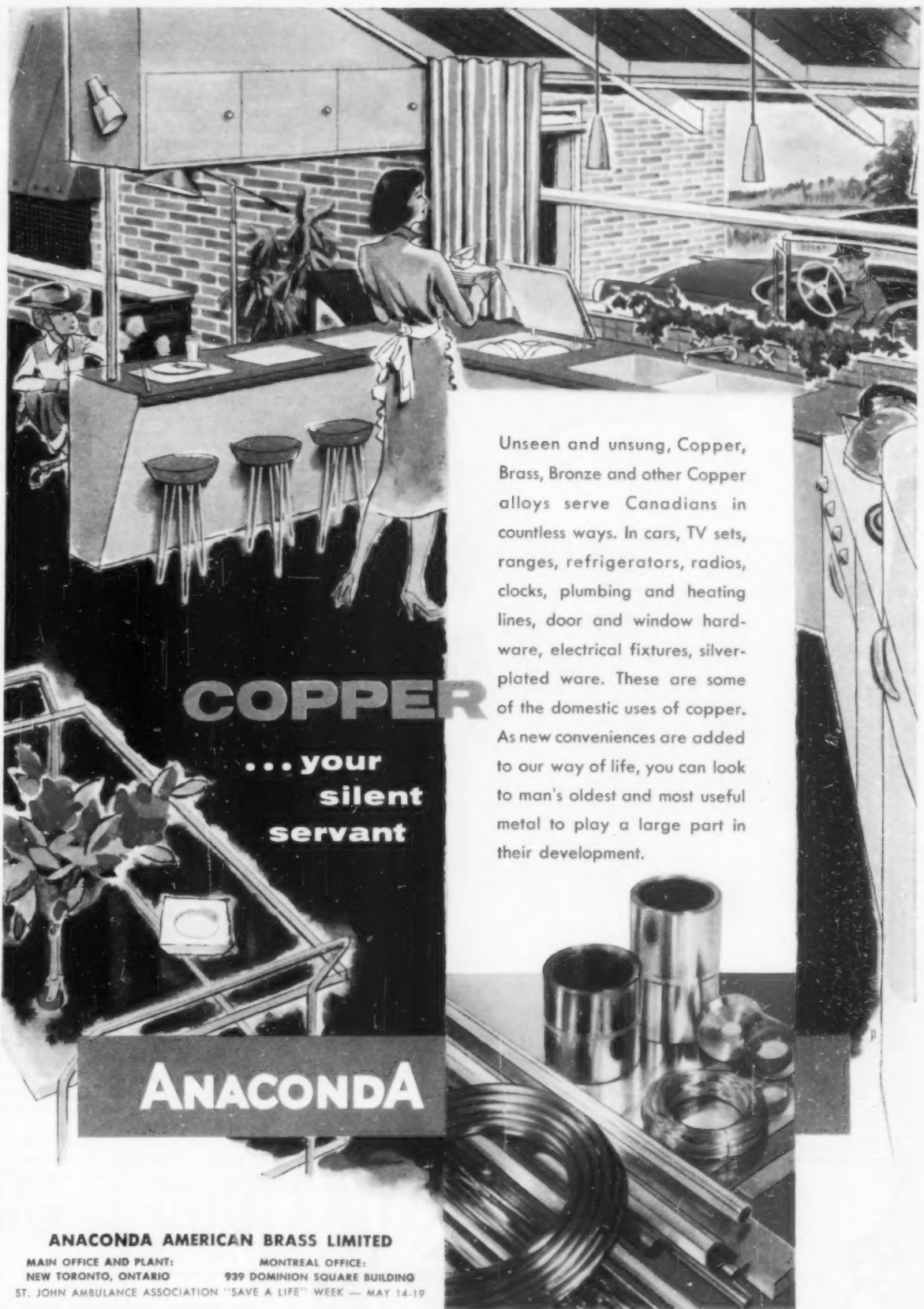
How was it possible that here, so far from anywhere, at the ultimate reach of men's plows, a broken warrior from Russia could expound medieval history to a stranger while an Indian of scarred and twisted face listened to our talk, grunting his approval from time to time, and next door two doctors from Germany, suddenly summoned, were about to deliver the child of a Mennonite woman?

These people, the river murmuring in the darkness, the last glint of light in the west, the faint sound of music, the shuffle of horses' hooves in the dust, the immensity of sky and land around us made a strange scene. Anything can happen in Canada.

The sun was well over the eastern horizon three hours later. It had turned hot at breakfast time. We drove south and by late afternoon were back in the settled farm country, the lush fields, snug houses, fat barns and little towns around their grain elevators. Then we met the deep canyon of the Peace again at Dunvegan, that doomed site of fort and settlement which was to have been the great town of the north, fit to bear the ancestral place name of the Clan McLeod.

We looked about the riverbank where the palisaded fur post once stood, where Simpson used to pause on his perpetual voyages and the real-estate promoters of Edmonton promised to build a metropolis. Nothing marked those lost hopes save a stone cairn, a few rotten log cabins and a chugging ferry boat.

Dunvegan had died, after more than a century of life, because the railway



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had bypassed it. But the ancient Scottish names of Dunvegan's traders, men fertile of offspring and unconventional in habit, are still borne by a large progeny, white and Indian, in the north—among them, it is said, the descendants of Mackenzie and some nameless "country wide."

Crossing the river and climbing out of the canyon, we passed through many tidy farm towns and at nightfall reached the little city of Grande Prairie. There, as at Fort Vermilion, we found a strange thing.

Jim Bowes, publisher of the Herald-Tribune, introduced me to Arthur Balfour, who operates the popular local radio station. Balfour, a musician, took me into his music studio to meet an unlikely person.

The diffident youth at the organ played with the sure touch of a master. Gottfried Sprecher had learned music at Bonn, had found his way to the Peace River Country and got a job unloading freight in some Grande Prairie warehouse. A heavy packing case crushed his hands and threatened to end his musical career. Before the injuries healed Sprecher turned up one day at Balfour's office, bringing another German to interpret for him. He wanted to see if he could still play a piano.

Balfour told him to use the instrument in his studio. The first few notes revealed a touch of genius. So a German musician composes his own music in Grande Prairie and the farmers for miles around hear it daily on their radios. Another immigrant has brought his gift of talent to the frontier.

Every new barn is news

Balfour apparently being a man of large ideas and wide experience, I asked him to explain the fascination of his town and region.

"The great thing here," he answered, "is that people enjoy, really enjoy, each other's progress. In Toronto you never know who's building a skyscraper. Here we know who's building every barn. And every barn means the country is going ahead. We have the gadgets of civilization and all the satisfactions of the settler."

He showed me the natural boundaries of the Peace River Country on the map and remarked that its isolation had protected it from the plant diseases of America. The great disadvantage, he admitted, was the roundabout and often terrible road to Edmonton by the long northern loop around Lesser Slave Lake. A straight modern highway, now nearly complete, would cut hours off that long journey.

We started out next day to find an old friend. Town after town along the road and the railway gave the impression of a long-settled farm district. It was hard to believe that all these towns had been built, all these farms cleared and this spreading network of highways laid within a generation.

At Dawson Creek, terminus of the Alberta railway and Grande Prairie's only civic rival, we were just across the British Columbia boundary but still in the Peace River Country, for it ignores this artificial line. The first broad stretch of the Alaska Highway brought us to the Peace once more, its canyon spanned here by a giant suspension bridge.

Sure enough, our old friend was sitting, as we had hoped, amid the glorious pandemonium of her office in the village of Fort St. John.

Ma Murray, editor of the Alaska Highway News, had arrayed herself as usual in rustling silk, apparently for some important social event but in reality as a symbol of her infatuation with the north, her flaming vision of

the universe. Though her hair had turned a little whiter since our last meeting, the wrinkles a little deeper, she defies time. A fierce torrent of sound and a vocabulary hardly known to the English language burst from her and she fell into our arms.

This meeting ended, of course, the day's business in the office of the Alaska Highway News. We paused only to examine the ancient hand press in front of the door—it is supposed to have served Mark Twain in California before it printed the first works of Jack London and Robert Service in the Yukon—and then set out for the Murray farm.

George, the old-time journalist, dreamer and member of parliament, was out of town but an impromptu gathering of neighbors assembled from nowhere. We were quickly enjoying a feast prepared by Georgina, Ma's journalist daughter and a Canadian playwright of distinction.

A tape recording of Ma's conversation over the dinner table would make a bizarre Canadian classic of shrewd horse sense, sheer fantasy and genial mania.

She writes as she talks, in a slashing, shouting, wild-west style which, I had thought, must have died with Twain or, at latest, with Bob Edwards. I skimmed surreptitiously through the latest issue of her paper and found, among other exhibits, this chaste pronouncement:

We are skinned here in this town with some of the smuggest, smallest, shortsightedest businessmen whose butternegg philosophy binds their vision and ideas up tight as boiled cheese . . . Many of them are wallowing in their own eyewash and are afraid to face their own shadow. We deserve the dirty end of the stick, too, if we don't grab t'other and go after somebody.

Unhappily, before I could get well into this Philippic, Ma returned from the kitchen, fixed me with her hypnotic eye, and invoked the certain destiny of Fort St. John as the centre of the largest natural gas field "this side of Armageddon."

"Why say," she shouted, "when they're bringing in one of those gas wells the whole earth trembles like raspberry jelly. Now, I'm telling you, it'll shake your hang-over and make your hide itch from midnight to breakfast time. The east hasn't heard about it but then, the east doesn't know anything more about the north than a pig knows Sunday. We'll raise hell, I tell you, and put a prop under it."

So this strident, great-hearted woman rattled on all evening in her private idiom of violence and her mighty dream of the north. Whatever else the north may need, it will never lack a voice so long as Ma is around, within reach of a printing press.

Elated by her mad eloquence, we started south again. Lightning hung in dazzling chandeliers over the Rockies. The canyon of the Peace withdrew under a dark blanket. But the storm was over by morning and we struck through the mountains, home at last in our own province. After months of travel our only disaster lay just ahead. ★

NEXT ISSUE

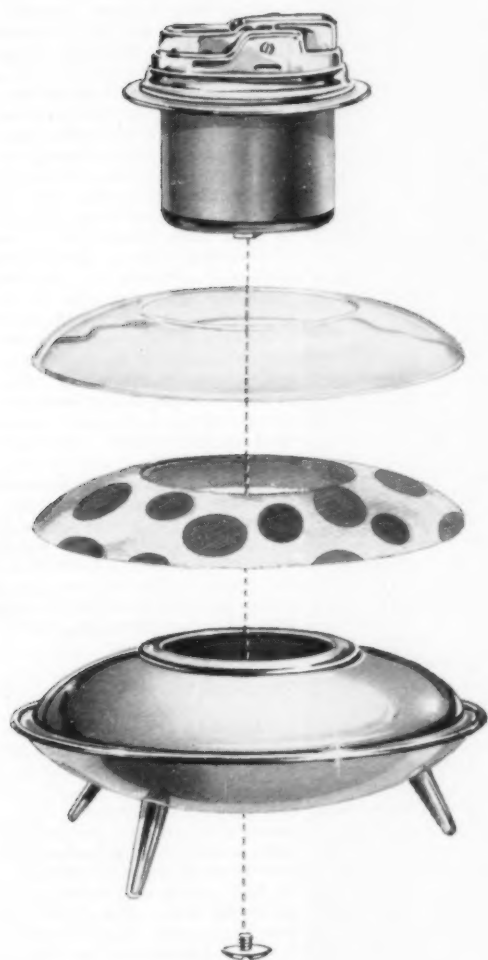
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## It's time father got back in the family

continued from page 29

upbringing causes this misdirection of sexual energies. When we study the early lives of male inverts, we find time and time again that all have a deficiency in fathering. Sometimes the father is dead; sometimes the father is absent for long periods; sometimes the father is home, disliked by his children who cling to the mother; sometimes the father is indifferent; sometimes the father does not realize how much his son needs his guidance and love, and leaves his upbringing to the mother. Whatever the reason, the common theme runs through the boyhood experiences of practically all homosexual men—too much mothering, not enough fathering.

Taking a hint from our knowledge of homosexuality, we may look further into the father relationship of other "problem" males. In juvenile delinquency, for example, one often jumps to the conclusion that every delinquent boy must have been deprived of mothering. Actually only a small proportion of delinquent boys have lacked mother's care. What the majority have lacked has been a happy relationship with their fathers. Similarly, in child-guidance clinics dealing with maladjusted children, one finds many boys have not lacked a close relationship with the mother. Indeed, they've often had too much. What they have really lacked has been a good father. So far as boys are concerned, we should look with suspicion on mothering.

In the course of my work as a psychologist, I saw the results of such mothering in a typical case of a boy named Alec in Glasgow. He was a bright, cocky hoodlum of fifteen. He was dressed fastidiously in a low-hanging jacket with wide-padded shoulders, narrow trousers, a jazzy shirt and a large necktie decorated by a scantily clad female. He faced a charge of razor-slashing and his cap with the blade in the peak was held as police evidence.

For all his show and insolence, Alec was scared. It was possible to gain his confidence, and with the probation officer's enquiries we pieced together this story:

Alec was born in a tenement in a respectable part of the city. His father worked steadily in the shipyards, and the home was comfortable. Alec's father was in the naval reserve, and as soon as war broke out he was mobilized. Alec was then two. His mother was pregnant and since her husband's allotment was adequate she did not try war work, but looked after her family. The second child was a girl. Alec's mother described him as an ideal child, a solace to her with her husband away, and mother and son grew very close.

Alec was eight when his father returned an almost complete stranger. The boy resented his intrusion. Father and son never became close friends—not that the man did not try. At nine, Alec became less of a model child. He clung to his mother, especially when sick or hurt, but he was also disobedient and at times rude to her. At eleven he was in court, charged with breaking and entering a warehouse with other boys. He was put on probation. At thirteen he was a member of a gang that terrorized children and irritated shopkeepers. At fourteen he was beyond the control of his parents, though toward his mother he was no longer disagreeable, but protective and sentimental. He brought her gifts,

which she enjoyed until she began to suspect they were stolen. Any attempt at discipline by his father led to an outburst. At fifteen he was a hoodlum. Shortly before the episode that brought him to the police, a girl his own age was pregnant by him.

What were the psychological springs moving this Rake's Progress? The home was good and the parents decent. He had not been deprived of a mother's love.

The same clue that enables us to understand the homosexual helps us understand Alec, for though one would not at first sight connect the two problems, both are the results of similar circumstances. A young boy can become a socially mature man only by patterning himself on a man. To achieve this difficult development, he must live closely over his formative years with a model who has his love and respect, and the natural person for this model is his father. This process is complex and it is not to be achieved in twelve easy lessons, nor by a few words of paternal wisdom at adolescence. The process of boy-becoming-man needs to start in the nursery, developing over the years, fostered and guided by the father who passes on his own maturity to his son by constant example.

No woman can ever undertake this for a boy, simply because she's a woman who lives and thinks and acts the woman's role in life. Her unconscious example must be feminine and she cannot replace the father as a pattern for her son.

### Men were figures of fear

Alec had no male pattern. His father was away. Before beginning school he spent most of every day with his mother and sister, and with his mother's women friends. The men he saw seldom entered his private world and none entered his boyhood imagination to mold his development. True, he had uncles and these he liked as givers of gifts. His father, too, appeared on leave, but his presence was resented because he took his mother's attention. Alec's environment was feminine and from it he acquired the feminine outlook on life. Although physically a male, he was getting feminine upbringing.

When he entered school, he was again under the tutelage of women. There were some men teaching the top classes, and a headmaster. Alec soon learned that bad boys went to see him with painful consequences. Although it was years before Alec ever met him face to face, he became in Alec's mind a figure of fear. Soon he tended to regard all men fearfully. He was happier in the familiar world of women.

When Alec's father returned from the navy, Alec was eight. The most important formative years were almost over, for by that age a child's personality has acquired the bold outline of its mature form. Alec's father was too late to play an important part in shaping his son's personality.

When Alec was nine, we noted a change. Up to then he had been an ideal child. Living in the feminine world of his mother, he had become girlish. While he did play with boys he lacked the guidance of a male to direct his development. Alec recalled the time he was first made aware of his deficiency. In an argument with a boy, he was called "sissy" and others took up the taunt.



Alec was too much out of touch with his father to use his help. He was aware that in some way he only dimly understood he was different. In the loneliness of childhood he had no idea that many others suffered the same. Vaguely he understood he must cast adrift from women, and a rebellion began. Honesty, chivalry, clean-mindedness, gentleness were all concepts he'd heard from women. Because he associated them with femininity, he wanted nothing to do with them.

He joined neighborhood lads who, like himself, lacked a light to guide them to manhood. They were all seeking masculinity, but in their immaturity they knew not what way to take. For lack of any better guide, they adopted the negative principle of not being what their mothers taught them. Honesty they had heard of from women, therefore honesty is sissy. Women dislike swearing, therefore obscenity is masculine. They threw aside the highest aspirations of humanity, because they identified them with femininity. Had they heard them from a loved father, they would have accepted them. Lacking such a guide, they were setting up their own crude pattern of masculinity. Their ideal of manhood was the smart thief, obscene, the tough guy.

The key to understanding Alec is that he was uncertain of his masculinity and he was trying to prove himself a man by the only standards he knew, those of his crude and immature gang. That's why he made the girl pregnant, as a deliberate attempt to prove his manhood, both to himself and to the gang.

The razor slash had similar motivation. This was the gang's seal of masculinity, in defiance of society and its matriarchal laws.

Alec's case chanced to be in Glasgow, but it could easily have been in Halifax or Vancouver. Perhaps the one local feature of the case was the razor, which happened to be the badge of Alec's type in Glasgow. While details may differ, the basic pattern is to be found among teen-age delinquents anywhere.

Not long ago in an eastern Canadian city a lad named Wendall appeared in court following an escapade in which he and two others broke into several summer camps, where they had senselessly destroyed property, though nothing was stolen. It was a surprise to everybody who knew the boy's family. Family friends said he had a good home—that he must have been led astray by the others.

Wendall's home was good from the material point of view. The father made a good income; the house had every comfort. Wendall's mother was warm and affectionate, well-educated and sensible. From the beginning the child had received plenty of mothering and yet he'd turned out badly. The escapade, his first offense in court, was not really isolated. At home he was often moody and troublesome. In school he was only a fair pupil in spite of good intelligence, and he was often disobedient and rude. His principal's comment was significant. "You know," he said, "I notice it's only with the women teachers he has trouble."

A study of Wendall's difficulties made it obvious that what he was lacking was a father's influence. His father traveled a good deal and when he was home he would either entertain guests or take his wife to a show or a party. He fulfilled his obligations as bread-



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winner, but his son was a stranger to him.

Wendall's side of the picture was clear. I asked him, "Suppose you could have the sort of family you wished, what would it be like?" His reply came straight from the heart. "I'd have my father love me."

In view of cases like Wendall's, it is necessary to explain why many child psychologists emphasize the mother and neglect the father. The first reason is that our civilization, for economic reasons, has put an emphasis on mothering and psychologists have naturally taken the mother-child relationship as a starting point. Secondly, the major interest in recent years has been in studying infancy, where the mother is necessarily more important. What we are now learning is that what applies to infancy does not necessarily apply to later childhood, and the mother-centred system of child rearing is not best.

We now understand better the dynamics of family life: during the first months the infant requires the tender attention of one person. There seems to be magic in the loving handling of a baby, and without this his psychological development may be harmed. Usually it is the mother who gives this care, especially when the baby is breast-fed. The father plays only a supporting role. During the second year, the baby is making friends with the father. In the third and fourth years, the differences between boys and girls become marked, and the boy should begin to move over to the father. By about the sixth or seventh year, the boy's *strongest* ties should no longer be with the mother, but with the father. It is from this identification with his father that the boy's development proceeds smoothly to manhood. The father's contribution is not limited to merely psychosexual development, but to the total personality of his son.

#### Should we eliminate men?

The popular idea that the teens is the time for the father to move in places it a decade too late. A boy who has been well "fathered" during the early years can face the problems of adolescence squarely, alone if need be, but if he has not had fathering before, it cannot help him then.

The girl, on the other hand, retains her strongest ties with the mother, though she also needs a happy relationship with her father. Once infancy is past, the ideal condition for the child's development appears to be when the strongest ties of affection are with the parent of the same sex, though the cross-sex ties are important.

This is the ideal, a blueprint for child rearing in Utopia. But what can we do in Canada?

Our solution might be to create a new society in which, psychologically speaking, there is only one sex, the feminine. Some educational philosophies are already tending in this direction, by overlooking the different needs of boys and girls and treating them alike. This solution would have the advantage of removing a serious injustice in our legal code, which imposes heavy penalties on homosexuality, while at the same time our society fails to ensure the growing boy the father relationship.

Fortunately so drastic a solution is not necessary. It is hardly likely to work, anyway. While we cannot reorganize our economic system to prevent all disruption of the father-son team, shorter working hours are lessening this evil. It has been predicted that by 1965 we shall be working a four-day week, and from the point of view of our sons this can be most desirable, pro-

vided fathers use their leisure with their boys. We need to remind fathers of their duties toward their sons. We need to tackle the selfish mother, who wants to keep the boy rather than allow him a relationship with his father. In this connection, it would be a great help if writers and poets would ease up on the sentimental claptrap they have weaved around the mother-son relationship. It would be far better to praise the father-son relationship.

Since some discontinuity in the father-son team is inevitable, our schools should help. It is a misfortune that many educational theorists have ignored the essential differences between boys and girls and produced a system that lumps them together in a manner that satisfies the needs of neither.

I don't know that any educationist has stated in so many words that we must treat boys and girls the same, but this trend is implicit. It has apparently arisen from an insistence on "democratic" education — without thinking about democracy. The idea seems to have been that democracy means all people are equal, and if they are all equal, then we cannot have distinctions. In particular the sexes are equal and we must not breathe any word about their being different. Of course, democracy does not mean anything of the sort. It gives certain political and ethical rights to all, whether tall or short, redheaded or bald, male or female. But it does not deny differences in other directions.

The confused idea about the true meaning of democracy in education has been exaggerated by the difficulties women have had in the past establishing their right to political and legal status equal to men. It is largely women themselves who have insisted on girls learning the same things in the same classroom as boys. In England there is already a growing realization among women that this is *not* in the best interests of the girls, and that their needs would be better served by a curriculum specifically feminine. I have not heard of such a movement in Canada, but it might be worth consideration.

A democratic system of education should seek not merely to educate *children*, but two kinds of children, male and female. The most important agents in this education process are the parents, the father for the boys, the mother for the girls. Because the school takes on some of the functions of the parents, it too must work to the same ends.

In this, however, our education system fails. Especially it fails in not providing men teachers who can supplement the father's contribution to the boy's development. While many teachers are alive to this need, our school system as a whole is designed without regard to the differing needs of boys and girls. It is in the early grades, not the high school, that men are most needed.

It may seem a paradox, but the most satisfactory way to achieve a happy relationship between the sexes is to bring up boys as boys and girls as girls to take up their adult roles as men and women, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers. This is not a plea for segregation in school but a reminder that our theories of co-education need examination.

Our neglect of the father is not the sole cause of the great evils of juvenile delinquency, sexual maladjustment and mental ill-health. These are complex problems. Nevertheless, we are paying a tremendous price, in social disease, for our lopsided system of child care that has squeezed the father out of his family. We shall not cure these ills until we get him back. ★

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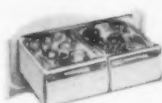
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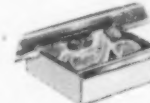
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"Golf wives share their husbands' problems and disappointments and learn to speak the language of the game."



"I do the washing in a motel kitchen. In the hot southern states Al often changes three times a day during a match."

## Here's how Moreen Balding lives with her golfer husband on the fifteen-thousand-mile winter pro circuit



"Al must carry a dozen pairs of slacks and ten or twelve sport shirts. These represent a pro golfer's business suits. I wear skirts, sweaters and blouses."



"Sunday night after a tournament we head for the next motel. On a five-month tour car expenses alone add up to at least twelve hundred dollars."

### What it's like being a golf wife continued from page 33

chunky figure of Oliver appeared. He'd hooked his drive into the rough, and his pitch from there was short of the green. He needed three more shots to get down, and now, at last, Al had really won the tournament.

Jack Kay's wife Eileen and I hugged each other. We ran to the car and we both hugged Al. He had a great big grin but he was taking it calmly. I reached up to kiss him.

"Easy, miss, easy," he teased. "It isn't every day that you can go around kissing the Mayfair Open champion."

This was the greatest moment of my life as a professional golfer's wife. Lots of golfers' wives are golf widows, but not me. I go everywhere with Al. I haven't missed walking one of his rounds in the two years I've been going south with him. Life rarely gets dull on this golfing caravan because every tournament is a fantastic gamble. You can win as much as twenty-four hundred dollars in four days or, if the putts refuse to drop, you can go for weeks without earning a penny. Yet the staggering expense goes right on. We live on a shoestring but it still costs us two hundred dollars a week to get by, even budgeting as carefully as the most frugal housewife on most things. But we have occupational hazards: our

meat bills, for instance, would almost keep a butcher in business. Al will eat as many as eight sirloin steaks during a four-day tournament. His stomach nerves nag him constantly and steak is one food that is easily digested and contains enough protein to keep him erect when a putt stops an inch short of the cup.

He's what is known in the game as a "bleeder," meaning that he never gives an outward sign of the tension. Some golfers break clubs, throw balls or snarl at the spectators when they miff a shot, but Al just goes along looking serene—and dying inside. Golfers are a lot like hockey goalkeepers: they pay for every mistake. In other sports a man can miff a serve, miss a throw or drop a pass in the end zone, and still have another chance to escape the eight ball. In golf and goalkeeping even the slightest miscalculation counts against you, and the strain is tremendous. So are the financial risks.

Just last January Al was playing the seventeenth hole in the Los Angeles Open. He'd hit a good tee shot, and was about a hundred and twenty yards short of the green. It looked like a nine-iron shot and that's the way he intended to play it.

"Doubt if you'll make it to the green

with a nine, sir," his caddy said.

Al trusts his own judgment of distance, but California is a tricky place to play golf. The nearby mountains often create an optical illusion. Canadians have probably noted the same thing at Banff or Jasper where the vast backdrop of mountains throws comparatively tiny objects like fairways and greens into disproportion. The caddy was a Californian so Al took his advice. He played an eight-iron shot.

The ball hit the back of the green and rolled beyond, and he lost a shot getting back to the green. That single stroke cost us three hundred dollars. When the tournament ended Al was tied with five other pros at 280 strokes for the seventy-two holes. Each won \$191.33 in prize money. The players bracketed at 279—one stroke less over the four rounds—got \$495 each.

#### How to sink a dream shot

Al played that shot again and again as he tossed and turned in bed that night. I played it too. Every time I did, Al was using a nine-iron. The ball rolled right up to the pin, and he always dropped it for an easy par. You can buy a lot of groceries with three hundred dollars.

It must be true that a wife who follows her husband on the winter golf circuit gets closer to his business problems than any other wife. When golf wives sit around with their husbands of an

evening, we don't form two tight little groups in which all the men talk shop and the wives talk diapers. The conversation is shop, all right, but the wives are right in there talking golf. "Jack was even at the turn," Eileen Kay will say, "but two bogies on the back nine made it a tough day." Or Al will turn to me and say, "Mo, where'd I hook into that cactus clump—the sixteenth?" And I'll tell him no, that the sixteenth is the par three where he used the two-iron; he hooked on the long fifteenth.

The tour is a new way of life for a golfer's wife, although I didn't find that out until two years after Al and I were married. We met eight years ago at the Palais Royale, a dance hall in Toronto's Sunnyside amusement park. I'd gone with a bunch of girls from the Robert Simpson Co. where I worked, and it was the first time in my life I'd ever been there. He strolled up, all skinny six-foot-three of him, and asked me if I'd like to dance. Well, that started it. We went together for four years and were married in July 1952.

The winter of 1954-55 was my first on the tour. Then, as now, we lived virtually out of a suitcase. Every week we moved to a new "house." One motel doesn't differ much from the next motel, but week in and week out there is the business of packing and unpacking, trying to make each new place as comfortable and homelike as possible. We always get an "efficiency"—a single-





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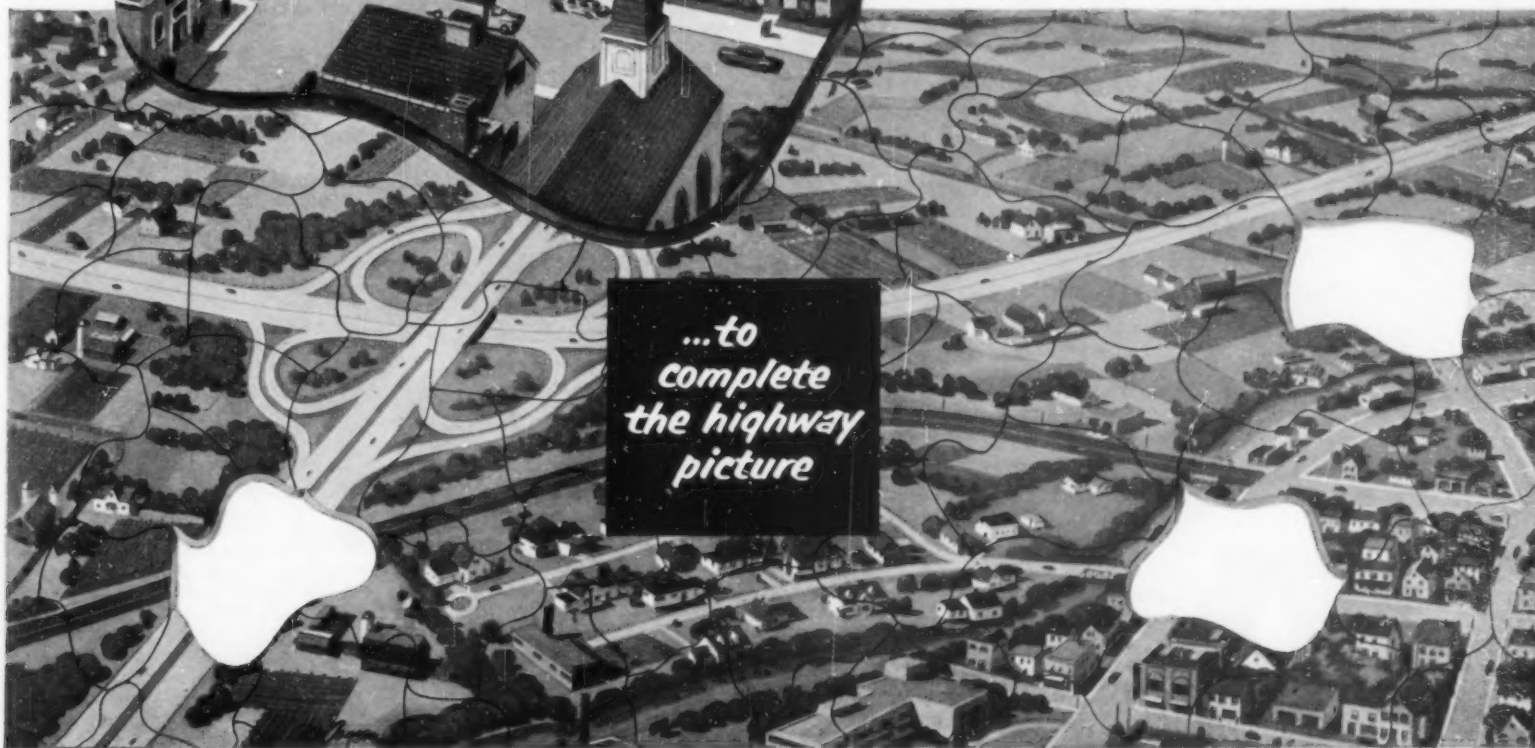
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room cabin that combines kitchen, bedroom and sitting room. The daytime couches can be made up into double beds at night, and there is a single unit that combines a stove, a refrigerator and a sink.

Sunday night after each tournament we head for the next motel. We can get most of our luggage into the trunk, even if it means piling the toaster on the spare tire, and that leaves the back seat reasonably free for one of us to curl up if the trip to the next tournament is a long one. We travel as lightly as possible, but there are necessities. For instance, we take our own silverware, a paring knife, an egg lifter, a rolling pin, an egg beater, a frying pan, a double boiler, an egg poacher and a toaster. Bedding is supplied by all good motels but Al takes his own air-foam pillow and an extra blanket.

He also packs along a dozen pairs of slacks and ten or twelve sport shirts. These represent a pro golfer's business suits. He must look as impeccable in his clean fresh slacks as any young ambitious businessman in his blue suit and white shirt. Al insists, too, on carrying three dress shirts with him; I can't convince him that one would do. We rarely feel like much social activity at night after the strain of a day of concentration on the golf course—the odd movie maybe but nothing that would require three dress shirts. We don't have the money or the inclination to play the night spots.

## Gateway to the big money

There are a lot of other expenses too. At Palm Springs, where a lot of Hollywood stars go between pictures, the caddies get ten dollars a round. Thirty of the leading pros are invited there each year, and six other pros get bids from the tournament committee to make up a field of thirty-six. On the strength of his win at Sanford, Al was one of the six added starters this year. Every player gets a minimum of two hundred and fifty dollars, all expenses, and whatever money he wins in the tournament.

By the way, that victory at Sanford meant other big tournaments for Al. He was invited to the \$30,000 Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas, Nevada, in April, the \$25,000 Colonial at Fort Worth, Texas, in May, and

he'll play in the \$100,000 Tam O'Shanter in Chicago in August. Las Vegas guarantees every invited competitor a minimum of one thousand dollars and expenses, plus whatever prize money he can win from the thirty-thousand-dollar pot. Next June, Al and Stan Leonard, the Vancouver pro, are going to England to represent Canada in the annual Canada's Cup matches. While he's there Al will play in the British Open and then go to Paris for the French Open. And, almost unbelievably, I'm going with him!

My own wardrobe is made up almost exclusively of sweaters and skirts and blouses. I have ten skirts, most of them cotton, no stockings, one pair of pumps, and half a dozen pairs of loafers or flat shoes, and two pairs of golf spikes.

Those are the things that must be packed and unpacked, week after week. Once we reach a tournament town on a Monday we drive immediately to the golf course which usually posts a list of recommended motels, and then we go and find one. While I unpack the luggage, Al heads back to the golf course for a practice round to familiarize himself with the new course. I walk to a supermarket for a supply of staples like bread, butter, milk, eggs and coffee—and of course some steaks for Al. Steak is the most expensive item. I've rarely seen sirloin under ninety-eight cents a pound in the southern states; in some places it's as high as a dollar fifteen, and even then it has a lot of fat.

The laundry is taken care of on Tuesday, and dry cleaning too. This is fairly expensive because in the hot southern states it's sometimes necessary for Al to change three times a day. He'll wear old things to practice before his round, change for the round itself, and then need a complete change after four or five hours on the course.

Some wives have added responsibilities: they take children of preschool age on the tours with them. Others who ordinarily would be making the trip stay home when they're expecting. Every day for a couple of weeks in California last January the wives were asking Arnold Palmer for progress reports. Arnold and his wife were in Toronto last summer when he won the Canadian Open, but she didn't go to California. Arnold kept saying she'd be back as soon as the baby could



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Includes it all, all that we'd bargained for.  
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In all this grand domain, what will we do,  
Now that our family's back again to two?

LOIS F. PASLEY

travel. Meanwhile, like any other expectant father, he was attending to business.

And golf, of course, is a business with the pros. It may be fun or frustration or relaxation or just a day in the fresh air for you, but for us it's bread and butter. The surest way a Canadian golfer can improve his game and thereby, we hope, his lot in life—is to make the winter tour of the southern United States. There he sees and competes against some of the best golfers in the world. He travels from city to city from week to week to vie with them for prize money that ranges from ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars a tournament. There is prize money only for the top twenty golfers, and more than a hundred compete in each tournament.

### High cost of being tops

The winter tour starts in Florida in mid-November and plays various resort centres like Miami and Palm Beach and Sanford until early in January when it jumps right across the country to California. Then it slowly works east through Arizona and Texas and Louisiana into Florida again. From there it moves north into the Carolinas until mid-April when the annual Masters Tournament in Augusta, Georgia, really opens the summer golf season. That's usually when the Canadians return to their jobs at golf clubs in Canada.

Most of the twenty or so top Canadian professionals make the tour at one time or another, although there aren't likely to be more than half a dozen on the circuit at any one time, or even any one year. One reason is the expense. You'll do well to find a motel for eight dollars a day at the height of the tourist season and there aren't many restaurants that provide three adequate meals a day for less than six dollars. So there, without traveling a mile or paying a caddy or buying a package of cigarettes or having a pair of slacks dry-cleaned, you've already spent ninety-eight dollars a week. It costs us more, because there are two of us, but Al figures I save him a lot in restaurant and laundry bills by cooking for us in the motel, and doing our washing.

I spell him off in the driving, too, and some of the trips are long and tiring. Between Christmas and New Year's we drove from Sanford in the south of Florida to Los Angeles, nearly three thousand miles. I'm not sure I contributed much there, though, be-

cause Al is nervous when I'm behind the wheel. He says he sleeps better when he's driving.

Even travel is costly. The five-month tour involves fifteen thousand miles and, on a basis of eight cents a mile which most business firms allow their travelers for depreciation and mileage, that adds up to twelve hundred dollars. You must consider, too, that some nights after a long day in the car you'll just pull into the first motel that's flashing a vacancy sign. We drove into such a place outside Jacksonville on our way south to Miami last November. Cramped and mused and weary after nearly six hundred miles of driving, we discovered after we'd registered that our cabin was \$12.50 a night. Al says it takes a Canadian pro three years to learn the essentials of the winter circuit—a year to find out where to locate good but inexpensive motels, a year to find out about eating places, and a year to find the shortest and best travel routes. And he says you need all three years to sort out the peculiarities of the turf and greens on golf courses in Florida where it's flat and sandy, in Arizona where it's baked like granite and the ball rolls a mile, and in California where the mountains on one side and the ocean on the other play tricks on your judgment, and there's no roll at all on the soggy turf.

Americans face these problems too, of course, but they have one great advantage over the Canadian pros: many private clubs hire two professionals, one to stay home at the club to look after the members and the other to travel on the circuit as a sort of public-relations representative. The club pays all his expenses and a retainer. The golf equipment manufacturers put many of the better pros on the payroll too. They hire them as PR representatives and use their names in advertising, endorsing their products. They provide them with all their equipment—golf balls, golf clubs and those beautiful big leather golf bags with the firm's name prominently displayed. Golf equipment comes high: a set of matched woods and irons costs about two hundred dollars, and you can't buy a top-flight golf ball under fifteen dollars a dozen.

I don't know of any club in Canada that sends a pro on the winter circuit. A few pros may get free equipment but I don't know any paid to endorse it. An automobile dealer in Toronto named Harry Doughty established a bursary four years ago from which he

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distributes four thousand dollars to the top three winners in a special tournament he sponsors each autumn. But even that has its limitations: no golfer over thirty is eligible, and the money, which amounts to \$1,333.33 for each of the three winners, is just about enough to last seven weeks on the circuit. Al qualified and made the trip twice, but now he's thirty-two and no longer eligible. So we financed last winter's tour ourselves.

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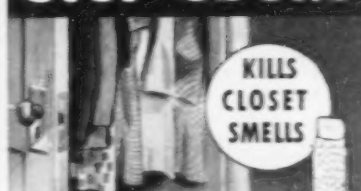
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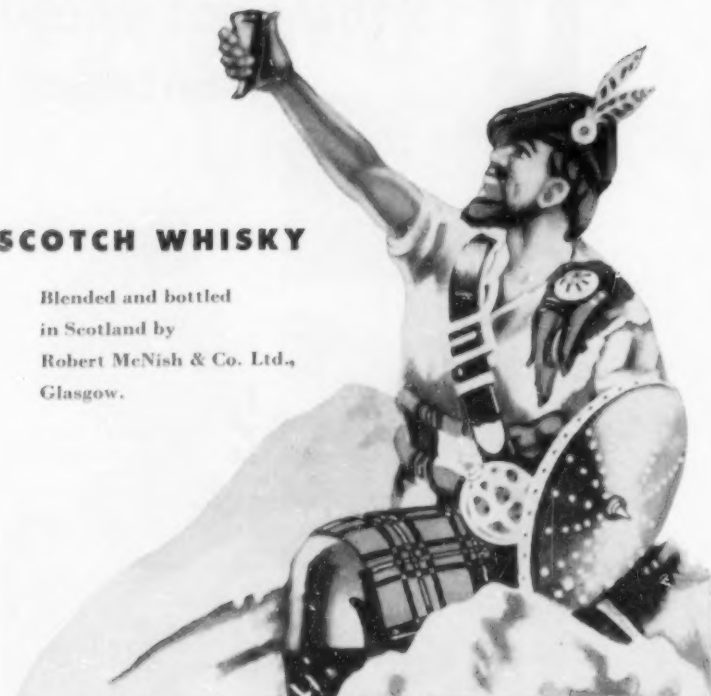


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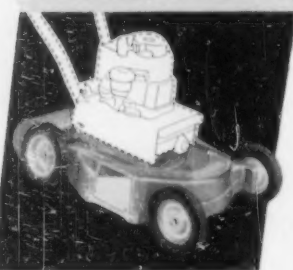
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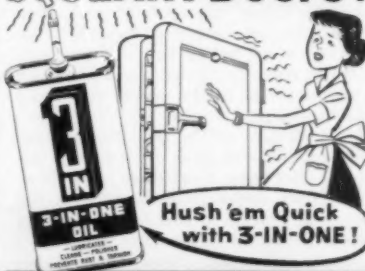
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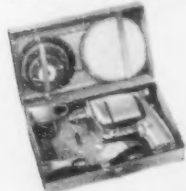
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## The exile who'll star at Stratford

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

determination and vision. He was born in Toronto, but his family moved to Montreal, where he was raised and attended school. Ever since the day, as a teen-ager at a Montreal high school, when he first applied greasepaint and donned a ruffled shirt and frock coat to play the dashing Darcy in *Pride And Prejudice*, he was determined to be an actor. "Acting was the thing I could do best and it was what I most wanted to do," he says.

He needed all the determination he could muster to keep from returning home those first cheerless days in New York, however. There seemed to be thousands of actors, all looking for jobs that didn't exist. When Plummer's funds ran out a fellow Canadian actor named Michael Kane took him into his uptown apartment, one of several in New York now boasting a collection of "Plummer ties," for the actor hates to pack clothes when he moves, preferring just to leave them behind.

Every day Plummer trudged from one producer's office to another, seeking a role. Hardly any producers saw him personally, but he met a good many switchboard operators, casting directors and secretaries who flank these men. At each office he left his résumé and a photo, accepted with the predictable response, "We'll call you if anything comes up."

One producer saw him in person, Montreal's Robert Whitehead, who has been responsible for some of Broadway's most distinguished productions since the war, among them the Stratford company in *Tamburlaine*. Whitehead was impressed but he recalls, "there were only gangster roles open in the play we were casting at the time." The production was the road company of Mrs. McThing, starring Helen Hayes. There was only one nongangster role and an unknown actor named Ernest Borgnine got it: he became the movie's Marty.

He can wake up an audience

Part of Plummer's pre-Broadway experience included an acting stint in Bermuda in 1952, where he had played opposite Ruth Chatterton in *The Constant Wife*. Back in New York, Miss Chatterton recommended him to the Katharine Cornell-Guthrie McClintic producing firm, then preparing a production of the same play to go on tour across the country after its Broadway run.

When Plummer walked into their skyscraper office to read for the only part still open, that of understudy, Miss Cornell and McClintic were dubious when they saw "a boy of twenty-three." But when they had spoken with him and heard him read, Katharine Cornell recalls, "We felt that he was much too good to be just an understudy so we made him a stand-by for all the male parts." Plummer was to be cast again by Cornell and McClintic in *The Dark Is Light Enough* by Christopher Fry, and the classical Greek play *Medea*.

"Plummer gets a grip on a role, and when he walks onto the stage the audience sits up and takes notice," McClintic says. "You can hear programs rustling all over the theatre as they look up his name."

Plummer's Canadian acting career began "like a nightmare" when the Canadian Repertory Theatre in Ottawa hired him as a stage manager. "They said I was the worst they'd ever



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## People were getting tired of Brando, so CBS plumped for Plummer

had," he remembers. Recollections of this inauspicious start, plus the fact that he was born on Friday the 13th in the jinx year of 1929, might have caused a less-determined young man to give up and go home after *The Constant Wife* closed and he was again pounding the New York pavements. But he stubbornly held on.

He decided to try television, and got an audition with the Columbia Broadcasting System. He had had television experience in Canada; his features were right for video but, most important, CBS was seeking an actor different from the Americans who imitated Marlon Brando, slouching and stuttering to be "realistic." The studio needed a young, well-spoken man with "style" for the lead in an adaptation of Kipling's *The Light That Failed*. Out of thousands they chose Plummer.

This led to a part on Broadway, his first since coming to New York. The production was *The Starcross Story*, and it opened on an ominous date—January 13, 1954. The critics were to cut it to ribbons and *The Starcross Story* closed after its first performance. Plummer's debut went unnoticed.

### There's luck in the stars

The eight months that followed were the most disheartening so far. He had no money, few friends and fewer prospects. Sitting in the oak-lined dining room of the Algonquin Hotel recently, eating curried vichyssoise from a crystal bowl ice-packed in a silver holder, he recalled the hardships of that long winter. He never could seem to get ahead, he said, as the waiter sidled over with one of his favorites, thin slices of toasted and buttered garlic bread. He borrowed money so that he could stay on in New York. He bunked wherever he could find a spare couch and he ate at the automat—when he ate.

Yet he had faith that everything would work out, for he believes mystically that man's fate is in the stars. In Toronto he took a chance on a Cadillac. Convinced that he would win the car, he seriously made plans as to how he would sell it and use the money. He didn't win, but he still trusts fate.

Finally he got another part in *Home Is The Hero*, a play about Irish life. It marked the turning point in his fortunes. As the flashy Dublin dude, Manchester Monaghan, he was a hit. Robert Coleman of the *Mirror* pronounced him "first-rate," and Walter Kerr of the *Herald-Tribune* praised his "skilful job." It was all Plummer needed.

Since then he has been constantly behind the footlights, an enviable state in the ephemeral New York theatre. *Home Is The Hero* closed after twenty-odd performances, but he went right into *The Dark Is Light Enough*, then *Medea*, which in turn gave way to *Julius Caesar* and *The Tempest*. These he followed as *Warwick* in *The Lark*.

Plummer's physical stamina and courage, prime requisites for a star, were tested during the pre-Broadway tour of *The Dark Is Light Enough*. Stricken with hepatitis, a dangerous affliction of the liver, he insisted on playing until he was hospitalized when the play reached Baltimore. Then, during rehearsals for the New York opening, Tyrone Power, whom Plummer was understudying, also fell ill. Suddenly Plummer walked onto the rehearsal stage. Still weak and pale, he insisted on returning to work when he was convalescing.

When he was in *The Lark* he accidentally stepped on a fragment of broken glass and cut his foot so deeply he could hardly walk on it—in the daytime. At the performance that evening he strode on the stage as usual, despite the pain it cost even to touch the foot to the floor.

His role in *The Dark Is Light Enough* was far from showy; a less-vital actor might have gone unnoticed.

But Plummer was singled out by almost every critic. Elinor Hughes of the *Boston Herald* said, "Christopher Plummer, a young Canadian newcomer . . . has looks, style and the ability to illuminate a character from within." In New York he was praised for his "vigor and graceful speech," his "strength and intensity."

There was even more direct testimony to the quality of his performance

as the haughty Greek prince Jason to Judith Anderson's *Medea*. Miss Anderson remarked once that one indication that the performance was taking effect was if someone from the audience, overwhelmed by the play's strong passions, got up and left.

Before last summer's production embarked for Paris, a few friends of the staff and cast were invited to watch a rehearsal. Acted against the bare brick wall of the Cort Theatre stage, the play reached a climactic moment when Plummer as Jason (in grey flannel suit and black string tie) told Miss

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Anderson as the turbulent Medea (in a brown sport dress) that their children were to be taken from her. Sure enough, one woman in the audience, overcome with the illusion the actors were creating on the bare stage, rushed from the theatre.

The Paris engagement kept Plummer two weeks late for rehearsals at the Connecticut summer Shakespeare Festival. The procedure was unusual but agreeable because the directors especially wanted him as Antony in Julius Caesar, which opened the festival. This was his first major classical role in the

American professional theatre.

When the reviews appeared it seemed that the critics had come to bury Caesar and praise Antony. Walter F. Kerr of the Herald-Tribune, one of the two most influential critics in New York, devoted a third of his review and all of his praise to Plummer.

That day at lunch Sardi's buzzed with talk of Plummer; he was called "a young Olivier," "a new Barrymore," and "Brando with style."

The bustle of Broadway gave way to the tree-shaded streets of Stratford, Conn. For the first time in three years

Plummer was occupying a room filled with sunshine and fresh air. Until then his lot had been a succession of dark and airless flats or cramped rooms in dingy hotels in the Times Square area.

The new million-dollar theatre still smelled of freshly drying plaster, and on matinee days the dressing-room windows let in the sunlight. Sitting before the make-up mirror Plummer transformed himself into the role of Antony, arching his eyebrows and widening his upper lip at the corners to give a more sensual appearance to Antony, who "revels long o' nights."

During this transformation one evening Plummer outlined some of the problems of playing the role. The famous oration "Friends, Romans, countrymen . . ." is possibly the best-known passage in all Shakespeare; about half of most audiences have memorized it at school and they tend to move their own lips and repeat the lines along with the actor. Plummer's technique was to plunge so dynamically into it, to vary the pace and to charge the elegy with such tension, that the audience would have no impression that it was a recited speech in which they might be inclined to join but rather were swept away by Antony's emotions.

"I try to take them by surprise," he said. "But I guess I'm a coward, really—I don't dare look out to see if lips are moving."

Although his formal education ceased with high school, Plummer has acquired an impressive amount of book-learning since. He reads books avidly, in French and English. Endowed with tremendous powers of concentration and a retentive memory, he can recite by heart many roles in Shakespeare. If he becomes interested in a topic, such as the works of Christopher Fry, he will read everything he can find on the subject, going without food and sleep until he has quenched his mind's thirst. Once, discussing Fry's comic gifts, he not only quoted from the lesser-known plays but also from letters the playwright had written to critic James Agate.

He reads plays, old and new, in book or manuscript form. One night at Stratford, during his long first-act wait in Julius Caesar, he started on French dramatist Jean Anouilh's version of the Saint Joan story, *The Lark*, and became so immersed he almost missed his cue. He knew the play was scheduled for Broadway that fall, and he hankered after the part of Warwick. However, he had already signed to play the male lead in another play, *Child of Fortune*. Meanwhile, almost daily, long-distance phone calls and telegrams were bringing new offers for roles. Hollywood contracts were offered but rejected, for Plummer wants to stay on the stage—at least until he can name his own parts in films.

Then plans for *Child of Fortune* fell through, and Plummer was invited out of a blue sky to play Warwick in *The Lark*. Other actors had been assigned but hadn't worked out. Plummer stepped in only a few days before the show opened.

"He had to get up in the part in a hurry," reports Joseph Wiseman, who plays in the same show, "and it was amazing to see how quickly he did so. Chris works well under pressure, and his instincts are remarkable."

Plummer's flamboyant behavior, his ways with women, his dashing good looks and his vitality as an actor have led to constant comparisons with John Barrymore, whom he has portrayed twice. Plummer himself is noncommittal about the comparison, but Florence Reed is not. Plummer acted in Bermuda with Miss Reed, whose



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## Is Plummer a Barrymore? "No," says one actress. "He's too nice"

feud with the erratic Barrymore is famous. Once she rang down the curtain on him when she was starring on Broadway in *The Yellow Ticket* (the traveling permit of a prostitute in czarist Russia) and Barrymore, interpolating a few lines about providing adequate transportation for her, handed her a strip of New York subway tickets.

In Bermuda she starred as the matriarch in *The Royal Family*, a comedy about an eccentric theatrical family, based on the Barrymores, and Plummer played the ebullient younger son, who was very like "mad Jack." Asked to comment on the current comparison between Plummer and Barrymore, the rich-voiced actress stated succinctly: "Christopher Plummer is a nice young man."

Yet the comparison persists and in some ways is apt. For one thing, Plummer has the same prankish disposition, although he confines it to offstage. An excellent mimic, he has been known to answer his phone in the exact inflections of any number of prominent personalities. One night he regaled Joseph Wiseman by performing that actor's role from beginning to end, imitating perfectly every gesture. Uneasy with strangers, he will say the most outlandish things to them, with disarming seriousness.

### Acting is often lonely

As was Barrymore, Plummer is pursued by women he has just met or is trying to avoid meeting. On leaving the theatre he often finds himself faced with an embarrassment of young attractive claimants for his attentions. It takes all the charm he can muster to extricate himself gracefully.

He claims he has no serious thoughts about marriage and no steady girl. Actresses he has squired about town in the past few months include Claire Bloom, with whom he appeared on television in *Cyrano*, and Madeleine Sherwood, a native of Montreal, currently on Broadway in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. "He makes every woman feel she is the only one," one woman friend remarked.

Like most actors, Plummer seeks the company of others, because their profession is essentially a lonely one. Though he can be seen at the best cafés, and at Sardi's is assigned a prominent table (the most dependable barometer of theatrical success), after performances he usually goes to a comfortable restaurant on unfashionable Eighth Avenue called Downey's where many young actors congregate, among them Shelley Winters, Ben Gazzara, Eli Wallach and his wife, Anne Jackson.

In the cheerful atmosphere of Downey's one rainy evening after showtime, he reflected that his responsiveness to music might have some relationship to his acting, especially concerning his voice. When he was very young, he thought he might like to be a concert pianist when he grew up. Because he revealed musical talent, he began formal lessons at an early age. "Today I would rather listen than play myself," he explains, and attends concerts at Carnegie Hall as well as listening to his record collection. His favorite composers are Brahms, Ravel, and Debussy, and he regards Rachmaninoff as the greatest pianist he ever heard perform: "He has been a god to me ever since."

He speaks earnestly of the hazards of his profession. The fact that he is a young man on the way up is to him a

mixed blessing. "This is the time when everyone is watching you and when it's easiest to slip," he emphasized. "It's all very well to be called promising, but you have to deliver." Another worry is the fickle nature of the commercial theatre on Broadway—the young actor who appears in a series of flops is soon forgotten, he fears.

He is enthusiastic about the opportunity his role of Henry V offers

this summer at Stratford and Edinburgh, and at the same time apprehensive when he recalls the fine actors who have played it most recently and to whom comparisons will inevitably be made—Laurence Olivier in the film, Alec Clunes at the Old Vic in 1951, Richard Burton at Stratford-on-Avon in 1951 and currently at the Old Vic. A few weeks after he accepted the part, he had learned the play

thoroughly, was studying fencing and thinking deeply about the characterization. When he is preparing for a role he visualizes himself in the part, down to the smallest detail. That evening he was pondering the type of period costume and make-up he would wear.

Humble about his accomplishments, he is at the same time ambitious. "With the exception of Marlon Brando—who seems to have gone to Hollywood," he observed, "—there are no leading men on the American stage. That's something to work for." ★

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## "Policemen should never hide to trap a speeder. They should stay in view"

for promotion to detective. Patrick asked him if he would tackle instead the education of children in safety. Henrich was doubtful but promised to think it over. An accident helped him to decide.

One afternoon Henrich was relaxing in his back yard with his wife Dorothy when he saw his four-year-old son Murray run onto the road and into the path of a truck. The child was hit. Mrs. Henrich ran to the road, screaming. Henrich couldn't move. He was in such a state of shock his wife had to drive the boy to hospital. Murray had a cut forehead and lacerated tongue, but his brush with death decided Henrich. He embarked on the job of saving children's lives with the zeal of a crusader.

But, like Patrick, he found he could get no help from the schools. Yet he had to make friends with children if he was to succeed. Since he wasn't allowed in the schools, Henrich began waiting around schoolyards, planning to meet the children at recesses, noon hours and at closing time.

He tried to join their games. The children resented his interference and would have nothing to do with him. To break down their resistance Henrich bought a puppy and took it around to the schools. The children gathered to pet the dog, and Henrich made a start in winning their friendship. Soon he was allowed to join them skipping rope, playing hopscotch and hide-and-seek. The teachers shrugged their shoulders and said an imbecile cop was typical of their imbecile police force.

But when winter came they gained a new respect for Henrich. For no matter how stormy the day, he appeared at one of the thirteen public schools to talk with the children. The

teachers began to realize the policeman was not so crazy after all, for pupils told them eagerly about their friend who showed them how to cross the streets. Henrich was invited into the schools to teach safety.

He set to work to revitalize the schoolboy patrols, a safety system whereby older boys shepherd children across intersections. Henrich told patrol members to get the license number of any automobile that failed to stop when they signaled; he would see that the driver was warned or summonsed. Several motorists *did* fail to stop, and Henrich kept his word.

That summer, to increase the membership of the patrols, Henrich persuaded the police department to take them on a picnic. Since then the patrol-boy picnic has become an institution and public support has risen to such an extent that merchants vie to supply ice cream, pop and cake.

### Stop signs for scooters

In the autumn of 1948 Henrich got the manager of the local radio station, CKCR, to give him free time from 8.10 to 8.15 each weekday morning to speak on safety. For several months in 1950 he also conducted an evening TV show on safety, until the program time was sold.

By 1949 the police commission and the North Waterloo Automobile Club were so impressed by Henrich's work that they each donated four hundred dollars to send him to the Traffic Institute at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. He returned with new ideas and enthusiasm. Chief of Police Patrick gave him *carte blanche*, enlarged the Traffic Division and renamed it the Traffic and Safety

Division to describe its larger role.

Henrich felt there were still two groups of children not covered by the safety campaign—pre-school children and cyclists.

In the city's playgrounds that summer he set up a miniature street system marked off in chalk, with stop lights at an intersection. Youngsters were encouraged to bring their wagons and scooters to imitate automobiles. Henrich took control of the stop lights and, when toddlers and youngsters walked across the intersection when the light was red, he blew his whistle and led them back to the sidewalk, delivering a lecture at the same time. In this way he conditioned children to know that they should not walk across the street until the traffic light was green.

At the same time Henrich also started a six-day safety course for cyclists. To get students he asked merchants to donate a daily truckload of soft drinks and ice cream. Henrich lectured the cyclists for three hours each afternoon, showing them the correct way to make signals and how to drive in traffic. At the conclusion of the course he mounted a bicycle and, preceded by a police motorcycle escort, led a cavalcade of students on a two-mile trip through the city to show them how to apply the lessons they had learned. Those who successfully passed the course were each given a diploma as parents watched.

Since then the fame of the bicycle school has spread. As many as three hundred and fifty children have taken the course in one week. Many people from Toronto, London and Hamilton now vacation in Kitchener so that their children can attend classes. Families closer at hand pack the kids and their bicycles into the car each day, drive into Kitchener and, while junior learns his lessons, visit the shops or go to the shows, thus pleasing local merchants. The popularity of Henrich's bicycle school led Kitchener's school board in 1950 to establish a course in safe driving in the high school.

That same year Henrich was given a new task by Chief Patrick. Although the children's safety campaign was achieving remarkable results, motorists were complaining about the increasing number of traffic collisions—due, they

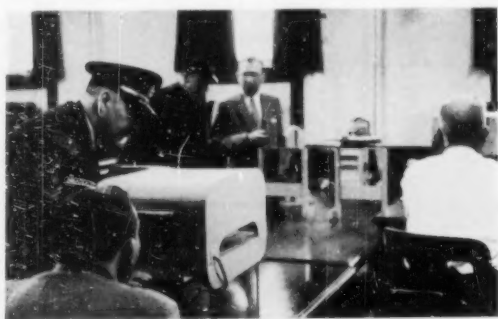
claimed, to police inefficiency. Patrick decided that since education of children in safety had proved its value there should be an effort to educate motorists. He put Henrich in charge. Henrich's first step was to try to improve the status of police in the eyes of the motorists. He had already made a move in this direction a year earlier.

With a canny understanding of Kitchener's German love of military smartness, he had, on returning from his course at Northwestern University, felt that Kitchener's police, in their ill-fitting blue-serge uniforms, compared sadly with the smartly dressed American policemen he had seen. With Patrick's blessing, he designed a new uniform that bore a startling resemblance to that of Hitler's storm troops. It featured full-flaired breeches, black leggings, a form-fitting tunic and a military-style peaked cap. On each shoulder a T-patch with gold inch-high lettering spelled out Kitchener Police. A black leather jacket completed the ensemble. Everything was custom-tailored.

### A free ride for drunks

Having given his men new uniforms, Henrich then set about giving them new orders. He lectured them on public relations. He stressed such points as: 1. A policeman should read newspapers in order to talk intelligently with citizens and so make friends. 2. Speed-limit violators should not be asked such smart-alecky questions as "Where's the fire?" 3. Policemen should never hide in order to trap a speeder, but should stay in plain view to discourage speeding. To make sure motorists *did* see his men, Henrich had all police motorcycles painted red. To impress new motorcycle policemen with the importance of their duties, Henrich paraded his force to funeral parlors—there were the victims of traffic accidents.

To improve police relations with the public, Henrich advertised in the Kitchener-Waterloo Record that free services were now available from the police department. Vacationers were invited to leave their house keys at the police station, with the assurance that a police officer would daily check their



Sgt. Henrich (left) is dean and head examiner of traffic school.

## Can you pass the Kitchener driving test?

Here are ten questions from the test paper given to drivers sentenced to Staff Sgt. Wilf Henrich's Traffic Violators' School in Kitchener, Ont. To pass they must answer at least eighty-five percent correctly.

- 1 What is the proper way to leave a parking space?
- 2 When do pedestrians have the right-of-way?
- 3 In what distance can you stop at thirty and fifty miles an hour under normal road conditions?
- 4 Should rude or selfish drivers be ruled off the road?
- 5 Do so-called "accidents" happen or are they caused?
- 6 The "bully" of the highway is usually: (1) a poor driver trying to improve (2) an unimportant fellow trying to express his ego (3) the nervous, excitable individual (4) a skilful driver who isn't aware he's a bully.
- 7 Courtesy on the highway is: (1) the mark of a gentleman or lady (2) required by law (3) nice but not necessary.
- 8 When a driver is frequently in accidents, the most helpful first step is to: (1) assume he was just unlucky (2) impose heavier punishment to make him careful (3) find out the cause of his trouble (4) give him one more chance.
- 9 Legal responsibility for a crash rests on: (1) the driver who has the last clear chance to avoid it (2) the driver who did not have the right-of-way (3) neither, if both were at fault (4) both drivers involved.
- 10 A compulsory violators' school is justified because: (1) it gives a proper punishment (2) it gives the police a "big stick" (3) violators realize the need for such training (4) their records prove the need for training.

### THE ANSWERS

1. Give left-hand signal, look to rear and pull away if no traffic is approaching in your lane.
2. At all times.
3. 73 feet; 166 feet.
4. Yes.
5. Caused.
6. An unimportant fellow trying to express his ego.
7. The mark of a gentleman or lady.
8. Find out the cause of his trouble.
9. The driver who has the last clear chance to avoid it.
10. Their records prove the need for training.



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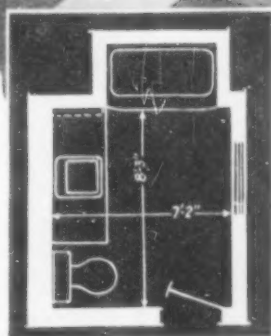


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## How to stop a boy from going wrong



WHEN WILF HENRICH, of Kitchener, started out to make friends with children as part of his traffic-safety campaign, many juveniles ridiculed and hampered him. Ewan Cameron, deputy police chief, decided something would have to be done about these difficult children. Cameron figured the youngsters had gone wrong because parents ignored them. He delegated policemen to

act as "foster fathers" to boys who got in trouble. Next he formed the Police Boys' Hockey League to give them an opportunity to play with other lads and profit by good examples.

That was in 1950—a year in which Kitchener courts dealt with fifty-six delinquents. The scheme worked so well that in 1955 Kitchener had only twelve cases of juvenile delinquency.

homes; early-rising hunters and fishermen could ask the police station for a phone call to awaken them in the morning; and, during the Christmas season, persons who had been drinking could phone the police station for a free ride home.

Henrich grasped any opportunity to show citizens that policemen were "good guys." When a workman named John Mitchell was killed in an accident, leaving a wife and five children, Henrich gathered up his schoolboy patrol members and sent them out on the streets to sell tags to raise money for the destitute family. They raised sixteen hundred dollars. When an elderly destitute man was arraigned in court at Christmas for stealing eighty-five cents worth of bacon, Henrich took up a collection among police officers and bought the man enough groceries for a month.

### No tickets for tourists

Henrich tried to show motorists that policemen were not "robbers." He welcomed parking violators who appeared at the police station in an ugly mood to protest a fine, listened politely to their grievances and then explained why it was necessary to ticket motorists who parked too long. In many cases, if Henrich felt the motorist saw the error of his ways, he tore up the ticket.

To remind tourists guilty of parking violations that they had broken the law, Henrich supplied patrolmen with red tickets donated by the local Chamber of Commerce. These stated: "You are summoned to take this to any restaurant here and have a cup of coffee on us. If you want any information just ask one of our policemen, who are always glad to be of service."

When tourists broke a minor traffic bylaw, Henrich sent a copy of the bylaw to their homes with a memo stating: "This is not a summons or violation charge. You have inadvertently violated one of our local traffic bylaws. We realize the difficulty visitors experience in conforming to the different rules and regulations in various cities so, therefore, as a WELCOME VISITOR, YOU ARE EXCUSED. Traffic rules and regulations have been found necessary and in the public interest to our city. Please be careful in the future."

This not only pleased tourists, but also the local businessmen who had vociferously complained that parking tickets and summonses for minor

offences were antagonizing visitors.

In 1952 Henrich turned his attention to increasing the efficiency of his motorcycle patrolmen. Since the job of a patrolman, in Henrich's opinion, is to deter careless drivers by his presence and so prevent accidents, he began a scientific study to discover what streets were having the most accidents so these could be heavily patrolled.

He put a large map of Kitchener up on the wall of police headquarters and, as each accident report came in, plotted it with pins—red for day, black for night. After months of meticulous pin-pointing, he saw that the majority of pins were clustered at several heavily traveled multiple intersections. Henrich had his patrolmen concentrate on these "danger spots."

Henrich then charted the time of accidents and found that most occurred during rush-hour periods, with only an occasional one from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. He instructed his men to be out rolling with the traffic at the rush hours and cut his staff to one officer for the slack overnight period.

Henrich had been taught this plan—known as "selective enforcement"—at Northwestern University. To be fully effective it required that every accident, no matter how minor, should be reported and plotted. Since the Highway Traffic Act required that accidents with damage of fifty dollars and over be reported, Henrich appealed to motorists to inform him of all accidents, even if the damage amounted to only a few cents. Public response was such that motorists came in to tell Henrich when they accidentally struck another car's bumper and caused a dent. Not only did this assist Henrich in selective-enforcement planning, but it enabled his patrolmen to check all accidents and discover whether the automobiles involved had defects that could lead to further accidents.

However, this system could not detect the most serious defect—the careless driver. In 1955 Magistrate James Kirkpatrick, annoyed by the number of drivers who came before him ignorant of the rules of the road, ordered Henrich to set up a Traffic Violators' Training School. This done, Kirkpatrick gave traffic offenders the option of being fined or going to Henrich's school. If the violator failed to pass, the magistrate implied he would hand down a stiffer fine. In order to pass, the violator had to answer two papers of fifty questions each and get at least eighty-five correct.



One evening late in March 1955, Henrich in his new role of teacher faced his first group of students, composed of thirty-eight men and four women. All wore a sullen sheepish look at being sentenced to this driving kindergarten. As Henrich called the roll they answered in bored voices. They listened dully to Henrich's lecture on city traffic bylaws, rules of the road and safe driving—all illustrated by colored slides. After two and a half hours they escaped gladly to freedom.

It was obvious to Henrich that the school would not be a success unless he could arouse some enthusiasm. The next evening he tried an experiment. He threw the class open to discussion of the accidents in which the students were involved. The response was immediate. One middle-aged man was livid. "Why I've driven for fifteen years without an accident," he cried, "and then this young punk of a policeman accuses me of going through a red light! It was my word against his, and I think mine should be just as good."

Henrich had an inspiration. He left the room and returned in a few minutes with a sheet of red paper. "What's the color of this piece of paper?" he asked the man.

"That's a silly question!" the man snapped. "It's green."

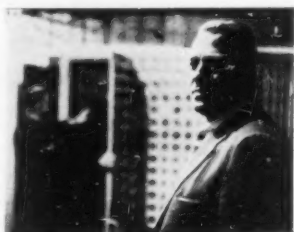
The class roared with laughter, while the man looked about in puzzled surprise.

"It's red," said Henrich, smiling. "You've been driving for fifteen years with nothing to guide you but memory of what color is at the top or bottom of the traffic lights."

"Well I'll be damned!" replied the man.

The ice was broken, and the school took on an informal friendly air.

Henrich was so intrigued by the fact that a color-blind man could drive fifteen years without an accident that



At end of day Chief John Patrick, at right, sees prisoner into cell.

### A jail with part-time prisoners

KITCHENER'S SUCCESS in re-educating bad drivers has led authorities to experiment in re-educating people who have been sent to jail for offences under the Criminal Code but who are not hardened criminals. Magistrate James Kirkpatrick lets them leave jail each morning to work at regular jobs, provided they return to their cells by eight o'clock each night. These offenders must agree to stay away from beverage rooms and pool halls. Privileges end with any violation of the agreement. The plan has been in operation since August 1955, and officials say results have been promising.

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**"Women behind the wheel, in the clothes they wear, resemble a peacock on a pincushion"**

he mentioned it to a truckers' association, implying that if he had equipment he could test their drivers and find out if any had such defects. They decided this was a good idea and bought the school five hundred dollars worth of equipment and sent their drivers to be tested. The equipment not only tested color blindness but the distance an automobile traveled from the time a foot was moved from the gas pedal to

the brake; field of vision, to prove to certain drivers that their vision at the sides was limited; and night vision and headlight glare, to show all drivers how sight was lowered by darkness and by the glare of oncoming headlights.

Henrich now felt the school was operating so satisfactorily that more than just traffic violators should be enrolled. To obtain new students he wrote articles for the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record* stressing that the

way to avoid accidents was to know how to drive safely, and that a course in this was now available—free.

In his articles he attacked safety features being incorporated in newer automobiles, pointing out that they were mechanical gadgets that could not prevent accidents. He said long-range headlights made most drivers overreach their safe driving distance at

night; power brakes made some drivers overconfident about their ability to stop in time; the lower centre of gravity in automobiles made foolish drivers take corners at higher speeds; and safety belts were a fool's false security.

Henrich's articles aroused great interest. Clubs and societies asked him to speak on driving safety, and Henrich accepted all invitations. In seven months he gave a hundred speeches and enlisted eleven hundred volunteers. The police commission was so impressed by Henrich's results that it offered to pay for a course in public speaking for any of its men.

Speeches however could not erase the most dangerous pest on the road—the habitual traffic offender, who never seemed to learn. To put his finger on this driver, Henrich set up a card index system of all persons convicted of traffic violations in Waterloo County. Before a summons was made out Henrich consulted his files. If the driver had a previous conviction, it not only resulted in a heavier fine, but gave the police a chance to discover the reason why he was a habitual offender and help him correct it.

By January of this year, Henrich, with many successes behind him, felt up to starting perhaps his most hazardous venture—the reformation of women drivers. He laid his trap in the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*:

Women behind the wheel (he wrote) resemble a peacock on a pincushion from the undergarments they wear. A woman never turns and looks out the window like a man. Instead, she shuttles back and forth like a freight train. Women never make a signal. They may attempt one, but no man can interpret it. Women never seem to use any signal to stop. Instead, they prefer to slow down gradually like the *Queen Mary* from three miles out. Too many women insist on wearing high heels while driving. Consequently when they jam on the brakes the pedal can never reach the floor because of the long heel. And when caught in an infraction she uses her feminine wiles to charm the chiding policeman out of a ticket. In addition, she actually believes the courtesy exhibited in her home should be shown her on the road!

The reaction to this broadside was immediate—and violent. One woman, in a letter to the editor, asked sarcastically, "Who is Henrich to be an authority on women's undergarments?" Another said she would cheerfully run over Sgt. Henrich next time she saw him, "provided, of course, I'm not going against a red light!"

Henrich smiled and waited. Soon his phone began to ring. In two days he had received invitations to speak to women's groups. He accepted them all and opened another round of his never-ending battle to save lives by selling safety. ★



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**THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR**

## For the sake of argument

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

hockey on a pond or baseball on a vacant lot, and the Saturday-afternoon athletes, can give a game the validity of common experience; without them professionals would merely be well-trained bodies going through meaningless routines, and no one would bother to watch.

Because these things are so, professional standards and attitudes and "ethics" force themselves ever deeper and deeper into the amateur field. In every major sport they now carry influence right down to the beginning levels—to the frozen pond, the vacant lot and the high-school gymnasium; at the advanced levels "amateurs" are often indistinguishable from professionals—many are looking for professional or semi-professional careers and are only too willing to show their competence in crowding the rules and exploiting the blind side of a referee. Competition becomes intense and the ordinary player who might like to turn out for a bit of fun stays away in thousands—or at best stands aside to watch.

All this leads to an incredible moral confusion that goes far beyond athletics, into everyday life. Leo Durocher once remarked that nice guys don't win ball games; after a few moments of shocked hesitation, most of the sporting world agreed with him. Last year a leading pitcher admitted—or boasted—that all the best of his career was built on an illegal spitball and a few inspired routines to fool the umpires. The press and the sporting public divided about equally between calling him a heel and a hero.

A professional footballer recently made the point: "We must never break the rules unless, of course, the officials are looking the other way." He added: "A polished operator . . . can usually anticipate the positions of officials and knows when he can put in a little something without getting caught." At that, this one is a better pro, if less honest emotionally, than the spoiled baby who slugs a referee, gets himself suspended and loses his team the playoffs.

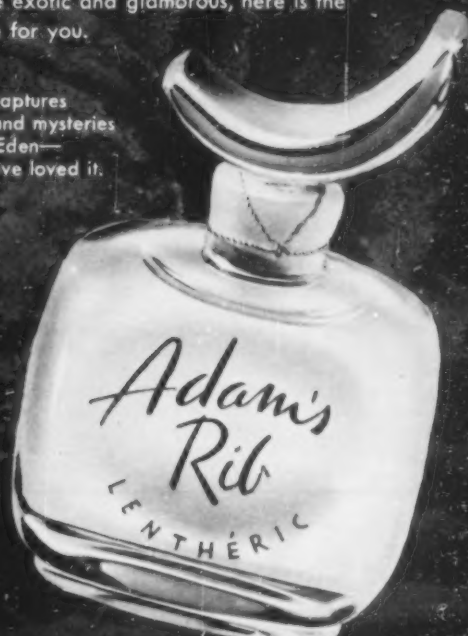
These, then, are the heroes, the models, men praised and admired by millions. These are the standards of "sport" that have grown out of the amateur's search for enjoyment and his ideals of honor, fairness and generosity to opponents above and beyond the artificial restriction of the rules. "Fox-hunting," John Jorrock once remarked, "is the image of war without its guilt and only twenty-five percent of its danger." Professional sport, because it is played for money, is the image of life with all its guilt and, because its practitioners are held up to the admiration of the public, considerably more danger to decent and generous standards of behavior between man and man.

A psychiatrist, no doubt, could make out a good case for the point that we sublimate our base desires and aggressive urges in the exploits of these heroes and come out the better and kinder citizens for it all. This is probably true of wrestling, a good honest fake with transparently obvious villains and heroes, and of some rather credulous minds that follow it. But I do not believe it for one moment of the present debased state of most other forms of professional sport. These are an American growth, an anachronistic survival of the rugged individualism so greatly valued early in the century,

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when generous and decent behavior in competition was reckoned a sign of softness and weakness. It is no mere deviation, but a direct perversion of the original ideas and ideals of sport.

One of the wonders of sport in 1955, according to a syndicated sports columnist, was the action of a catcher in a kids' baseball game. A runner came in from third in a cloud of dust; the peg from the outfield was good; the catcher pulled it down and slapped it on the runner somewhere in the dust. The umpire's thumb went up and the runner was out. The runner objected and the catcher supported him; the kid, he said, had slid under the tag and was safe. The umpire changed his decision.

The story was worth telling across the continent because that sort of thing is no longer a normal part of sport. By the standards of the win-at-any-price boys it simply isn't done. It shows lack of competitive spirit, lack of the will to win. But it is done—by kids who haven't had their sound instincts perverted by

professional standards—and no doubt it was done by thousands of kids all across the continent last year. The young catcher was a sportsman and he was playing a game for the sake of playing it.

Athletic sports are said to be character-forming. They undoubtedly are—to those who play, those who watch and those who merely read about them. But they can develop shabby and dirty characteristics just as readily as they can develop sound and good ones. When winning is paramount and fouling an opponent or fooling a referee is virtue, there can be no generosity. Self-control is no longer a virtue if screaming at an umpire or fighting or petulance pleases the crowds. The idea that body-contact sports teach a youngster to take it and still behave like a civilized human being is utterly lost when the press argues that grown men should be excused for losing their tempers "in the heat of the game."

The need for amateur sport, in its

truest sense, was never greater than it is today. Canada has changed very rapidly, from a country of bush and farmland to a nation of city dwellers. The convenient pond, the barn field, hunting and fishing just outside the back door, are no longer there for most of our young people. Instead, they have the city streets and what little they can get from inadequate recreational programs and inadequate playing fields. Midget baseball and hockey leagues, with crowd pressures, excessive competition and small-time imitation of professional standards, are not the answer—they drive more kids to the streets than they ever take off them.

What we need is honest sport taught from the ground up by ordinary men who know the game, not experts; plenty of playing space for games like soccer and baseball, where expensive equipment isn't a problem; plenty of teams with room for everyone who wants to play, with plenty of games where winning doesn't matter to any-

one but the team or the man himself; and ethics, ethics taught by the rule book, by example, by the collective opinion of other players and by exemplary punishment when necessary.

Sound ethics can only be based on sound thinking. We need to develop a Canadian philosophy of sport; and let that philosophy be founded on the Greek model, where athletes swore an oath "to use no fraud or guile in the contests," not borrowed from the American deviation where anything goes. Sport plays an important part in civilization; it can be an inspiring and purifying part as it was for the Greeks, or a debasing and brutalizing part, as it was for the Romans.

It would help both amateur and professional sport enormously if we would restore the real meaning of amateur standing by making it difficult, if not impossible, for a professional ever to recover it, at least in the sport he had played professionally. Mediocre amateurs would then hesitate to turn professional, and amateur teams would be spared the return of the old and slipping pros. Local teams would begin to have meaning again and the whole field of sport would be fresher and cleaner.

To believe that the winning of a game is all-important is to believe that a man's funeral is the only important thing in his life. The winning or losing of a game is not important, and nothing can make it important—the playing of it is the only important thing. Once the final whistle blows the game is over and done with, its usefulness past. We prove nothing between Edmonton and Montreal by dragging in a bunch of outsiders to make a show—except that neither city can produce a good football team without buying it. We prove nothing by sending ex-professionals to Europe to play a different game of hockey and win—except that we will do anything to win. We don't need or want, and we can't possibly get, international prestige through sport. The idea that we can is a childish conception, calculated to produce nothing but bitterness. We can build good will and win respect by raising Canadians to play honorably and with generosity. And when we have outstanding athletes, we can add to good will by sending them out as the ambassadors of sportsmanship and technique, as the United States sent Jesse Owens and other fine track men to India and Africa.

Enjoyment is the whole purpose of sport. When a fine game attracts a following of hooligans and rioting in the streets, something has gone wrong with the game. The wrongness is both first and last cause. If the game were not debased, hooligans and riots would not be part of it. If national standards and ethics in sport were sound and soundly taught, the body of hooligans would not be there to produce a riot.

If Canadian amateur sport, from its earliest to its most advanced stages, would turn resolutely away from professional models and standards and learn to play games again for fun, it would attract more players and we should grow a better people. If newspapers would recognize bums as bums and heels as heels instead of trying to pass them off as heroes, we should grow a more discerning people. And if we ourselves would give up the everlasting childish search for the biggest and best and dirtiest and roughest, maybe professional sport could come into its own again. In the meanwhile, I'd like to see the World Series next fall. But I'd rather watch some local kid pitch a shutout on an inspired day right here where I live. At least I'd be reasonably sure he wasn't throwing an illegal spitter. ★

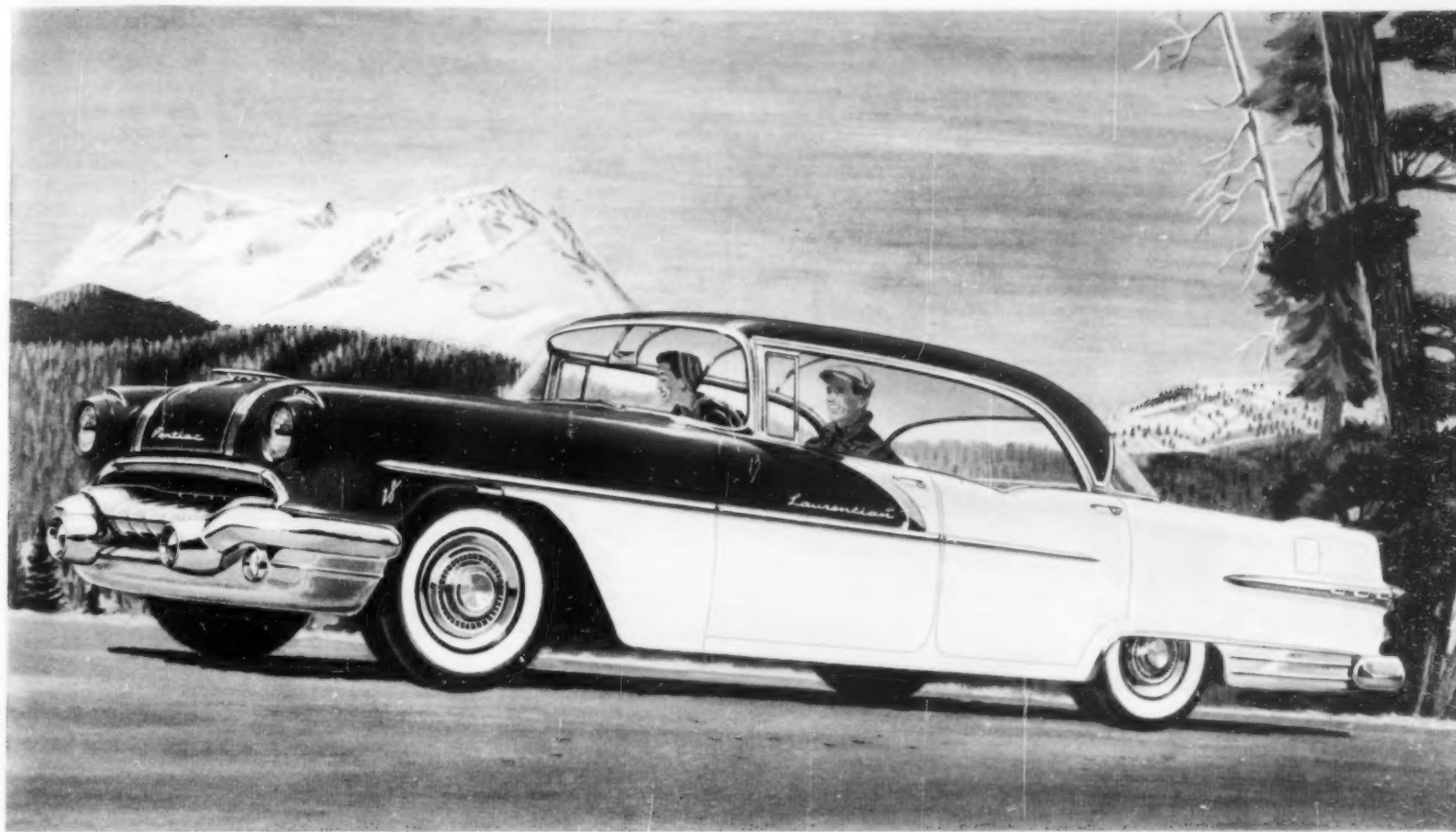
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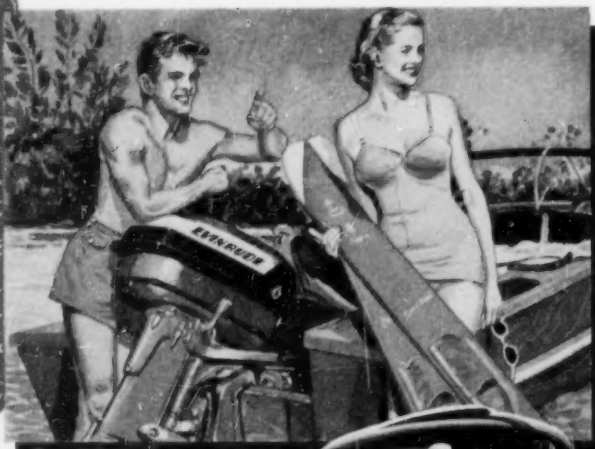
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London Letter continued from page 8

costly production and it played to big business for eight months. And what was the financial result? Peter Saunders, who presented it, lost something like thirty thousand pounds.

Salaries were never cut; the powerful stage union, Equity, saw to that. The orchestra got their agreed rates throughout; the musicians' union made sure of that. And the owner of the theatre got his rental promptly each week. But the man who did best out of it was the chancellor of the exchequer. He took his toll right up to the end. Whatever happens to the others, he always wins.

At this point the logical mind might argue that since every theatre in London is presenting some current attraction there is obviously no danger of the British drama disappearing.

Certainly they are all doing business as usual—that is, all of them that are left. The famous Gaiety Theatre is now some kind of a business building. The enormous Stoll Theatre, built by Oscar Hammerstein's grandfather, is to be converted into offices. The lovely St. James's Theatre where Dickens put on his own play, where du Maurier charmed his generation, where Lord Queensberry tried to flog Oscar Wilde during one of Oscar's first nights, and where my own play in 1941 was a spectacular flop—it is going to the highest bidder as real estate.

Yes, the footlights are going out one by one.

I do not suggest that the theatre in London will cease to exist. Whether it is New York, or Paris or London, there is and always will be a theatre-going public augmented in the holiday season by visitors from abroad. But theatres will turn more and more to musicals and less and less to plays, except when the subject of a play is of a type that excites controversy or has a "shock" value.

But it is not even as simple as that. Where are the London actors to get their training? The long-established pattern has never changed. Students go to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, then to the provincial repertory companies and, after they have learned in the rough school of the provinces, they invade London.

Unhappily and inevitably, the closing down of provincial theatres is proceeding at a faster rate even than in London. Television has so altered the

habits of the British people that at 8 p.m. the traffic on the roads in the country would give the impression that, for tactical purposes, the British had abandoned the island kingdom.

Where once the family made a weekly visit to the local repertory theatre and saw their favorite actress playing Desdemona as if she had never heard of Peg o' My Heart (which she played the week before), the family goes to the local cinema and spends the other evenings gazing at TV.

But the chancellor of the exchequer in his ivory tower takes his toll even though the repertory company is heading for bankruptcy.

Now comes the paradox. While the Treasury robs the dying theatre of its last pennies, it takes an entirely different view of the imported arts of opera and ballet. I agree that these two arts, although essentially European in origin, must have their place in a metropolis. But why should the Arts Council, which controls the Covent Garden Opera House, hand out thousands upon thousands of pounds to the twin arts of ballet and opera and ignore the essentially British form of expression in the theatre?

### "The encroaching plague"

The undying fascination of this island kingdom is centred upon the variety of its national life. The Welshman clings to the harp as a symbol and cherishes his own language, even though it is spoken nowhere but in the valleys. The Scot dons the kilt on any or no provocation and utters blood-curdling shouts as he leaps bare-kneed into the air. The Englishman sits in happy peace in the stands as the white-flannelled cricketer stubs the ball with his bat and adds nothing to the score.

And now upon this varied scene there has come the encroaching plague of television—the destroyer of conversation, the enemy of individualism and self-expression. Mass production in the factories has been followed by mass production of entertainment.

With the parliamentary budget only a short time ahead we held an all-party meeting in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons to which we invited some of the leading personalities of the British theatre. How well actors speak! We had wit and style





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and sincerity from them. In fact, they beat the politicians hollow at their own game.

At the end it was decided that a motion should be put down in my name on the parliamentary order paper which is circulated every day to all MPs. The only reason for choosing me as the sponsor was because of my dual affiliation with parliament and the theatre. Here is the motion as it appeared:

That this House, realizing the importance to the prestige, culture and well-being of the nation of preserv-

ing the living theatre, and noting with concern the continual closing of theatres and music halls in all parts of the country, resulting mainly from losses caused by box-office receipts less entertainments duty falling below minimum running costs, urges Her Majesty's Government to investigate the situation without delay and, in particular, to consider to what extent further closings can be avoided, by extending the present limited range of exemptions from entertainments duty to include all forms of entertainment in which

performers are personally present and performing.

The response was most encouraging. From both sides came messages from MPs, asking that their names should be added.

Yet there was one disturbing factor. There were more socialists than Tories who wanted to save the living theatre, just as there were more socialists than Tories in favor of abolishing hanging. The chancellor of the exchequer, who is of course a Tory, would have to take that into account. Nevertheless, we

decided to ask the chancellor to receive an all-party deputation.

So it passes to Harold Macmillan, that brilliant, unorthodox, enigmatic figure who is being touted as the Conservative Party's man of destiny if, and when, the party needs such a being.

Many Canadians will remember him when he was ADC to the Duke of Devonshire at Rideau Hall, in Ottawa. In fact, he acted according to tradition and married the boss' daughter—Lady Dorothy Cavendish. He has a deceptive drawl which is completely out of keeping with his penetrating mind. And just when his detractors decide that he is a snob, he will suddenly brandish his Scottish farm-laborer grandfather at them. Harold Macmillan was an immense success as minister of housing—a post which he inherited from Aneurin Bevan—but he was not at all successful as a foreign secretary.

As one of the owners of the great Macmillan publishing house he never loses touch with reality or the importance of self-expression. It is because of this affinity to the arts that we have great hopes in our struggle to save the theatre.

It might be argued that in the clash of rival political world philosophies the fate of the theatre is of small importance. But it is not so. When Napoleon was contained in Moscow he spent many hours drawing up the code for the French theatre, and it is an interesting historic fact that the theatre in Paris still operates under that code.

So we shall go to Macmillan—Tories and socialists together, with one or two Liberals thrown in, and we shall plead for the life of the living theatre. We shall ask him to remove the entertainment tax because it is unfair and because it is destructive.

No doubt he will answer that, if the tax is taken off, the individual theatre will not receive more. In fact, the only result would be that the exchequer would get nothing and the theatre would get the same amount as now. To which we would reply that the tickets would not be reduced in price because the ever-rising costs necessitate the maintenance of the ticket price at its present level. The vital difference is that the theatre would get all of it.

At any rate that is our task and that is our purpose. And if there are businessmen reading this London Letter who think that our case is not sound, may I ask them this question: how would they like to be taxed on turnover even if the final result showed a loss?

Yes, we have hopes. Long may the theatre live to tell in speech and drama the continuing story of the British people through the ages. ★



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forests of tall spindly bushy-topped pines. By nightfall, a hundred miles later, Jim said, "Might as well start camping out, and get used to it."

We parked beside the road, pitched the tent beside the jeep and stretched a tarpaulin between them, making three "rooms"—jeep, tarp and tent. Stew for supper and so to bed. Luckily there were no mosquitoes until weeks later in Central America. But the next morning we shook our shoes to rout the scorpions, centipedes and tarantula spiders.

Later, in cold or wet weather when friends couldn't offer lodging, we slept in *pensaos*, or hotels, which ranged from crude bare shelters never listed in tourist guidebooks to quite decently furnished places with inner-spring mattresses. Few had towels, soap or drain plugs in the basins, but all were inexpensive—as little as a dollar a night for a room with three beds.

But when the jeep was outdoors, which was almost always, Bob, our fifteen-year-old, slept in it. No one dares leave a vehicle unattended in South America. In spite of our guard the tarp and two jacks were eventually stolen. Tall lanky Bob got used to sleeping in the front seat with his knees bent. Strange animal cries or footsteps in the dark didn't bother him. Several times he routed prowlers by pressing the starter or tooting the horn.

Adventurous Bob even ate food that the rest of us shunned. Only once, over some *empanadas* (hot pepper-and-meat pies), did he meet his Waterloo. He gave them to a dog, which ate them with relish. But most of the time we all enjoyed the exotic South American foods, combined with our basic rice, bread and meat stewed in the pressure cooker. We ate plantains, coconuts, pineapple, Brazil nuts, *mandioca* (a root with brown skin and white flesh, something like potato), papaya (a big sweet tree melon) and bananas. South America has the "eating" banana such as Canadians buy and the *platano* (cooking banana) which tastes like soap when raw but is delicious fried, baked or boiled.

We had decided at the start of the trip to eat and cook the foods of the country because it was both easier and cheaper than buying food to take on the road. What's more, my family enjoyed many of the South American dishes, and we often had fun preparing them. Such as tortillas (Latin-American style): take hard ripe shelled corn, soak on lye water to soften, wash well, pound into dough on a hollowed tree stump, roll thin and fry. South Americans love it that way, but the Ors preferred a dash of salt with theirs. With our meals we often had *mandioca* salad: chop up cold *mandioca*, add chopped onion and crisp pork fat, pour on olive oil or cottonseed or peanut oil and serve on a banana leaf.

As a rule we used powdered milk, but one morning a Brazilian milkman with cart and mule stopped at our camp and sold us a litre (about a quart) dipped from a big can. We boiled it, as we boiled all drinking water from streams or Indian wells.

We soon fell into a routine. Bob packed the jeep. Twelve-year-old Terry and ten-year-old Trudy, having the time of their lives, cheerfully washed dishes in boiled river water. Jean, our quiet, dependable fourteen-year-old, looked after three-year-old Dottie. At the same time she watched out for rattlesnakes, for great lizards that will bite if molested, for the *chushupi*, the only deadly poisonous

snake that will deliberately chase and attack humans, and for the inevitable scorpions and tarantulas.

We had no driving schedule. Some days we traveled three hundred kilometres (about two hundred miles); more often only forty or fifty. On June 17 we almost abandoned the trip altogether. That night we nearly lost Dottie.

The children and I were with mis-

sionary friends in the city of Aracatuba, Brazil. Jim was sixteen hours away by train in Sao Paulo, the nearest place he could buy travelers' cheques (which we changed periodically into local currency). At eleven p.m. Dottie awoke with fever, gasping for breath. I gave her a sulfa pill but by four she couldn't talk, swallow or cry. We took her to a doctor who said she had diphtheria, prescribed serum, told us to administer it immediately, then see a throat specialist. Through God's guidance, I am sure, we went to the specialist first; our missionary friend knew of one. The

specialist said she had an allergy, not diphtheria, and the serum would have killed her. After a week of cortisone and terramycin she was well. But we realized how vulnerable we were on the highway, far from doctors.

Nevertheless we pushed northwest, through grass, sugar-cane and coffee plantations with scarlet berries. We saw Brazilian road workers laboriously digging with hoes and spades while plodding donkeys pulled little carts of earth. No wonder it has taken nearly twenty years to finish one three-hundred-mile highway in Brazil. We

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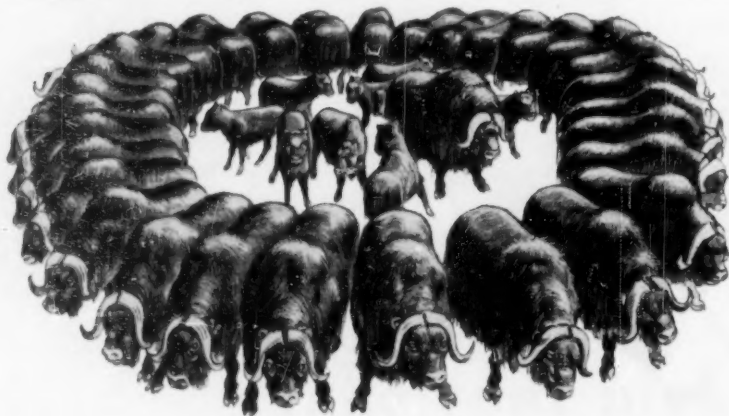
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crossed the River Parana on a ferry. A motor launch passed, towing rafts of cattle. Dottie cried in English-Portuguese, "Look, Mommy, cow-vacas!"

We plunged onto a rough sandy trail. On one side was swamp. On the other was the jungle, beautiful but menacing: vines, ferns, gaudy lilies and orchids in red, yellow and purple, glorious painted butterflies (the natives make their wings into exquisite brooches) and the cat's-claw, a vicious little vine-like plant with double-pronged thorns that bite into your flesh like fishhooks. It was, indeed, the traditional jungle of the picture books. The jeep's growl kept most birds and animals silently under cover. But we knew that, eyeing us from the brush, were inquisitive monkeys, the lithe Brazilian tiger (a sort of yellow-spotted jaguar), hard-shelled armadillos and saucy parrots. Sometimes from high in a treetop we heard the harsh croak of the toucan, a bizarre red-black-orange little bird with heavy parrot-like beak. It seemed a long way from Champion, Alberta, and it was: eleven thousand miles.

At times we wallowed slowly through shifting sand or shallow rivers in four-wheel drive and the lowest gear. Sometimes wet sparkplugs stalled us in midstream. Then Jim, tousled and stooped in his worn windbreaker, his lean face tired but always cheerful, waded out to dry them. He and Bob are self-taught mechanics and they used all their mechanical skills on the trip.

### A sea of angry horns

One day the accelerator broke. Jim stopped to mend it in a small jungle clearing. I prepared lunch and the youngsters ran out of sight to wade. Suddenly a Brazilian *gaucho* in broad-brimmed cowboy hat, neckerchief and floppy trousers, called *bombachas*, spurred his horse out of the trees, shouting in Portuguese, "Quick, move the car! A *boiada* (herd of cattle) is coming!"

There was no time to start the jeep. Jim and I tossed pots and pans into it and under it. Bob sprinted for the children. Before he could return the herd was upon us—nine hundred lumbering, long-horned hump-backed zebu cattle, a cross between the Indian Brahma and a South American breed.

The herd parted as it reached the jeep and for half an hour a sea of sharp horns surged around us. We were very quiet; a sudden noise or movement might have stampeded them. But were the children safe? Had Bobby reached them? I could scarcely stop myself from plunging through the herd to look for them. But Bob had pushed them all into trees. Soon they came circling warily back, chattering noisily.

One blazing-hot day near Campo Grande, Brazil, the jeep fuel-pump points burned out, after five years' service. Jim didn't want to make repairs in the sun so he fastened a makeshift funnel above the carburetor. I filled the teapot with gasoline and every two blocks we stopped, lifted the hood and primed the carburetor from the pot amid polite South American stares. If people thought we were crazy they didn't say so.

Then an abrupt unseasonal cold wave that did millions of dollars' damage to coffee crops sent us diving for sweaters, coats and mittens. I pulled on the fur-lined gloves that Hazel Phillips, a Toronto friend, had given me for Christmas on our 1947 furlough, and thought, "She'll never believe I wore these in Brazil in mid-July!"

Through the next seven hundred miles of tangled jungle, between Campo Grande and Santa Cruz, Bolivia, there

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was no road. So one Saturday night, instead of basking in hot baths, we rolled our jeep on a grimy railway flatcar attached to a train. We lay shivering in blankets in the jeep or various boxcars in the train. At least it was inexpensive. For the first three hundred miles in Brazil, we and the jeep traveled as freight for twenty dollars. In Bolivia, prices varied but were also ridiculously low. Once we and the jeep traveled a day for twenty-five thousand *bolivianos* (then about ten dollars).

We kept one nervous eye on the underbrush beside the rails. Hostile savages live a few miles back from the railway and though we saw none I'm sure they watched us. Not long before, they'd felled a tree across the track and attacked the stalled train with bows and arrows. Since then they've killed several railway passengers. What a strange contrast—the twentieth-century jeep and the lurking aborigines—straight out of a romantic novel.

Our flatcar companions, crowds of dusty chattering Brazilians and Bolivians, didn't seem alarmed. They virtually live on the railway with their babies and bundles, making the return trip every week, selling Bolivian oranges and powdered milk in Brazil and Brazilian cotton goods and cheese in Bolivia. At every stop the flatcar became a noisy market. The "commercial travelers" sold their wares; the wayside natives sold meat, rice and *chicha*, a corn-meal, sugar and water drink, very pleasant when fresh, very intoxicating when allowed to ferment. We, too, bought lunches along the way.

#### Crosses where drivers died

At Santa Cruz we drove into the Brazilian foothills where Indians were "threshing" freshly cut wheat by driving horses over the stalks. Not much like Alberta's combines, I mused.

Then up, up fourteen thousand feet into the Andes, until our ear drums "popped." How can I describe the climb? Long, hard, beautiful, tortuous, dangerous—it needs every adjective. With a few exceptions South American roads aren't very smooth or straight. They say the road makers get paid by the metre and have to make the most of it. But the gravel trail into the Andes looked like tangled ribbon.

We called the turns "bobby-pin bends" because often the road doubled back almost to touch itself. Sometimes it was wide enough for only one car. Several times trucks from the opposite direction almost crashed into us. Then brakes screeched and one driver backed to a wide place and huddled against a cliff while the other inched past, scarcely daring to look at the sheer drop on his side. There were no centre lines, guard rails or warning signs—only crosses averaging one to a mile, marking the graves of motorists who'd gone off the road. Sometimes we saw the wrecks of cars far below. Once we picked up a young man who had just survived an accident but buried one of his companions by the road.

Yet it was a magnificent climb through bare, forested, rounded, corrugated peaks. Sometimes I thought of the Canadian Rockies; then a glimpse of the Quechua Indian farms, their windowless mud houses clinging to the mountainsides, jolted me back to reality.

A Quechua woman peeked into the jeep and cried in Spanish and Indian, "Oh, so many *wowas* (children)!" Terry and Trudy were convulsed with giggles; from then on every child we saw was a *wowa*.

Quechua women wear gaudy shawls, half a dozen woolen skirts, a *waya* or

long shawl for carrying bundles or babies, and tall sparkling-white stovepipe hats. We thought this odd until we met the Aymara Indians farther along; their women wear black bowler hats. Conversely, some South American men wear straw hats decorated with flowers.

We bought tinned milk at a wayside grocery store, a dark windowless little hole with a few shelves along mud walls. The Indian grocer measured out loose beans for another customer, wrapping them in a banana leaf.

Up we crept again while Jim com-

plained, "This old jeep's losing her pep. We'll never make Canada." Then he realized the altitude had thinned the carburetor's fuel-air mixture. Blond-haired Joey, our six-year-old, loud-voiced and brash, was enjoying the view, but Jimmy, eight, who's quiet and dreamy-eyed, glanced at the valleys and said plaintively, "Will we soon be over these mountains?"

Then came a sight we had all waited for. As we neared the *altiplano*, Bolivia's fourteen-thousand-foot plateau, Terry cried, "Llamas!" And a herd of South America's aristocratic

beasts of burden quick-marched across the road, dignified high-society noses held delicately in the air. You could almost imagine monocles. Behind, their two Indian owners walked almost humbly.

In La Paz, Bolivia's capital, Jim visited a penitentiary one Sunday, spoke at an open-air meeting and took Sunday-school classes for Dorothy Franklin, an ex-classmate from Toronto.

We held meetings every Sunday and often during the week. The natives came in local dress (once a woman ap-

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peared carrying her Bible and hymn book on her head). Although we never "passed the plate" they gave small cash offerings sometimes and, often, food. Sometimes we held a singsong with my accordion and Jim's violin. We distributed many New Testaments and tracts. Once Jimmy Jr. gave a tract to a drunken man who thought Jim Sr. was campaigning for the chamber of deputies in the forthcoming elections. He gravely took the tract, promising to vote for Jim.

On Aug. 9 jeep and Orrs drove into a sailboat to cross a narrow arm of three-thousand-square-mile Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake at 12,545 feet above sea level. We'd come twenty-seven hundred miles, about a quarter of our journey.

Then, at the Bolivian-Peruvian border, as at most of the thirteen borders, there were hours of red tape. South America is swamped with officialdom. Some officials didn't know how to fill out our forms; others confiscated our road map; another group sifted through our oatmeal for contraband. All of them studied our documents: customs declarations, car-ownership papers, passports for Jim and I which included the five oldest children, Brazilian passports for Joe and Dottie, a Brazilian and an international driver's license for Jim. In each country the passports needed a visa stamp, permitting us to travel there for a limited time. In every large town the police stamped and studied our documents again. When we reached home each passport had been rubber-stamped fifty-seven times.

### The drinking water froze

We left the border. Sure enough, our documents were checked again at Puno, the first Peruvian city. Then we made the final run across the windy plateau. Gales filled the jeep with dust. By evening we were at 15,050 feet in the Andes, highest point on our journey, but we were too cold to appreciate it. In the distance loomed El Misti, a nineteen-thousand-foot extinct volcano. Jim stepped out, photographed it, ran a few steps back to the car and found himself gasping in the thin air.

Arequipa, the nearest city, a hundred miles from the Pacific Coast, was hours away and the road was too dangerous to travel at night. And it was discouraging to think that we still had more than nine thousand miles to go to Champion, Alta. We huddled in dust-caked blankets in the jeep, lit the Primus stove, drank coffee and dozed while an eerie wind moaned around us. The jeep had no heater or antifreeze. Jim started the motor at intervals to warm the radiator. Our drinking water froze and I caught influenza. At Arequipa the next day I went to bed for four

days of expensive pills and injections.

Jim was invited to take services there and received offerings that matched our expenses almost to the penny. As on so many other occasions, God provided for us. We made no appeals yet money always came in when our funds were low. We had arranged beforehand to call on other missionaries on our trip, and these visits were known to our friends in Canada. Our church, High Park Baptist in Toronto, sent seven hundred dollars, some in care of the missionaries we visited. Several hundred dollars more came in the same way from some Toronto friends who belong to a Christian men's association. Along the way we received boxes of oranges, sandwiches, bananas, clothing or cash from fellow missionaries and from strangers.

From Arequipa we dropped into the Peruvian coastal desert. The change in altitude gave us earache. It was pleasantly warm after the Andes. We found more paved roads here than anywhere else on the trip but, aside from a few irrigated valleys and flat-roofed houses, the road was surrounded by desolate sand.

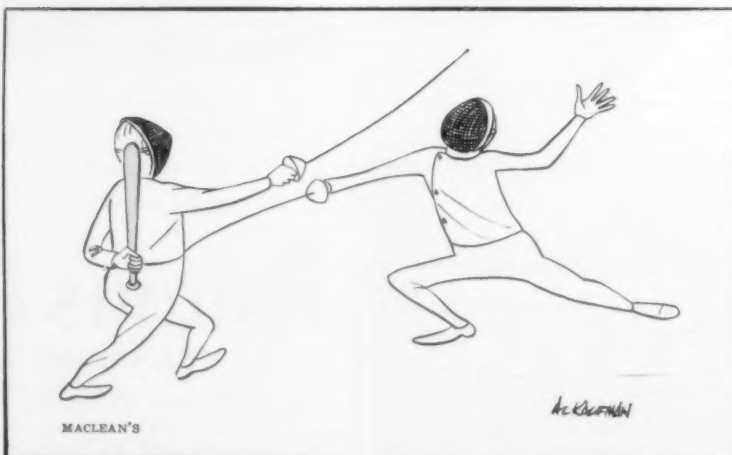
"I'd hate to stall here," Jim said. Just then the motor died with sand in the gas line and Jim turned mechanic again. Here we nicknamed our water canteen the *gole* bottle. *Gole*, pronounced "golly," is Portuguese for "swallow." Over long uninhabited stretches we rationed the boiled water, saying, "Just one *gole* each." Sometimes we filled the bottle with one of seven different colas we encountered. There's even "Inca-Cola."

But, thirsty or not, everyone was having fun. Jim took scores of color pictures which he'll reproduce as oil paintings. Bobby swapped stamps with a Peruvian policeman and gathered currency everywhere: *cruzeiros* from Brazil, *bolivianos* from Bolivia, *soles* from Peru, *suces* from Ecuador, *quetzals* from Guatemala. The younger boys ran to touch the Pacific they'd read about in school. The girls shopped for trinkets in Indian markets ablaze with color and movement. The natives thought our girls were colorful too—tall, rosy-cheeked Jean with her flaxen braids, brown-haired Trudy and Terry in candy-stripe skirts. One native child asked, "Are you gypsies?"

At the Ecuadorian border we were too late for customs one night but we talked with officials who proved quite human after official hours. Peru and Ecuador were in the midst of one of their perennial war scares, which never amount to much.

"Did you see any troop movements in Peru?" cried the Ecuadorians. "What are they saying about us? Peru's sure scared of us!"

Actually, we saw far more fear in Ecuador where, every ten miles,



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helmeted soldiers ordered us to "Show your documents!"

On Saturday, Aug. 27, we drove slowly through the narrow streets of Cuenca, Ecuador, a city of fifty thousand. Suddenly a child, perhaps two years old, toddled into our path. Jim slammed on the brakes but her leg was pinned under a front wheel. A huge noisy crowd gathered. The father seized her and ran, wailing, in circles. We took her to a hospital and found, to our relief, she had only a bruised knee. But the police took us to the station house, confiscated Jim's license and ordered us to wait two days until the child was X-rayed.

What if we lost the car and all our money, seven thousand miles from Canada? It had happened to other travelers.

But on Monday, with police permission, we paid three hundred sucres (about twenty dollars) for hospital expenses and left town. After that it was good to be back among tiny well-kept farms, cool inviting bamboo houses, native women with huge head burdens and necks laden with beads, Salasaca Indian men wearing braided pigtailed, looking like long-legged crows in their black ponchos and white trousers. We followed gravel and cobblestone roads into the Andes again, and drove above a frothy sea of clouds. One September morning we crossed the equator. It was high and cool, not sizzling hot as we expected.

But our pleasure dwindled as we entered Colombia, where the state police, backed by an extremist Roman Catholic group (but opposed by liberal-minded Roman Catholics), have persecuted and even killed Protestant evangelists. We visited a young native pastor who escaped a massacre of fifty other persons only by plunging into the Pacific.

All outgoing mail was censored here. The press was rigidly controlled. While we were there copies of an American magazine were banned from the country for carrying comment unfavorable to the government. The police were unusually strict. At Pasto, near the border, they asked, "Where are you going to stay tonight? And tomorrow night? And the next?" Once we were stopped by a mob of young men who, after questioning us and eyeing our Brazilian license, waved us on unharmed. Fortunately we had erased the Biblical texts from the jeep doors. Had we not, I don't know what they might have done to us.

Then we spent a hot sticky week in Buenaventura, on Colombia's west coast, waiting for a boat to take us around roadless northern Colombia to Panama. We were almost halfway to Panama. A wild native drum dance throbbed in our street all one night. Another night Bob's best trousers, shirt and shoes were stolen from the jeep while he slept. Friends told us it was lucky he didn't wake up; he'd probably have got a knife in his back. Still another night some men fought outside our door while a screaming woman urged one on with "Mata-le, mata-le! Kill him, kill him!"

We weren't sorry to board a cargo boat for the thirty-six-hour voyage to Panama, from where, after a week's delay planning passage and repairing a broken jeep fan, we traveled to Costa Rica by road and banana trains through a sea of brilliant green banana plants, tall as houses. Part of the train trip was free; then, for a two-hour jaunt, it cost fifty dollars for ourselves and the jeep.

The seasonal rains came in blinding, driving sheets that seeped through roofs and windows and mildewed our clothes. All rail, sea and air travel was washed out. In Costa Rica we waited

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in Golfito, in a guest house lent rent-free by the American-owned United Fruit Company, with a refrigerator which the children used to make pop-sicles. Oh, to be in Canada where such luxuries are taken for granted!

The scorching sun came out. Clouds of steam—and mosquitoes—rose from the earth. Finally we boarded the freighter Don Fabio for a twenty-four-hour run around the roadless southern jungle of Costa Rica. Our large wet cabin had ten canvas bunks and unmentionable sanitary conditions, but we were better off than the men, women and children crammed into three-tier bunks below. A storm raged all night. Everyone except Jean was sick. We lay miserably in our wet bunks, knowing that the Don Fabio had one rowboat, one motor boat and no lifebelts, for thirty people.

The next day we docked, staggered onto land and limped one hundred and twenty miles through pelting rain on three cylinders to San Jose, Costa Rica, over rubble-strewn roads recently cleared of landslides. Who knows how near we were to being crushed or, at least, stranded in the wilderness for days? A few hours later that very road was pocked with more slides.

We waited ten days near San Jose while Costa Rica suffered three hundred and fourteen highway slides. Jim and Bob tuned up the motor while I visited with Nancy Cope, a Winnipeg missionary, who was about to take the twenty-four-hour plane flight home.

"Will we make it by Christmas?" I wondered wistfully. It was Oct. 29 with fifty-eight hundred miles to go. But from then on we moved swiftly. In November we pushed north through Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico where there was one more roadless gap. We boarded a train with no water, no light, many mosquitoes and more noise than a Mexican revolution. Then we drove north through sand, cactus and heat.

"Poor old Toronto and her blizzards!" I thought, recalling a recent letter from there.

In Mexico City we had one last brush with officialdom. Jim entered an airlines office to cash travelers' cheques.

"We don't take those here!" cried the clerk scornfully.

"Oh," said Jim, abashed. "Well, where can I cash them?"

"There!" said the clerk, pointing to the next wicket.

As we neared Idaho Falls, Idaho, the gallant jeep died after five punishing Brazilian years and seven incredible months. We were just one mile from the only Land-Rover agency we'd seen for a month. The agency had to send to California for a new piston. We arranged to claim the Rover in the spring. It was too cold to drive north without a heater anyway.

As we boarded a bus on Dec. 18 for a seventeen-hour run to Alberta and Christmas at Grandma McCombe's, Dottie broke into a happy little song, part in English, part in Portuguese. Everyone stared but we were used to stares by then. We thought back over the months and miles, of friends we'd made, of the priceless education the children had gained, of God's goodness in bringing us through safely. I almost felt like joining Dottie in song.

But I had already voiced my feelings a few weeks before. We were weaving through Guatemala one day and suddenly came upon Lake Atitlan, high, peaceful and glorious in the mountains with two stately volcanoes rising above it. We sat in an enchanted silence.

"Are you sorry you came by road?" Jim finally asked.

"I haven't been sorry once," I said. ★

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into one company, Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd., which undertook both projects. It would build a line through Canada to Montreal, and it would also build a spur from Winnipeg to Minnesota and the U. S. market. For the latter enterprise it needed approval of the U. S. Federal Power Commission in Washington, and for this it duly applied.

All would have been well had Trans-Canada Pipe Lines been able to carry out the Canadian portion of its plans without government help. Unluckily for the Liberals, it failed to do this. Its spokesmen said they couldn't raise the money for the whole line because losses on the long unprofitable stretch through the empty northwestern Ontario bush would be so great in the first few years that the private investors were frightened off.

Three different schemes for government help have been proposed. First, the company asked for a government guarantee on its bond issue; C. D. Howe agreed, but his cabinet colleagues refused to support him. After a long squabble last year the government made a counterproposal that would have meant partial government ownership of the pipeline; this was rejected by the U. S. oil companies that own the Alberta gas.

The third scheme, now before parliament, is one that nobody really likes much. With some reluctant help from Ontario, Ottawa will build 675 miles of line through the forest north of Lake Superior and lease it to Trans-Canada Pipe Lines. Later, when the whole line is in full and profitable operation, the company will be able to buy this wilderness section from the governments.

#### Can Ottawa shrug it off?

Meanwhile, to make matters worse for the Liberals, Trans-Canada Pipe Lines had changed from half-Canadian to eighty percent American. Three big U. S. oil and gas companies bought in last year. When all the voting stock is issued, Canadian investors will have a chance to buy more than half of it, but this is a lame answer to Opposition charges here and now. For the moment it is true, as the Opposition loudly declares, that the government is putting up money to protect four large and wealthy American firms against the risk of loss.

Bad as all this can be made to look, the Liberals think they will be able to shrug it off next year if Trans-Canada Pipe Lines starts work this summer and brings Alberta gas at least as far east as Winnipeg. So urgent is Winnipeg's need for it that, if the gas is delivered, there won't be too much fuss about who delivers it, or how.

But the last straw on the Liberal camel's back is that Trans-Canada will not, up to the time of writing, undertake to start work this summer. In spite of five years' effort and two extensions of time from the Board of Transport Commissioners, the company still has not raised enough money to build its line across the prairie.

Up to now its excuse has been that lenders would not put up money until a way was found to bridge the unprofitable gap through the northwestern wilderness. Now the government is committed to doing this, but still Trans-Canada hesitates. According to rumors in Ottawa, the American directors are willing to start construction now but the Canadian directors are dubious.

Be that as it may, the company's

inaction gives color to another charge by the Opposition which is, in political terms, the most devastating of all. The charge is that a foreign tribunal, the U. S. Federal Power Commission, is being allowed to exercise a veto power over the development of Canada's natural resources.

Trans-Canada Pipe Lines has applied to the Federal Power Commission in Washington for permission to export Alberta gas to the United States. No answer has come yet from the commission, and none is expected for another year or two. But Trans-Canada's continued delay in starting work has tended to confirm the suspicion that it is really waiting, not for a bridge across the Ontario wilderness, but for access to the U. S. market.

George Drew, leader of the Opposition, suggested to parliament an alternative to C. D. Howe's announced policy:

1. If Trans-Canada Pipe Lines can't fulfill its undertaking without government help, let other companies make proposals for "an all-Canadian line, Canadian-controlled."

2. If no private company can do the job, let the government build not merely a part of the line, running from nowhere to nowhere, but instead let them build the whole pipeline from Alberta to Montreal.

This is precisely what some of C. D. Howe's colleagues, and many of his backbench supporters, would prefer to do. They say, "Let's do this job ourselves."

Of course, there are difficulties in the way that Opposition speakers do not stress. The natural gas is a resource of Alberta, and cannot be taken out of the province without the provincial government's permission. Premier Ernest Manning has stated that he will not allow it to be taken out by a government-owned pipeline. Also, the gas itself is owned by U. S. oil companies which have declared that they too will have no dealings with a government-owned distribution system.

Practically, these may be good arguments. Politically, they are worthless. If the government of Canada were to build a pipeline to carry Canadian gas to Canadian users, it's unlikely that either a provincial government or a group of American oil companies would dare to boycott such a national enterprise. But if they should do so, they'd be giving the Liberals the finest election issue any party could wish for—national sovereignty, and independence from American big business.

For use in the election campaign, the only simple and clear defense of the Howe policy is to say, "We're bringing you the gas, aren't we? Doing it any other way would have taken years longer." And that defense can only be made if Trans-Canada does in fact supply the gas.

If it doesn't, it will almost certainly lose its chance ever to do so—the patience of Howe's colleagues, if not of Howe himself, has just about run out. They are determined that they will not enter an election campaign next year still carrying an inactive American-owned pipeline company on the back of their necks. Unless Trans-Canada has begun to show some results, the Liberal government itself will probably undertake the job of building the whole line.

Even that won't look very good—they'll be doing what the Opposition has been telling them to do for years. But at least, they figure, it will be better than nothing. ★

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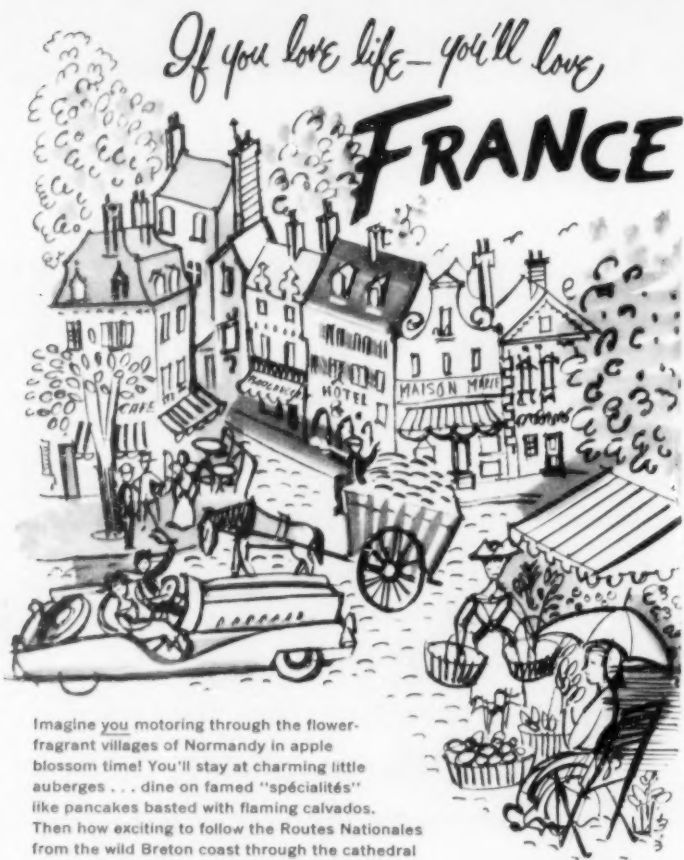
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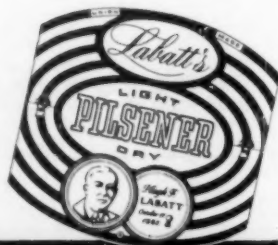


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**THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO  
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What's the doctor looking for? continued from page 18

**"We used to think flat feet were bad, but the last war exploded that myth"**

He'll examine your skin for signs of skin cancer such as scaly patches, sores that aren't healing and potentially cancerous moles (although few moles become malignant). He'll note the color of your skin. Bluish skin may be caused by heart trouble; yellow skin means jaundice, a symptom of liver derangement; pallor may indicate anemia.

The doctor will check your hands for signs of rheumatoid arthritis, which causes swelling in the middle joints of the fingers, and congenital heart disease, which sometimes shows up in an excessive rounding of the fingernails. He may ask you to hold out each hand in turn with a piece of paper balanced on your extended fingers. If the paper shakes you may be suffering from overactivity of the thyroid, the gland that regulates the speed at which your body assimilates and consumes food and oxygen.

If the doctor tells you to stand on tiptoe, he's looking for arthritis, rheumatism or disk disease. Swollen feet may mean faulty kidneys, heart trouble—or just tight shoes. You needn't worry about fallen arches unless they're actually painful. "We used to think flat feet were always bad," a doctor says, "but that myth was exploded in the last war when the Germans took flat-footed men into the Afrika Corps."

Since serious illness may lurk inside your body for years without showing externally or causing pain, the doctor can get a head start by actually looking into your body through a tiny window provided by nature—the pupil of your eye. He sees into this window just as you look out of it, and sees live nerve tissue, veins and arteries not covered by skin but exposed to view.

A German scientist named Helmholtz made this possible by inventing, in 1851, an instrument called the ophthalmoscope. Until then no one knew how to illuminate the interior of the living eye in order to study it.

The modern ophthalmoscope that your doctor uses is fitted with an electric light, a series of lenses and a circular mirror with a hole in the centre. The mirror reflects the light into the eye while the doctor looks through the tiny peephole. He brings his view into focus by rotating the lenses in front of

the peephole until the inside of your eye shows up clearly. He'll use a concave lens if you're shortsighted, a convex lens if you're longsighted.

What does the doctor see when he asks you to look over his right shoulder, and looks into your right eye with his right eye? Through the peephole in the ophthalmoscope he can see right through the eye, as far back as the fundus, that part that lies on the back wall of the eye directly opposite the pupil. When he asks you to look in various directions, he's searching for small opaque spots in the outside layers of your eye, those normally transparent parts called the cornea, crystalline lens and vitreous humor. Cataracts show up as black shadows. Irregular reddish-brown dots in the vitreous indicate hemorrhages caused by one of several abnormal conditions such as diabetes, Bright's disease, tuberculosis, leukemia or hemophilia.

Next the doctor examines the retina, the membrane that receives the image—a picture of what you see—from the lens of your eye and sends it to your brain through the optic nerve. The velvety looking retina will normally be bright red-orange if you're blond, dark red if you're brunette. Some forms of optic degeneration may turn it white or yellow.

The doctor will ask you to look in toward your nose so that he can see the papilla, a light pink disk that is the head of the optic nerve. Visible in this disk are a number of blood vessels which pretty accurately reflect the state of the blood vessels throughout the rest of your body. Each of the tiny, many-branched arteries is accompanied by a vein, similarly branched but darker and thicker.

An ophthalmoscopic examination like this revealed the brain tumor of the Montreal woman who went to a doctor because she was absent-minded. Her doctor first diagnosed her illness when he looked at the disk of her eye and found it swollen and inflamed, indicating pressure inside her skull. If this swelling had been caused by a condition such as nephritis, mastoiditis or meningitis, signs of illness would probably have appeared in other parts of her body; the absence of other symptoms warned her doctor of brain tumor.

When he feels your eyeball with the





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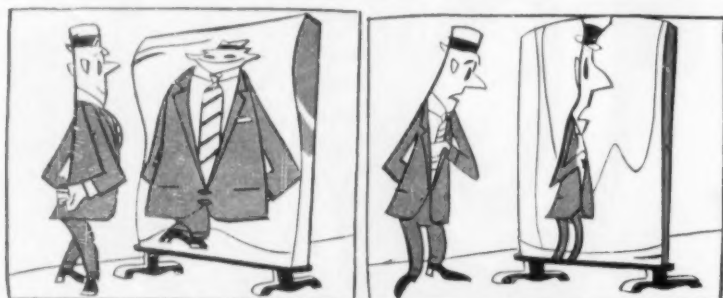
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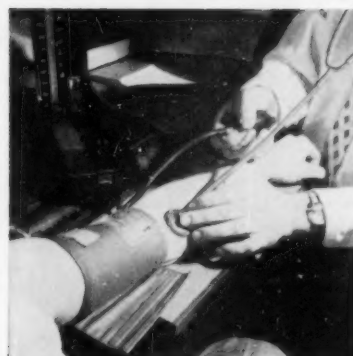
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Your blood pressure can signal danger.

### WHY YOU MAY NEED A CHECKUP

- \* Does a day's work tire you?
- \* Has a year passed since your last medical examination?
- \* Do you feel you can't cope with your problems?
- \* Has your weight dropped suddenly?
- \* Do you have pains in your chest or stomach?
- \* Have any of your relatives had tuberculosis or diabetes?
- \* Do you suffer from headaches, dizziness or failing sight?
- \* Have you any skin rashes?
- \* Does your back ache?
- \* Are you secretly afraid you may be ill?

These are common reasons for seeing a doctor. About seven people out of ten with these symptoms are physically sound, although they may be overworked or worried. The other three are actually ill. If your answer is "yes" to any of these questions you may need a medical examination.

tip of his finger, the doctor is testing for the hardening that accompanies glaucoma, an eye disease that can develop for years without any symptom except gradual dimming of your sight. Although glaucoma is the chief cause of blindness, your vision can be saved if it's treated at an early stage. The doctor will see if your pupils contract when he flashes a light in your eyes, and if they change size when he holds an object at different distances from them. A pupil that responds to distance but not to light is characteristic of syphilis.

To examine your nose and ears the doctor uses various plastic spreading devices mounted on the same thick, battery-holding handle he used for the ophthalmoscope. If you often have colds, he may check the condition of your sinuses, air passages in the bones of your cheeks and forehead, by a method called transillumination. He darkens the room and holds a light first in your eye socket and then in your mouth. If the light doesn't come through, your sinuses are blocked; if it does, they're probably healthy. He'll test your hearing by the reliable old method of holding a watch a few feet from each ear in turn.

Next he'll examine your mouth with a light to look for inflamed tonsils, a signal of infection somewhere in the body. He'll check your teeth, although he no longer believes that decayed teeth cause arthritis; he knows they won't have much effect on your joints unless they're actually abscessed.

He may stand behind you and ask

you to swallow while he feels your thyroid gland moving under the flat of his hand, and checks your windpipe to make sure it hasn't been pushed out of its proper position at front centre of your neck.

When the doctor taps your chest he's estimating the size and position of your heart or abnormalities of the lung. Tapping over your heart or solid areas produces a dense sound, different from the resonant sound made by tapping beyond its limits. With his hand the doctor will feel for its apex beat, the pulsation at the point where the left ventricle of the heart strikes the chest wall, which should occur about three and a half inches from the midline of the chest on the left side. If your heart is larger than normal, he knows it's overworking and weakening itself. If it's displaced, it may have been forced out of position by a variety of conditions in the chest or by an accumulation of fat in your abdomen which raises your diaphragm and in turn cramps the heart high in your chest.

To listen for your heartbeat, the doctor will use his stethoscope, an instrument that consists of a flat disk to pick up sounds from within your body, a vibrating diaphragm to magnify those sounds and two rubber tubes to carry them to the doctor's ears. He'll use it to listen for sounds of breath passing through your bronchial tubes, the lung expanding and contracting and normal movements in the intestinal tract, as well as for the regularity of your heartbeat.

Doctors used to be alarmed by





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heart "murmurs." Now they accept none of them as small unusual sounds normally found in certain hearts but often not significant. After counting your pulse with his fingers on the inside of your wrist, the doctor will probably ask you to touch your toes several times. "What the heart does when you put it under a bit of strain is one of the best heart tests we've got," a doctor explains. Within two minutes after exercising your pulse rate should be back to normal—about seventy-two beats per minute for most people.

For a further check on your heart the doctor may suggest an electrocardiogram. Although electrocardiography isn't part of the periodic examination, many general practitioners take an electrocardiogram for later interpretation by a specialist. The electrocardiograph is built into a rectangular wooden box like a small chubby suitcase; the lid opens to show a flat panel of dials and controls. While you lie on the examining table, bands strapped to your arms and your legs and the skin above your heart pick up electrical impulses from your body and transmit them to the box through wires. The electrocardiograph contains a complicated electric and optical system that measures and records the action of your heart, and photographic equipment, which transcribes this record to a film strip. The curve that appears on the strip shows typical deviations if the heart is diseased. But because each heart has characteristic patterns different from any other heart, a single electrocardiogram isn't infallible. "A patient of mine registered a normal electrocardiogram one afternoon, and dropped dead of heart failure in a town council meeting that night," one doctor recalls. One of the chief values of electrocardiography lies in repeated tests which can be compared over

periods of time. You may have a minute some months after a routine examination, comparison of a second electrocardiogram with your previous one shows whether you've actually had a heart attack.

Next the doctor examines your abdomen for lumps, tender spots in enlarged organs, and the genital regions for tumors. A thorough checkup for men over forty includes a rectal examination in case an unsuspected tumor has developed in the prostate gland. The importance of such an examination, even when the individual seems not to be bothered by tumors, is stressed by Dr. Harold M. Harrison, of Toronto. As an example, he points to the report of a urologist who recently performed operations on two early prostatic cancers, unsuspected by the patients but discovered in the course of routine examinations. Harrison is director of the Canadian Medical Institute, which supervises periodic health examinations for four Canadian life insurance companies.

To test your reflexes, the doctor will ask you to sit with your legs crossed while he taps your knee with a rubber-headed hammer. One set of nerves carries an impulse up to your spinal cord, another set carries it back to the muscle above the knee. If the nerves are working properly, that muscle will contract and you'll kick sharply. If your kick is exaggerated, you're probably tense and overstrung; if you don't respond, the nerves may have been atrophied by some disease such as syphilis, multiple sclerosis, scintion or tumor of the spinal cord. Taps on the ankle, elbow, wrist and abdomen test the integrity and co-ordination of other sets of nerves and muscles.

A routine examination of your blood will include a hemoglobin estimation and possibly a blood count. To measure

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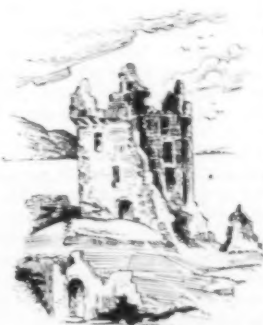
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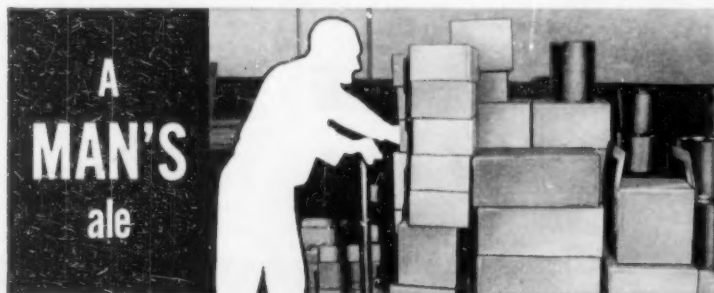
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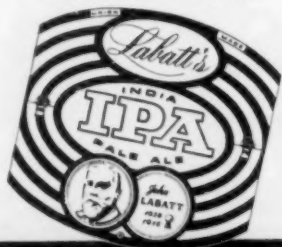
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hemoglobin—the iron-containing pigment that colors your red blood cells—the doctor takes a drop of blood from your finger, dilutes it with a chemical solution and compares its color with that of a standard solution. For a blood count, he transfers a drop of blood to a finely graded counting chamber and counts it under a microscope. A cubic millimetre of normal blood contains 4,500,000 to 5,000,000 erythrocytes (red blood cells), 5,000 to 9,000 leucocytes (white blood cells) and 200,000 to 600,000 thrombocytes (blood platelets formed in the bone marrow which are factors in blood coagulation).

The doctor measures your blood pressure with a sphygmomanometer, an instrument with a cloth cuff that is fastened around your arm just above the elbow, so that the gauge attached to it is directly over the large artery inside your elbow. Inside the cuff is a rubber bag which the doctor inflates by squeezing a rubber ball attached to the bag by a tube. A second tube joins the cuff to an upright board that looks rather like an ordinary room thermometer. Fastened to the board is a column of mercury, measured in millimetres from one to three hundred.

### What is high blood pressure?

The doctor pumps up the cuff until it presses your arm so hard that it stops the circulation within the large artery. He holds his stethoscope over the artery in order to tell when this point has been reached. Then he slowly lets the air out of the cuff and listens for the first pulse beat as the blood rushes back through the artery. At this moment he notes the height of the column of mercury. The point to which the mercury has been pushed indicates the amount of pressure in your artery at this moment when the heart is in its working phase. This is called the systolic pressure.

As the doctor continues to deflate the cuff, he listens for the moment when the relatively loud pulse beat subsides to a muffled sound, which means that the heart is in its resting phase. At this point the mercury indicates the diastolic blood pressure, a more significant figure than the systolic because it represents the between-beat pressure of the blood within the arterial system, rather than its peak pressure.

The doctor won't take your blood pressure until he knows you're relaxed, because an emotional upset can push the systolic pressure up as much as seventy points. "People have more misconceptions about high blood pressure than about any other part of the examination," one doctor comments. "They know that the average pressure is about 120 at the systole and 80 at the diastole, and they're scared by a jump in systolic pressure that may mean only that they're nervous because you're taking their blood pressure. That old saying that your systolic pressure should equal your age plus a hundred isn't accurate at all. The figures vary so widely from person to person that you can't call any one pressure normal. One patient with a pressure of 180/90 may suffer disturbing symptoms while another registering even higher values may be adjusting satisfactorily to the demands of everyday life."

If the doctor decides that your blood pressure is unduly high, he'll try to classify it as essential hypertension, high blood pressure whose cause is still unknown to medicine, or secondary hypertension produced by such disorders as kidney disease, glandular imbalances or anxiety. A Toronto doctor illustrates the effect of apprehension on blood pressure by describing a hyper-

tensive patient who came into his office late one afternoon. "I feel terrible today," she complained. "My blood pressure's always high, but I can just feel that it's even higher than usual." Sure enough her systolic pressure was 265, but the doctor didn't give her the figure. Instead he tried a therapeutic white lie. "Splendid," he said, "you're perfectly all right." Within a few minutes her systolic pressure had fallen to 189.

Urinalysis, the next step in the doctor's examination, can tell him if you're a dope addict, an expectant mother or the victim of arsenic poisoning, but he's more likely to use it as a test for nephritis or diabetes. The presence of albumin in urine may mean infection in the kidneys or elsewhere in the body. Normally acid, urine turns alkaline in cases of bladder infection, pneumonia and certain nervous diseases. Sugar in urine may mean diabetes; bile pigments are a sign of liver disease. Other foreign particles show up under microscopic examination: pus cells indicate infection in the urinary tract, red blood cells suggest tuberculosis, calcium may show bone disease, minute accumulations of protein hint at kidney trouble.

Urinalysis of eighteen thousand apparently healthy people examined through the Canadian Medical Institute in 1955 revealed traces of sugar in the urine of 1.4 percent of patients. The presence of sugar may mean only that you've eaten too many sweets, but it's an important warning that further investigation is necessary.

Each separate medical test is significant only when correlated with other tests, your own feelings and the doctor's judgment. "There's no way you can use mechanical and chemical instruments to do the work of the human brain. All they can give you is a picture of a person's functions at a particular instant," a doctor points out.

This is why the doctor seldom comments on your condition until the examination is over, between half an hour and an hour and a half after you enter his office. He knows a stray bit of information may alarm you unnecessarily, so he sums up his findings for you at the end of the examination. If he's not satisfied that you're absolutely healthy, he'll suggest appropriate treatment, examination by a specialist or further checks such as a basal metabolism test of the thyroid gland, a Wassermann test for syphilis, a fluoroscopic viewing of your heart and lungs or X-rays to study the gastrointestinal tract. If you are a woman he may send you to a gynecologist. If you are healthy, it's his business to reassure you.

How often should you have an examination? Most doctors recommend a checkup every two or three years before you're thirty-five, every year from thirty-five to sixty and twice a year after that. At an average fee by a general practitioner of from seven to fifteen dollars, the periodic examination is a cheap way to buy peace of mind. ★



35M



# IN THE editors' confidence



PAINTER John Little turned from comics to canvas and painted our cover picture.



WRITER Alice Griffin tells of Canadian Chris Plummer, soon a king at Stratford.

## We welcome some fresh new faces

NOT LONG AGO we published the photographs of some writers who were new to Maclean's readers and promised that we'd be hearing from some of them again. We're happy to report on two of them in this issue.

One, Duncan McLeod, of Niagara Falls, contributes the intriguing article on page 22, *How One Cop Sold His City on Safety*—the second piece he's had in the magazine since we hailed him as a "new face" on Jan. 21.

Another, Peter Newman, has joined our staff as an assistant editor, and we welcome him as a man of many accomplishments and varied background. Born in Vienna and raised in Czechoslovakia, he came to Canada in 1940, when he was ten. He's been a gold miner and a toytown magician, speaks four languages and managed to get a master's degree in economics from the University of Toronto while holding down a full-time job as a staff writer on *The Financial Post*.

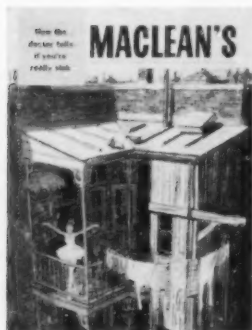
Alice Griffin, who writes about Christopher Plummer, *The Exile Who'll Star at Stratford*, on page 16, is another new face in Maclean's, though she's by no means new to magazines. Mrs. Griffin is associate editor of *Theatre Arts* magazine in New York. She tells us that Broadway is studded with Canadians (like Plummer) in supporting roles—such as Lou Jacobi, of Toronto,

who appears in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, Joseph Wiseman, of Montreal, who plays with Plummer in *The Lark*, and Arthur Hill, of Vancouver, who's in *The Matchmaker*. Perhaps we'll be hearing about them in the future issues of Maclean's.

John Nash (*It's Time Father Got Back in the Family*, page 28) is another newcomer. He's chief psychologist on the staff of the New Brunswick Provincial Hospital. He holds a PhD degree from the University of Edinburgh and is working at the moment on a book about the psychology of fatherhood.

Janice Tyrwhitt, whose article, *What's The Doctor Looking For?*, appears on page 18, is not new to Maclean's; she has been in charge of Maclean's fiction department since 1952. Now she emerges from a manuscript-cluttered office to devote more time to writing.

But our cover artist is a new man. His name is John Little, he lives in Montreal, and he's just twenty-eight. Little once worked as an assistant artist on a comic strip (Bruce Gentry), but for the past four years he's been making his living painting street scenes of Montreal and Quebec City. This is his first magazine cover, but not his last—we've got him booked for several more. ★



### The girl who wasn't there

The gallery that artist John Little has painted here is real—he saw it from his Montreal apartment window. The young Pavlova was just a good idea. Across this tiny stage Little has watched a colorful parade of weight lifters, sunbathers and flower lovers. But never a dancer. This seemed a pity. He picked up a brush...

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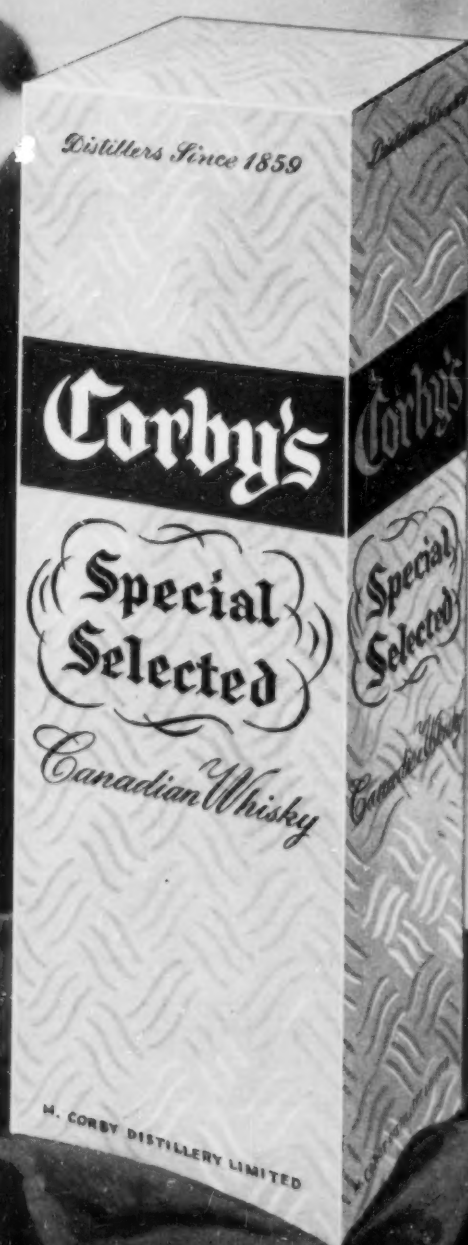


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# Parade

## Helpful hints for sports in spring

BY THIS time good weather should be busting out all over southern Canada at least, and we have two helpful hints for sportsmen who can resist the call of the great outdoors no longer. The first is for conscience-smitten Sunday fishermen, who will surely feel better if they follow the example of the fellow who stuffed a dollar bill under the door of a downtown Halifax church one May Sabbath, shortly after dawn, pinned to a scribbled note that read: "I feel bad but I'm still going fishing. Please put on collection."

Our second hint is for the backyard sports who will be donning their

Two women, strangers to each other, boarded an empty Ottawa bus. Both went down the aisle to the back, and both suddenly spotted a three-year-old stretched out sound asleep on the rear seat, thumb in his mouth. "Somebody's just plain forgotten the poor child!" exclaimed one woman. "Even the driver hasn't noticed him!" declared the other. Together they marched back up the aisle to announce their staggering find to the man in charge, but the driver shushed them with a look of resigned despair. "Mine," he explained. "I'm baby sitting this afternoon."

\* \* \*



fancy aprons and trundling their portable barbecues out of the garage any day for the first patio party of the season. When you get the charcoal glowing nicely and the steaks start to sizzle appetizingly, and then a splash of dripping suddenly makes the charcoal blaze up like it's going to burn the steaks to a cinder—when that happens just draw your son's trusty water pistol and lay those flames with a tiny squirt that won't squelch the charcoal but will save the meat. The master chef we got it from in Toronto's outer suburbia says it works like a charm.

\* \* \*

We can also be of some help to early-bird tourists in the western provinces, but not much. If you encounter an arrow pointing off down a side road near Salmon Arm, B.C., and a sign under the arrow says "Canoe Traffic," don't let it throw you. Canoe is the name of a village not far off the highway. But don't come to us for help if you go sight-seeing among the oil wells and find yourself in Edmonton face to face with this sign at the north end of the 105th St. bridge: "No stopping on red light. For left turn proceed right."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

There was no end of merriment and champagne at a top-level society wedding in Vancouver recently, for the bride's father was a military gentleman of considerable rank who imported three barmen from the officers' mess to preside at the reception in the family's luxurious home. There was a hysterical pause in the proceedings, however, when one spirited guest, a stranger to the house, discovered a fascinating little handle attached to a panel in the rumpus room ceiling, and gave it a twist. Down swung the panel and out showered a week's accumulation of



towels, sheets, nighties and even the host's polka-dotted shorts, from the family laundry chute.

\* \* \*

A military embarrassment of another sort occurred on an RCAF station in Nova Scotia where two officers were quartered on the same street in the station village, both squadron leaders and both named Ed Brown. The confusion that resulted was solved by a helpful neighbor who was a follower of Bill Mitchell's Jake and the Kid series on the radio, which is peopled with such characters as Pipe Fittin' Brown and Way Freight Brown. One of the squadron leaders, being an accounts officer, was quickly tabbed Accounts Brown, but the trouble started when the other poor fellow found himself labeled "No Account Brown."







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